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BY GEORGE V. HIGGINS

Ambassador College

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If you've found that a lot of small cars today are pretty small on comfort and style, then the '75 Dart Special Edition is the small car for you.

It has an array of standard features that are usually anything but standard. Seats covered with crushed velour upholstery. Plush carpeting on the floor, halfway up the door, and even in the trunk. Map pockets are standard. So are color-keyed wheel covers. And front disc brakes. And power steering.

Even the radio is standard.

In other words, on the '75 Dart Special Edition, luxury comes as standard equipment.

And, as on all the '75 Darts, there are a lot of money-saving engineering features such as Electronic Ignition and electronic voltage regulator

and, now for 1975, an optional fuel pacer that can help you save gas.

Today, over one million satisfied owners are already sold on Dart. The '75 Dart Special Edition is one beautiful way to make sure there'll be one million more.



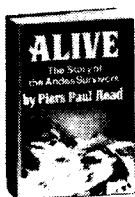
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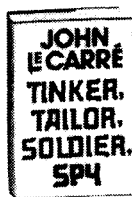




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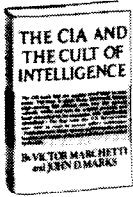
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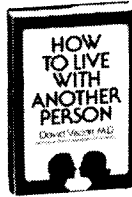
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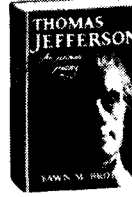
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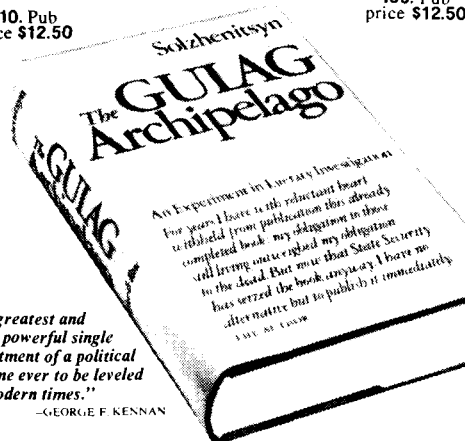
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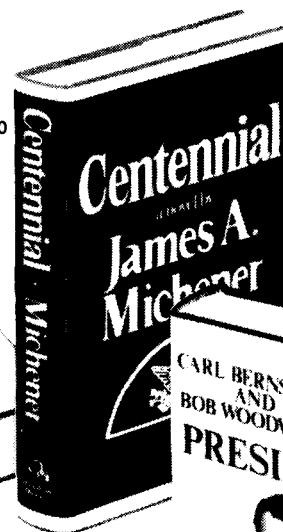
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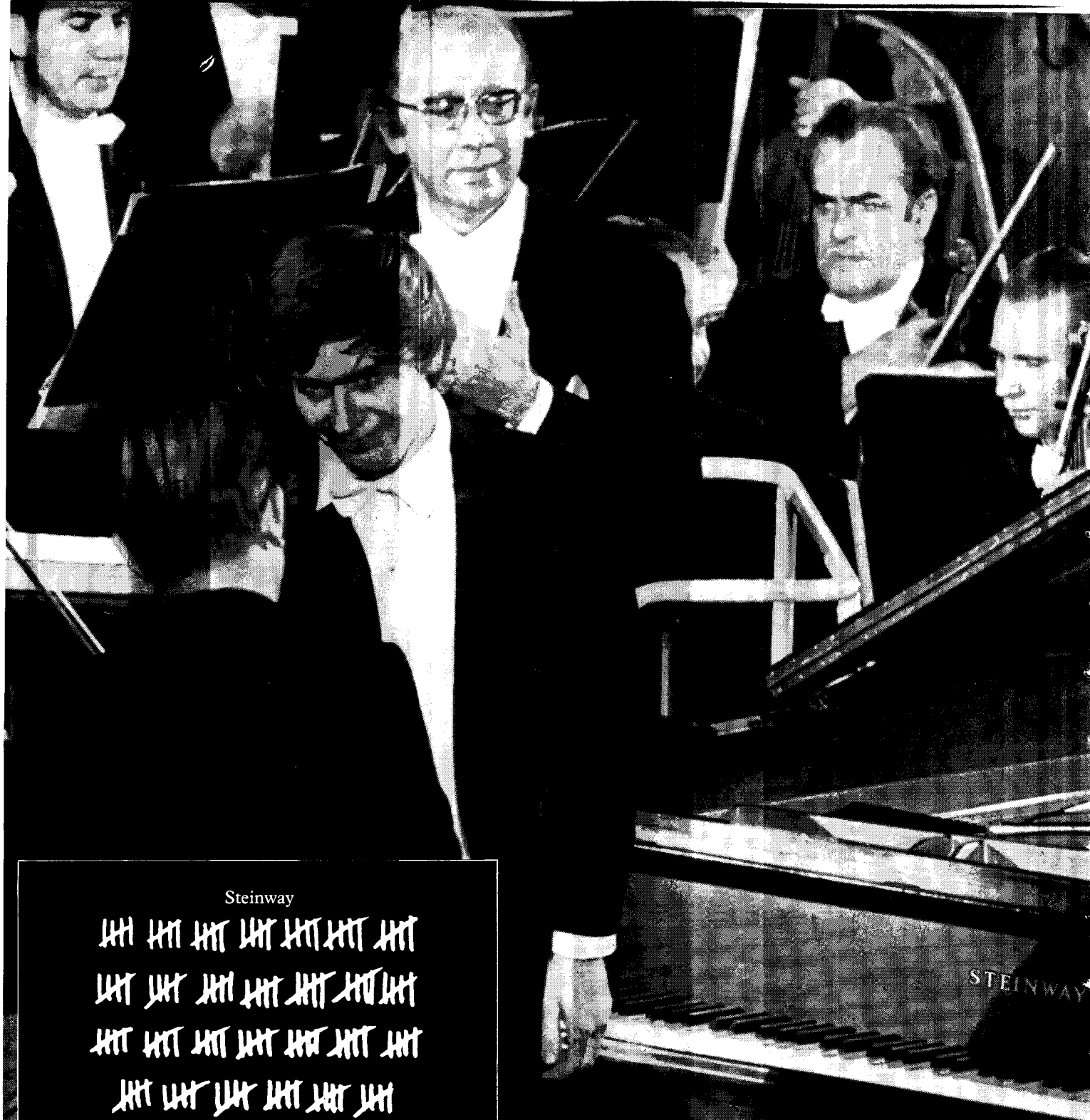
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REPORTS & COMMENT

PEORIA

Peoria, Illinois, is a city of some 130,000 inhabitants on the Illinois River. It is an old city, dating from the early nineteenth century, and contains many of the oldest buildings in the state, the Chicago Fire having destroyed most of the competition. And it is proud, in a semi-conscious way, of a heritage dating to the seventeenth-century explorations of Father Marquette.

The Peoria Historical Society is active enough to be visible, but not strong enough to preserve many of those old buildings from deterioration and—ultimately—the wrecker's ball. Route 74 cut a wide swath through the city's oldest quarter, and even today its great Victorian mansions fall at the rate of one or two a year. Those that remain become funeral homes, office buildings, or multiple-occupancy dwellings along High Street and on the near North Side. Two years ago the Central Illinois Landmark Foundation was formed to raise funds for the preservation of Peoria's architectural heritage, but it has yet to overcome the handicap of its late start. In the *Peoria Journal-Star* last August, the foundation listed five important buildings threatened by the city's urban renewal project. At the time, one had already been demolished, another was scheduled to fall within the week, one was condemned; the other two (including the home of Lydia Moss Bradley, founder of Bradley University) stand precariously close to the edge of demolition. When Peoria's major

hotel changed hands in 1971 and turned from the Père Marquette to the Peoria Hilton, many locals complained loudly; but times do change, and after a complete renovation, the Peoria Hilton it became.

Eclipse

Peoria has until very recently been a town in eclipse, torn by political squabbling and sinking below the main current of state political and economic growth. Once Illinois' second largest city, it has slipped to third behind Rockford. A century ago Maud Gonne, the radical Irish beauty, made Peoria one of but a dozen engagements on an American tour promoting Irish nationalism, and, to judge from reaction in the town's five daily papers, she was warmly received. (One could develop a strong case for the Midwest's being as much a center of radicalism as a hotbed of conservatism, now as then.) Today, few presidential candidates visit the city, and when they do their addresses are reported only in the *Journal-Star*. Peoria is served by Route 74 east to Indianapolis and west to Davenport, where it joins Route 80. It has no direct superhighway to Chicago or St. Louis, although one has been discussed for some time. A single airline serves Peoria, much to the dismay of Mayor Richard Carver, Congressman Robert H. Michel, and Senator Adlai Stevenson III—all of whom have been thus far unsuccessful in their efforts to remedy the situation. A strike by Ozark Airline mechanics last spring crippled the city. Otherwise, how-

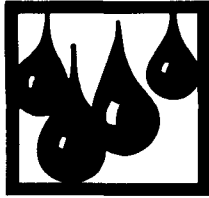
ever, Ozark does well for itself: Peoria has no Amtrak service. A single passenger train leaves each morning at 6:45 for Chicago.

Peoria boasts three major industries: Caterpillar Tractor (the nation's thirty-fourth largest corporation), Hiram Walker, and Pabst, although Pabst is actually located in Peoria Heights. Of the three, "Cat," as it is called, is the town, electing state and U.S. representatives, directing banks, driving property values and rents surprisingly high, insulating the area from recession, closing stores and churches and auctions when it shuts down for vacation late in July. Cat employs thirty thousand persons in the greater Peoria area, many black, many straight up from Kentucky, Missouri, and southern Illinois.

The blacks live on the near North Side and the near South Side, or across the river in East Peoria. They are active and vocal: state and local NAACP president John Gwynn is a nightly news personality. Whites live on the perimeters of the city, in the Heights and the Knolls, on the Bluff and the North Side, in all-white satellite communities that ring Peoria—Washington, Morton, Pekin—even as far away as Moxville, Chillicothe, Mackinaw, Hanna City. Whites from Kentucky and southern Illinois gravitate to Sunnyland, Creve Coeur, North Pekin.

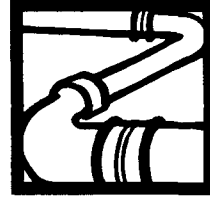
Peoria is politically right of center but neither as conservative as the *Journal-Star* would make it appear nor as liberal as editorials on Channel 19 (the local ABC affiliate) might suggest. Nixon carried Peoria in 1968 (narrowly) and again in 1972

We have only one proven source of energy for now...and the next 400 years



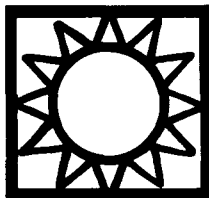
OIL

Known U.S. oil reserves are being depleted. The search is on for new discoveries. Meanwhile, we grow more dependent on imports.



GAS

Our known gas reserves are dwindling fast. Unless new sources are found, demand may soon exceed existing domestic supply.



SOLAR

We would need perpetual sunlight. As yet, there's no full-scale, practical way to store energy from the sun.



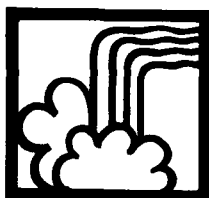
COAL

There's enough U.S. coal to last an estimated 400 years. Based on BTU values, coal makes up 88 per cent of the nation's energy reserves. Greater utilization of coal can keep our lights burning and our industry humming both now and for centuries ahead.



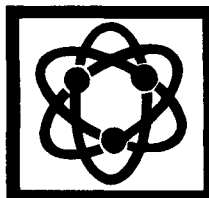
WIND

Too primitive. Windmills still work in some areas, but they're unreliable and inefficient.



WATER

Only about 4 per cent of the nation's energy comes from water power. And we've already harnessed our best sources.



NUCLEAR

Promising but slow in developing. Atomic power *may be* our best bet in years to come. Nuclear power today contributes about one per cent of U.S. energy.

Coal is vital to steel

Coal is needed in vast quantities to make steel. And the steel industry is a large consumer of electric power, of which coal is by far the largest source. Bethlehem mined more than 14 million tons of coal last year, and most of this was used in our own blast furnaces.

What about surface mining?

Surface-mined land can be reclaimed responsibly under present state reclamation laws. About 20 per cent of Bethlehem's coal is surface-mined while more than 50 per cent of the nation's coal is surface-mined. If unreasonable restrictions on surface mining are enacted, the nation may be in trouble. That includes all coal users. And steel users. And all who use electric lights and appliances would feel the pinch.

Why restrict our most abundant fuel?

We favor legislation that will make it possible to meet the nation's energy needs and reasonable environmental goals at the same time. More coal is needed now to avert steel shortages. Why cut coal production by unreasonable restrictions on surface mining at a time when all other energy sources—except coal—are in critical supply?

Bethlehem 

PEORIA

(with 67 percent of the vote). Adlai Stevenson III won in 1970, Governor Daniel Walker and Senator Charles Percy in 1972.

The dedication of the Everett M. Dirksen Memorial Library in Pekin on June 15, 1973, gave President Nixon an opportunity to visit the safe heartland during troubled times, two weeks ahead of John Dean's appearance before the Senate Watergate Committee. Senator Howard Baker, Dirksen's son-in-law and the committee's ranking Republican, appeared on the platform with the President. So did Chuck Percy, who had been pressing for a special Watergate prosecutor and was at the time *persona non grata* around the White House. Peorians speculated aloud on whether or not Democrats Walker and Stevenson would show. They did. The library was dedicated without incident.

Risky business

Weather has been bad this year: first the rains, then a drought. Thirty percent, maybe more, of the corn crop is lost. Farmers are cautious: profits from the 1972 Russian wheat deal enriched the middlemen, the speculators, the Chicago grain-dealers to whom these men had already sold futures as early as March and April. The drought will mean less grain and higher prices for what is harvested. The farmers have learned their lesson; many intended to hold this year's crops until fall. The federal government is not popular here, although it is not vilified as it was after the wheat trades. Washington is widely suspected of overmanagement at home, too much generosity abroad. You see few "AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT" bumper stickers these days, but many read "DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU" and "I'M PROUD TO BE A FARMER."

Despite increased food prices, the family farm is still a marginal business, always a drought or a flood away from disaster, always subject to the whims of chemical and oil companies which manufacture the fertilizers and insecticides used to grow grain and the kerosene used to dry it. A twenty-year-old tractor is

not scrapped the way a ten-year-old car might be; barn siding and bales of hay bought cheap at auction are important to a farmer's economy. Farming is a risky proposition. Sunday papers list as many as three or four closing-out sales slated for the coming week.

Although misfortune in one form or another occasions most auctions—and the closing-out sale signals that greatest misfortune of all, the death of a dream—the auction is an essentially pleasant social function, like an Irish wake or a Bourbon Street funeral. The vicissitudes of nature and of life being unavoidable, friends and neighbors accept the inevitable and come to pay their final respects. Outsiders come intent on bits and scraps of the past, but the days when you could buy an oak washstand or a Tiffany-style table lamp for a few dollars are gone for good, lost to inflation and a newly developed reverence for a fast-disappearing past. "Used to be you'd get whole boxes of stuff for fifty cents, a dollar; nowadays they sort it out, each piece goes for three, four bucks," says a spectator at one auction. Very rare items—an antique spinning wheel, a nickelodeon—are bought by collectors and dealers, eliciting loud comment and even applause as prices rise to hundreds, to thousands, of dollars.

Invariably you find portraits of nineteenth-century ancestors, dark and austere and hardened by their long struggle against the earth, but not without traces of sober compassion and stiff humor; Depression glass, old stone canning jars with zinc lids, Peoria Pottery pieces; heavy brass or carved walnut beds, a dry sink, a washstand or two (very popular these days), perhaps an icebox. Occasionally you might see an old miner's lunch pail, or a county history dating to the thirties (the unread fruit of many a Depression writer's labor), or a butter churn, or a butcher block. All are objects of great curiosity and intense bidding. Portraits of Lincoln, the Springfield lawyer, always bring good money.

"The matter here today is the estate of Pike Essig, passed on after seventy years here, and the youngsters up there in Maquon are just too far away to keep the place a-goin'." Colonel Gail Cowser checks his watch, climbs to the rear of a

pickup truck, and reads from his bill. "Terms of the sale are cash, no property to be removed until terms are complied with. We want to move right along here today 'cause we got a lot of goods and it looks like it might be a-fixin' to rain a spell. 'Good enough,' the man says, 'sure could use some!' Now we want a good sale today for Pike's relatives, and what have we got to go, boys, get it on up there and I want a dollar to go on the old milkin' stool."

Slowly, methodically, the Colonel works his way through three haystacks of goods, then along the plywood tables, down the rows of furniture, and on to the farm machinery. The farm equipment has been advertised for one o'clock; around noon the farmers begin to take the place of dealers and young couples from town. Soon they are all that remain, faces weathered, telling stories about times past and present, joking roughly, worried about the corn crop, intent on a hydraulic lift or chicken wire. By three, the ladies of St. Mark's have sold all the home-baked pies, all the hot dogs and the iced tea; everyone has settled with the clerk and removed his property; the Essig farm sits empty and expectant along Big Hollow Road near the Washington Blacktop.

Jubilee

Jubilee College was one of the earliest educational institutions in Illinois. It was founded in 1840 by Bishop Philander Chase, who had established Kenyon College in Ohio, some sixteen years before, to serve the newly formed Episcopal diocese. Many of its early staff and much of its initial financing came from England; the names of British towns litter the Jubilee graveyard. And much support came from the South. Jubilee flourished from 1840 to 1862, containing a theological department, a college proper, a prep school for boys, and a seminary for girls.

With the Civil War, however, Southern support diminished, and the sale of college lands could no longer maintain the college. It reopened sporadically after the Civil War but closed for good early in the twentieth century. In 1933 the

"My tastes are very simple. I only want the very best of everything."

An eminent British prime minister was quoted as having made that statement.

Well, we guess just about everybody would like to have the very best of everything.

But for most of us, that just isn't possible. We can't afford a Rolls-Royce (with chauffeur), servants, summer and winter homes, etc.

But it is interesting to note that even those who can afford all those things still cannot buy or serve a better whisky than Maker's Mark.

And, as for the rest of us, no matter what our means, we can at least enjoy the very best of some things. One of those things is love, another is companionship. And speaking more materially, another is whisky.

Moderation is key.

If you drink in moderation, then the extra cost of Maker's Mark is amortized over quite a period. We'd be the first to admit that immoderate drinkers probably can't afford Maker's Mark. But then they really can't afford any whisky, can they?

Maker's Mark was intended to be enjoyed in moderation. It is not, and never will be, mass produced. It is made, little at a time, slowly, thoughtfully, and is meant to be consumed in the same manner.

Not for everyman.

So, Maker's Mark will never compete for the mass market.

It was never Bill Samuels' desire to do so. Bill, founder of Maker's Mark Distillery, is a fourth-generation Kentucky distiller who knew exactly what he wanted when he started making his own whisky back in 1953.

All he hoped for was to find the pride of self-achievement in making a whisky of singular character for those few who understood whisky well enough to enjoy a truly outstanding distillation.

For you?

Though it's not for everyman, it could very well be for you.

Free booklet.

When you're in our neck of the woods, we cordially invite you to visit our little distillery on Star Hill Farm near Loretto. Meanwhile, if you have an interest in the history of whisky-making in the Bluegrass state, write for a free copy of our little booklet, "The Wonderful World of Kentucky Whisky."



Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky.,
Ninety Proof - Fully Matured

PEORIA

College was presented to the State of Illinois, and is presently the heart of an attractive park, picnicking and camping permitted beneath the oaks and on the slopes of its rolling acres, just off Route 74 at Kickapoo.

The college is beginning to show signs of the restoration work in progress. The dormitory's crumbled north wall has been rebuilt, and the building should have chimneys and a roof by next fall. The Committee for the Preservation of Jubilee College has organized two "Olde English Faires," one this year and one last, which have proven spectacularly successful in generating interest in the project; it has begun the task of tracing and contacting Bishop Chase's many descendants, the preponderance of whom have left the Illinois area and migrated to Texas; it has begun collecting books and furnishings for the interior of the college. Remnants of vine may still be seen clinging to cracks between wall and window or under the eaves, and a sign behind the chain link fence still reads "WARNING: COLLEGE HAZARDOUS," but after decades of steady degeneration, restoration has begun.

Will it play?

It is early in the Watergate scandal; Senate hearings point to substantial corruption, but nobody important is yet in jail, and August 8, 1974, is nearly a year away.

David Frost has come all the way from England to see how President Nixon is playing in Peoria. Two hundred citizens are needed for his town meeting type television show. Call the Frost people at Channel 25 tonight, the ads read, to participate in this program.

Most area dignitaries are among the crowd as, after a series of technical malfunctions is resolved, the tape begins to roll. Mayor Carver, Congressman Bob Michel, representatives of banks and industries are all lined up across row one. Joe Gibson, former president of the Young Republicans, stuffed into a suit and vest, munching affectedly on a cigar, is in the eighth row next to a light support. Gary Fethke, articulate and liberal, a professor of

economics, is here. And the Reverend Dan Demmin of Calvary Bible Church, sponsor of a series of pro-Nixon advertisements which appeared in the *Journal-Star* under the banner "He Is Our President." Other seats are filled with his elderly parishioners, who will speak reverently of The President, and with an assortment of housewives, students, ordinary citizens.

Professional Republicans are cautious: Carver and Michel both hedge, although Michel will support Nixon almost to the end, calling for resignation on the day it is delivered, long after the land has slid from under the President. At the moment both sense something awry, but they are preoccupied with plans for urban renewal and a Chicago-Peoria-St. Louis super-highway. The amateur Joe Gibson delivers an impassioned but ill-advised speech, puffing out his vest, accusing the media of cruel and unusual punishment in their pathological hatred of Nixon. It's standard party line these days and is recognized as such. One of the Reverend's parishioners says that Nixon is a great man because he brought the POWs home, a remark that elicits catcalls from many. One student believes that Nixon lied to the American people; she does not elaborate. Debate proceeds, passionate, bitter, disorganized, skating easily across the surface of issues. The man beside me observes in a whisper, "They're all crazy out there, you know. They'll have Nixon's head and others too before it's all said and done. You wait and see. Crazy: the whole East Coast and the whole West Coast. I been there."

Frost takes a straw vote: two thirds of those present believe Nixon guilty of wrongdoing. A very small minority believes he should resign or be removed from office. As remaining minutes run to three, to two, to one, Reverend Dan rises and closes this program from Peoria, Illinois, with a biblical quotation: "Let every person be subject to the governing authorities. For there is no authority except from God, and those that exist have been instituted by God. Therefore he who resists the authorities resists what God has appointed." Hoots and catcalls, shouts of "Sit down" and "No, no" fill the air. As I drive

from the studio I note a blue Chevy flaunting a homemade bumper sticker: "IMPEACHMENT WITH HONOR."

Roots

The city of Peoria is not to be confused with Peoria County. Unlike many counties with a large city at their hearts, Peoria is not entirely urban. It reaches north to Lawnridge and Edelstein, to Rome and Princeville and Laura; west all the way to Elmwood and almost to Farmington; south to Mapleton, Glasford, and the Kingston Mines. Drive out Route 74 west (or east, although once you cross the river you'll be in Tazewell and Woodford Counties), and the prairies spread out before you, rolling back unevenly from either side of the highway. Or better still, take old Route 150 through Kickapoo, Eureka, El Paso, and Chenoa, or 116 through Roanoke, Metamora, Eden, and Hanna City: rich earth, black after spring plowing and disking, green with acres of corn and soybeans in middle and late summer, washed brown stubble in fall after the crops are in and the pulse of life has slowed for another midwestern winter. The oaks line the ridges and slopes, their twisted roots groping unconsciously toward bedrock, their wood so hard it must be nailed while still green or it will bend even a three-inch nail. A panorama spreads from each crest of these rolling hills. The land is pieced and measured, marked by dirt roads and narrow creeks, each farmhouse with its barn and oaks and white siding and iron fence, each town with its water tower and center square and church. The red brick schools still stand at rural intersections. All around are the fields of corn and soybeans, the black earth pushing nourishment to the city, to either coast, to starving Africa and India, and to Southeast Asia.

"Very impressive"

Urban renewal was a going concern in Peoria throughout the sixties, financed largely by private and state funds, producing a long series of modern private and state buildings: Sears, the library, the courthouse with its plaza, the Caterpillar

BIG THREE GO UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.



DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

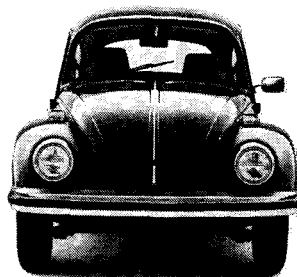
This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment and destination charges.

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of \$584 and \$458 respectively.

Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases.

Little One Stays Down!

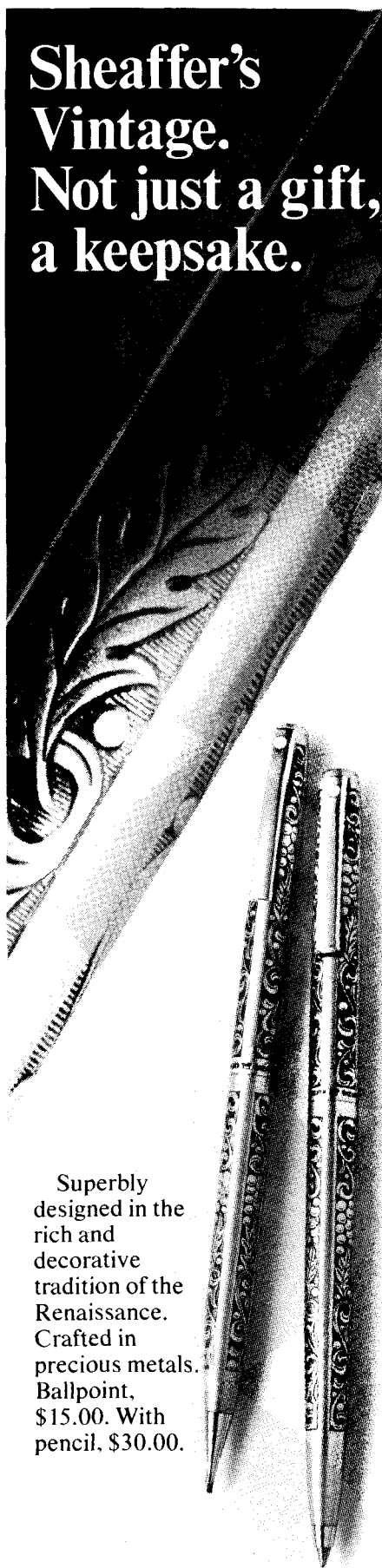


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PEORIA

parking garage, the Ramada Inn, the medical building on St. Mark's Court. By 1968 Peoria was ready for extensive ventures in low-income housing, sponsored by one of its more progressive mayors and city councils, and financed by a 5 percent utilities tax. By 1969, Mayor Robert Lenhausen and his city council were gone, deposed by a group of usurpers calling themselves Citizens for a Representative Government, who were elected on a single issue: the utilities tax. CFRG aldermen and Mayor E. Michael O'Brian strangled urban renewal in federal red tape; fought colorfully and continually with NAACP leaders, protesting Bradley students, those who still cherished notions of city-sponsored low-income housing, and city managers; and provided Peoria with one of the saltier chapters in its political history.

Four years later, however, the bloom was off the rose: the utilities tax was a dead issue, and Mayor O'Brian found himself embroiled in a miniature Watergate (liquor licenses, not milk funds). Continued media exposure of the City Hall circus left many citizens disenchanted with CFRG shenanigans. That year city government returned to more responsible hands. Mayor Carver—young, articulate, sensible—works well with Governor Walker and other state officials. He has achieved statewide and even national prominence in two short years. The city has a comprehensive plan for downtown development, the promise of a north-south freeway, hope of a second airline, and a resurrected urban renewal program. With the passage of time and an estimated \$75 million in public funds (and \$200 million in private capital), some 1500 acres of the near South Side, many already purchased and cleared, will be turned into lakes and parks (Carver Park among them), single-family and high-density residences, and—most significantly—the Peoria branch of the University of Illinois Medical School, relocated in the Target 2 area below the Bluff after an energetic campaign down in Springfield by the mayor and a squadron of select salesmen. Already land has been cleared for the

project and construction begun. Governor Walker released \$6 million in state funds in late May of 1972, and a target date of June 15, 1976, has been set for the opening of the building. Architect Angelos Demetrios's model for all of downtown Peoria, not a part of urban renewal per se, should be off paper and into concrete and steel in ten years.

On a visit to Peoria, Governor Walker chats with the mayor, reviews med school plans and the Demetrios model, finds it all "impressive, very impressive."

Baby Doll

Baby Doll Baker is dead at seventy-three, hardly a month after achieving the notoriety accompanying her fiftieth arrest for prostitution. My brother-in-law sends me a newspaper clipping all the way from New Jersey. She died in a small two-room apartment on the near South Side, what's left of Peoria's red-light district, at home with her boots off. Friends discover a copy of *The Happy Hooker* beside her bed, a fact noted in the local newspaper. At the time of her death, Baby Doll was reportedly writing her memoirs for an unnamed New York publisher. All three Peoria television stations devote air time to the funeral: two hundred of the local citizens paying their respects, flowers everywhere. "She was a kind person," a member of the South Side community tells us, and adds, "She always loved children."

"There are no real houses of prostitution in Peoria anymore," a local attorney offers over gin and tonics. His audience—a poet, an aspiring novelist, a film-maker—turns suddenly attentive. "Not since the old days, since the fifties, the early sixties. The massage parlors? Finished too, gone the way of the New York City parlors. Mostly it's girls working on their own. They pay their fines and are back on the street again. In the old days it was a regular route: Chicago, Peoria, East St. Louis, St. Louis. Only the big names like Baby Doll stayed. Now," he says, "it's independents mostly."

He is asked about the periodic arrests which, along with pot busts,

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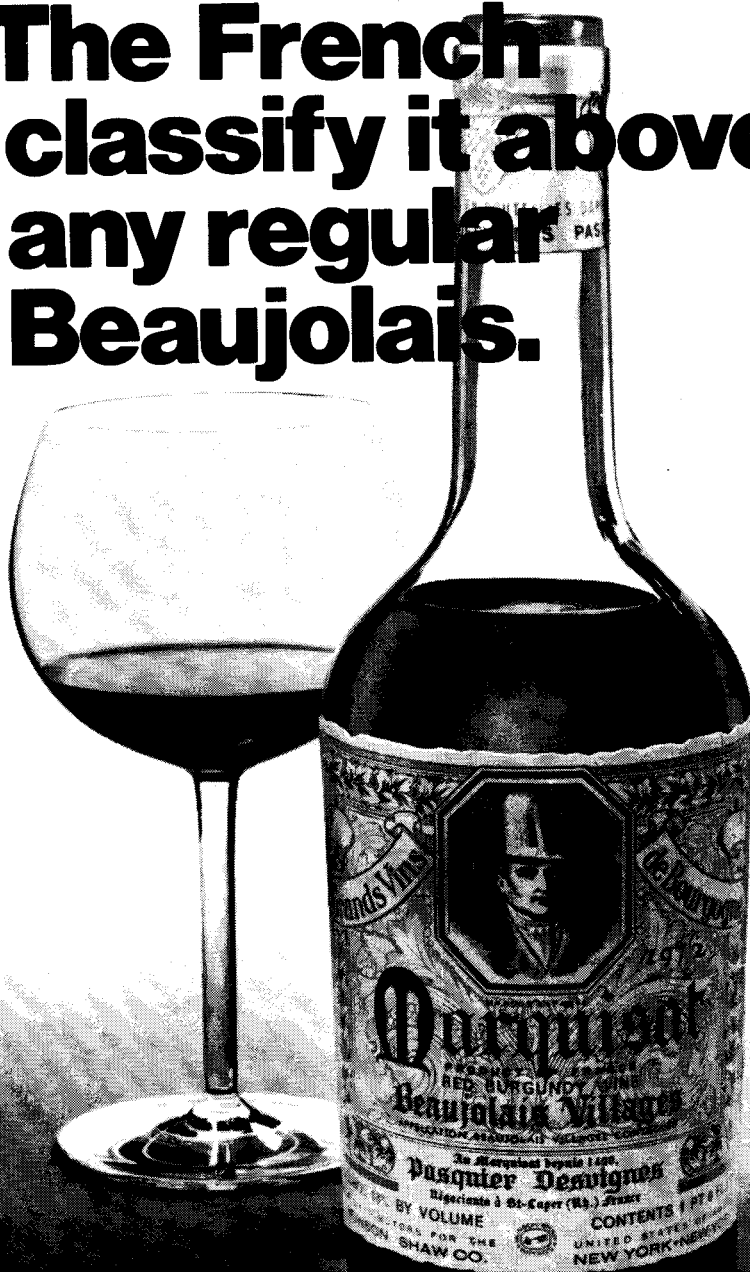
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PEORIA

seem to make up the bulk of Peoria's law-enforcement activity. "Well, you know, it's hard to get excited about prostitution anymore. Everybody knows it's there, but it's not a vicious thing, not a vicious crime. So every now and again somebody goes out and busts somebody, but there's no organized crackdown. The judges. . . . I'll tell you, it's money mostly. I don't know what it's like now, but a few years ago the county was so broke that some nights it would have two patrol cars on duty for all of Peoria County. You know how big Peoria County is? There are towns up there—Lawnridge, Edelstein, Oak Hill—that don't have one full-time cop. They depend on the county for everything. Two one-man cars. Now who's to worry about prostitution?"

When last busted, Baby Doll Baker was carrying \$37.10 on her person. "Who gave you the dime?" "Every one of them, honey." The story was in all the national newspapers. Tonight the novelist tells it. It's the kind of story a Peorian would appreciate.

"We can do it"

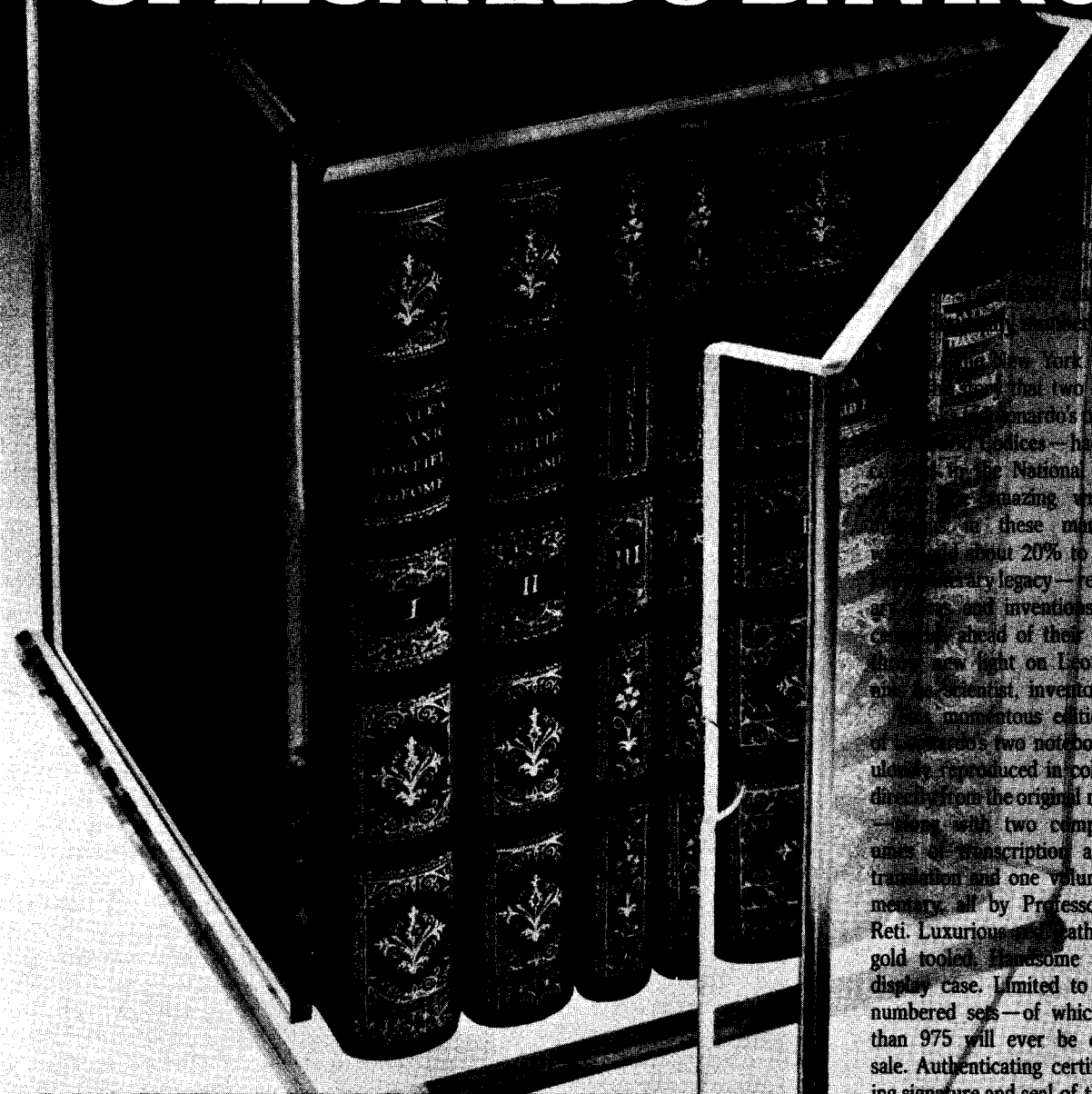
We are drinking a Heineken's in Jumer's Schwartzler Bär when the alarm sounds. There is no panic: it's late afternoon and the place is empty, except for ourselves, bartender, and barmaid. Outside we watch a thin smoke spiraling from the side of the restaurant. "Grease fire in the kitchen," somebody announces.

Jumer's is a Peoria institution, initially a diner, then a restaurant, most recently a motel, complete with antique shop and the Schwartzler Bär Lounge (named for the large black bear which stands beside it, but corrupted by Peorians to Schwartzler bar). With each change Jumer's has become more opulent, furnished throughout with ornately carved Old World furniture, leaded glass windows, ornate fireplace mantels, paintings such as would have appealed to the German mind of fifty years ago, and the finest collection of beer mugs and steins in downstate Illinois. Peorians flock

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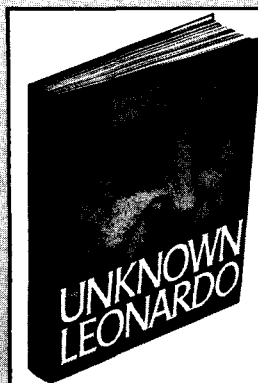
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*Dr. Edward C. Moore, in *The New York Times* (2/14/67), pg. 1

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here for the decor, for the family atmosphere, for the apple and cinnamon rolls that accompany every dinner. On Sunday evening, when salesmen have left town and the Père Marquette and Ramada Inns are empty, you will need reservations for dinner here. And each weekday there is a cocktail hour, five to six, with an assortment of cheeses and cold cuts, bean soup warming on the fire, and a tray of warm anything from pepper rings to midget hot dogs in sauce to (yes, once even) chicken wings—all free. My Heineken's costs a dollar, but we do not pay on this day of the fire.

The West Peoria Fire Department arrives first, then units from Peoria's South Side; later the alarm is extended to the Heights, Limestone, and Dunlap. By six the kitchen roof is splintered, but the fire appears contained. I leave, congratulating myself on a free drink. But the fire is not finished: it has found its way through a false ceiling and will consume the roof and second story of the restaurant, which will collapse onto the ground floor, destroying

steins and carved wood cabinets and antiques and the finest painting in the complex. Miraculously a grandfather clock, Peoria's favorite piece, is spared, protected by a staircase from falling timbers. The great black bear suffers only smoke and water damage.

The restaurant is leveled; Schwartzer Bär Lounge and motel are saved, Newscene 19 reports. Next morning I return to poke and pry. A woman looks up from studying blistered paintings. "Well, we restored these once," she reassures me, "and we can do it again, I guess."

Friday, August 9, 1974. The ritual purgation of Watergate has reached its inevitable conclusion, a bit sooner but not much different from what most of us had expected. Now Gerald Ford, former congressman from Michigan, "a plain man who works hard," we are told by *Parade* magazine, becomes the thirty-eighth President of the United States.

"Now we shall see," a colleague muses aloud, "how Peoria plays in Washington."

—DAVID R. PICHASKE

BRITTANY

Brittany is butter glistening in old crockery, crisp buckwheat *crêpes* ("wafres pyping hoot," as Chaucer called them), the mystery of the sea slithering down your throat in the form of a Belon oyster. It is gray: leaden skies, squat granite churches. And it is green: the green of Kent, of Eire, of Oz, the Emerald City, all rolled into one. It is Vermont before New Yorkers discovered skiing, and Maine before the lobster count dwindled.

Yet France has a Breton problem, and for just that reason. To the French, the jagged Armorican peninsula jutting into the Atlantic means *crêpes*, seafood, and Quimper *faïence*; it means old ladies in wooden shoes jabbering away in their strange, provincial tongue. The French feel toward Brittany as they often accuse the United States of feeling toward France: they would like it to remain a quaint vacationland at the expense of its economy. Frenchmen scoff at the BZH that has replaced the French F on some cars—it stands for Breizh, which means Brittany in Breton, a Celtic language brought by invaders in 5 B.C.—and dismiss Breton autonomists, who favor secession from France, as "*fantaisistes*."

Last February 13, however, Frenchmen stopped scoffing. The Brittany Liberation Front (FLB), which is modeled on the IRA, chose that date to blow up a 700-foot television transmitter in the town of Roc Tredudon, causing \$1 million damage and depriving the isolated Bretons of *la télé* for three months. The FLB, which has claimed responsibility for some two hundred similar but less spectacular bombings in the past four years, saw the transmitter as a symbol of "the cultural genocide the government is carrying out in Brittany."

Europe's disgruntled minorities—Welsh, Catalans, Flemish, and French-speaking Swiss, among others—have grown increasingly restless recently, but few have become as vociferous as those in France. Corsicans, Occitans—who still speak the *langue d'oc* native to the south—Basques, and Bretons have perpetrated a wave of bombings across France

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this year that led the French government to outlaw their militant wings, including the FLB and the Basque ETA ("Free the Basque Nation"), on January 30. (The action was prompted by the FLB's declaration of solidarity with the ETA, following the assassination of Spanish premier Carrero Blanco.)

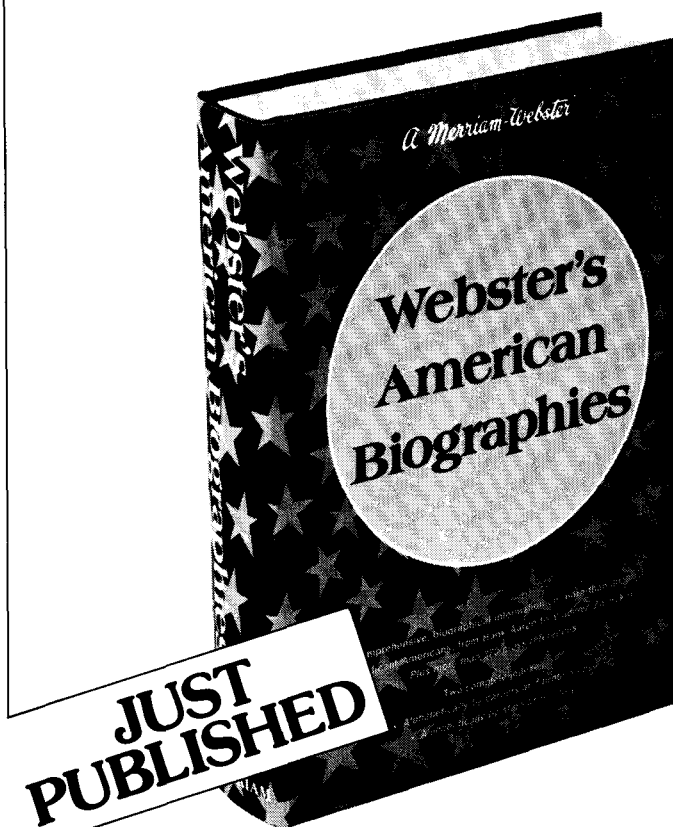
The bombings were timed to coincide with riots by one hundred thousand French farmers and vineyard owners who were attempting to influence Common Market price hikes in Brussels with slogans such as "Three Liters of Milk = One Package of Gauloises" and "Tomorrow's Europe for People, Not for Corporations." The most bitter clashes were in the Breton town of Guingamp, where police dispelled farmers with tear gas.

"All at once"

Bretons like to contrast Brittany, one fifth of France in area, with Holland, which is about the same size and also on the sea. In 1850, they point out, both had a population of three million; but today Holland is one of Western Europe's most prosperous countries, with a population of twelve million, while Brittany, whose population has declined by half a million, has become a "colony" of France, drained of its raw materials and its manpower, a reservoir of menial labor for the country that the Hudson Institute predicted would have the highest standard of living in Europe by 1985. Salaries lag 20 percent behind wages in the rest of France; twenty thousand Bretons are unemployed, and one out of three still lives off the land. The peninsula is 350 miles from the central markets near Paris, and because of shipping costs, farmers must sell their artichokes and cauliflower for low prices while paying high prices for animal feed and fertilizer.

Brittany has more construction workers, one of France's lowest paid jobs, than any other region. They are kept busy building vacation homes for their well-heeled countrymen. It also leads France in per capita alcohol consumption, as France leads the world, and is one of the few places where you can still see Frenchmen in various stages of inebriation weaving around outside

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BRITTANY

the local bistro. Farmers still use horse-drawn plows, and billboards advertise workmen's overalls at the entrance to each town. Paradoxically, Bretons earn more high school and college diplomas than any other Frenchmen. These diplomas are proof of their plight, Bretons say: the only way they can better their children's lives is by sending them to school, and eventually away from Brittany.

In addition to their other problems, Bretons are handicapped by their image. They are characterized by their countrymen as stupid, stubborn, and impulsive, and are still haunted by Becassine, a knuckle-headed postwar comic-strip character who is to Bretons what Little Black Sambo is to American blacks. As one spokesman for the Breton autonomists puts it: "Brittany is not the only region in France to have these problems—unemployment, alcoholism, poverty, cultural repression. But only Brittany has them all at once."

The Armorican peninsula was not always so downtrodden. A separate duchy until 1532, it became the most prosperous region in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, owing to its thriving merchant marine and textile industries. Then the industrial revolution passed it by, and tens of thousands of Bretons abandoned the land to become garbage collectors and street sweepers in Paris, precursors of the North Africans who flock to do France's dirty work today. Breton maids worked very hard for very little, and were as prized in the capital at the turn of the century as the Portuguese are now. If the exceptionally pretty, blue-eyed Bretonnes weren't placed as maids on arrival, they frequently became prostitutes; they still account for about two thirds of Paris' *filles de joie*, according to the police.

In 1859, an Englishman by the name of J. M. Jephson made a walking tour of Brittany. He remarked on the prices, "about half those in England," and "the refined customs which prevail among the lower orders." The low prices and

old-fashioned customs that captivated Mr. Jephson in 1859 have made Brittany the favorite vacation spot of progress-weary Frenchmen in 1974. The unharried Bretons smile much more than their compatriots; pots of butter that cost sixty cents extra in Paris are free on every restaurant table; and it is about the only place in France today where a seven-course meal, with langoustines and strawberries, can be had for \$2.60. Business booms every July and August. But, Bretons say, surely the government doesn't expect one tenth of the country to make a living only two months of the year.

Language barrier

Like other French provinces, Brittany has suffered from France's notoriously overcentralized government, a legacy of the French Revolution and Charles de Gaulle. (The only time De Gaulle ever pronounced himself in favor of regional autonomy was in his controversial "Free Quebec" speech during his 1967 visit to Canada.) French monarchs had been tolerant of *patois*, perhaps believing with Charles V that "a man who possesses two idioms equals two men"; and even Napoleon said of his troops, "Who cares if they sing in Alsatian, as long as they fight in French?" The victorious Jacobins of the Convention, however, sought to strengthen the new Republic by destroying regional attachments and dialects. Barrère himself vowed to "smash these instruments of error." In 1870, obligatory schooling in French completed the task. Children caught speaking Breton had a wooden block, called a *symbole*, hung around their necks, and were separated from their parents to prevent further linguistic contamination.

Today this Celtic language, a cousin of Welsh, is still spoken by one million people. It is a rallying point for disgruntled Bretons. "Our language is to us what color is to blacks. It is what makes us different," explains Per Denez, a professor at the University of Rennes, which recently opened a Celtic Language Center. "In 1952, only seven of us in all Brittany studied Breton," said a newspaper editor in Quimper. "Today at least five

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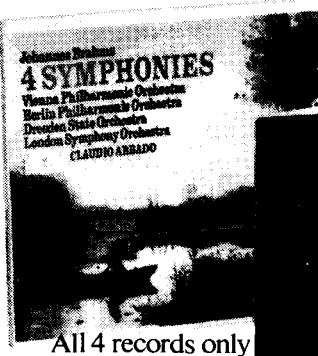
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BRITTANY

thousand people are learning it."

Breton is often spoken by parents who don't want their offspring to know what they are saying. As a result, Breton children today can understand the language, but cannot speak it. Some parents, like Mme. Favé, the pretty wife of a prosperous hog-raiser in Finistère, consider it a waste of time for their children to learn Breton. "They must study English or German. What use is Breton?" she asks, echoing a sentiment common to those who grew up ashamed of their language in rural Brittany.

If the government no longer officially discourages Breton, it hardly looks favorably on its use. It allows Breton language programs only eighteen minutes a week on local television stations. Three thousand would-be students were turned away this year for lack of teachers, since the government refuses to train any. "In Wales," a spokesman for the FLB pointed out, "the British government puts on several hours of TV programs a day and subsidizes classes in Welsh. Signs are bilingual." The French government, however, is not about to permit Breton, Corsican, or any other regional language to erode French as English has embarrassingly done in recent years. As the late President Pompidou remarked in 1972, "There is no room for minority languages in a France destined to mark Europe with its seal."

In setting up twenty-three regional councils last November, the French government made a half-hearted attempt to give the provinces a taste of autonomy. They have little spending power, however, members are not elected, and funds for major projects such as ports and roads must still be approved in Paris. To supplement these "marshmallow assemblies," as François Mitterand has called them, Jean Le Calvez, president of one of the two legal Breton autonomist parties, intends to establish a lobby of Alsatians, Welsh, Basques, Corsicans, Flemish, Savoyards, and Occitans in Brussels. "The Third World exists," he explains. "This will be the Fourth World."

In November, 1973, M. Pompidou

denounced trans-European movements of this sort as "a return to the Middle Ages and feudalism," adding that it had taken France "a thousand years to create national unity and identity"; and former premier Pierre Messmer warned against formal links between the councils and their European counterparts.

By outlawing the FLB and other autonomist movements last January 30, the government hoped to douse regional ardor once and for all, but it soon discovered the futility of banning a movement that has been underground for years. Bombing attacks against government tax offices, military bases, and statues in Brittany have occurred regularly since 1966, and there has been some form of Breton defense league around since 1834.

The French police have so far dismantled the FLB network twice, in 1968 and 1972. The second time, the accused became the accusers when the seventeen members on trial used the courtroom as a forum to denounce administrative neglect toward Brittany. With a touch of the showmanship and Celtic imagination for which Bretons are renowned, defendant Yves Gourves answered the judge in Breton only, and demanded an interpreter. Supporters surrounded the Palais de Justice, chanting "*Bevez Breizh*" ("Long Live Brittany"), while an energetic sympathizer placed the black and white Breton flag atop Notre Dame. Three of the defendants were acquitted, and the others received suspended sentences.

The trial was a badly needed bit of public relations, for some Breton autonomists have never quite rid themselves of the taint of having collaborated with the Germans in World War II. (The Germans promised to recognize a separate Breton nation when they won the war, and it is general knowledge that the SS financed the Breton National Party of the period.) While few Bretons want an autonomous Brittany, or approve of the FLB's violence, they are nonetheless somewhat proud to have these Molotov cocktail carrying Robin Hoods looking protectively over their shoulders. No one has ever been killed during an FLB attack, and rarely does one hear this "smiling terrorism" being condemned.

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The result is that America must now rely on smaller tankers to supply our energy system. For example, six 70,000-tonners are needed to deliver the same 3 million barrels of oil that a single 400,000-ton supertanker could deliver.

Using fewer but larger ships would reduce harbor congestion, decreasing the chances of collision and spills. Using the big ships also would improve efficiency. For example, moving crude oil from the Middle East to the United States in supertankers would require signif-

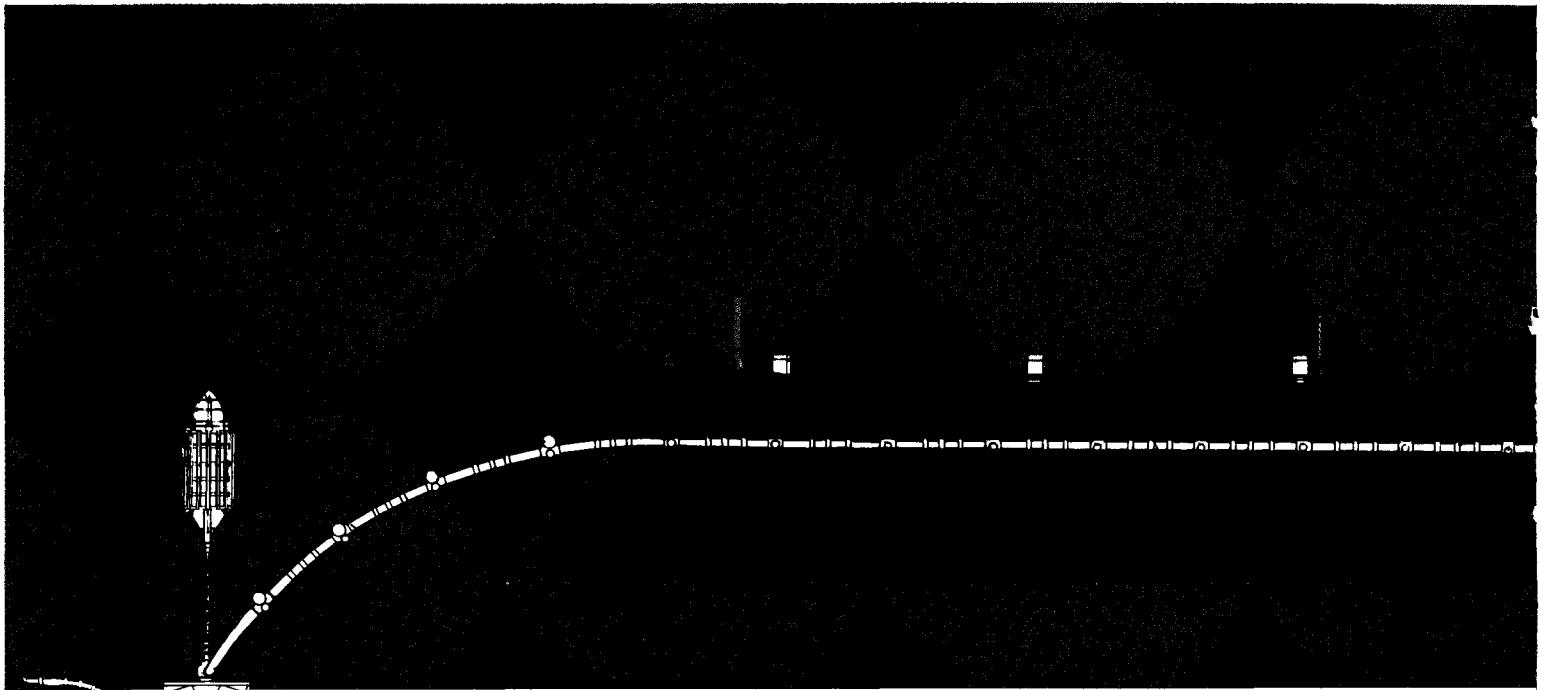
icantly less fuel than moving the same oil in medium-size tankers.

An offshore answer

One promising solution to the shortage of U.S. deepwater harbors is the single buoy mooring, or SBM. Each SBM is anchored well off shore. It is equipped with a swivel which permits the ships to "weather-vane" 360 degrees to face into wind, waves and current. Supertankers simply moor to the SBM, hook up to floating cargo hoses and pump off their oil. The oil is transferred via pipelines buried beneath the sea floor—and beneath the ground on land—to storage tanks.

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terminals.

nies are engaged in design and other studies for the development of the first deepwater offshore oil terminals for the U.S. Of course, permits will be necessary to allow construction to begin.

A giant step in the Gulf

Several offshore oil terminals have been proposed for the Gulf of Mexico. One of these is "Seadock," a facility planned for installation off the coast of Texas by Exxon and a number of other companies. Plans are to locate "Seadock" 32 miles offshore, southeast of Freeport. Conventional underground pipelines would move crude oil from "Seadock" to refineries along the Gulf Coast and in the Midwest.

Another proposed deepwater terminal called LOOP—Louisiana Offshore Oil Port—would be located 20 miles off the Louisiana coast. It would move crude oil, again via

underground pipeline, to refineries in Louisiana, Mississippi and the Midwest.

Both "Seadock" and LOOP would accommodate present-day and future supertankers, unloading their cargos at the rate of several million barrels a day.

Exxon and other companies also are looking into the feasibility of similar offshore oil terminals to serve the Northeast, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

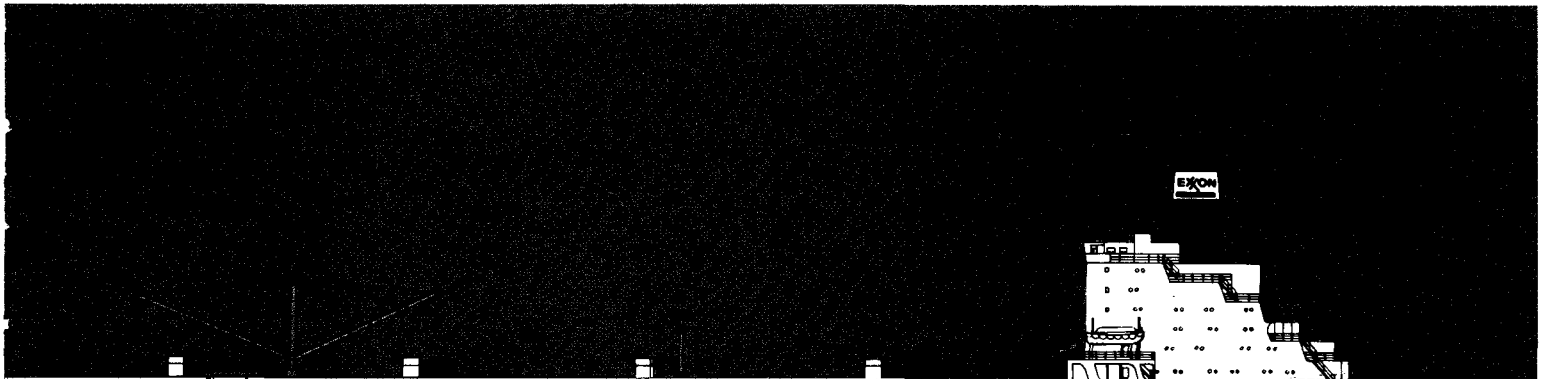
Should states and the cities involved desire it, offshore facilities could provide the opportunity for local industrial expansion.

What about the environment?

Offshore oil terminals greatly reduce the effect of tanker operations on the environment. Noise and visual impact would be cut a good deal because the unloading facility

cannot be seen from shore and because fewer tankers would be coming to it. Storage tanks, which are needed no matter how oil is delivered, can be located so as to minimize their visual impact on the landscape. But the drop in harbor congestion would be the greatest environmental benefit because it would substantially reduce the chance of collisions and spills.

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BRITTANY

However, the sabotaging of Brittany's television transmitter may have been a psychological error on the FLB's part, since it further isolated the peninsula, thus alienating many Bretons who had favored limited autonomy. Throughout the long, rainy nights last winter, Bretons got together for their pre-television pastime of dominoes and cursing the FLB. Now that *la télé* is on again, judgment is less severe. "After all," said a ruddy farmer in the artichoke capital of Saint-Pol-de-Léon, "would Paris remember Brittany if a bomb didn't go off from time to time?"

Going west

FLB members are not the only Bretons to resort to violence. During the artichoke wars of the last decade, farmers stormed the Morlaix subprefecture, sawed down telephone poles, and sabotaged the Paris-Quimper express, touching off similar demonstrations in other parts of France. They were living up to their Breton reputation for unpredictability, for Brittany is one of France's most politically conservative regions. This ultra-conservatism can be accounted for in part by the clergy's strong influence on the peninsula. De Gaulle could always count on an overwhelming number of *ouis* from Brittany in his referendums, and the left holds only three of the peninsula's thirty National Assembly seats. When pro-government farmers took to blowing up railroad lines, the government reasoned it was time to do something about Brittany. And it did.

In the last ten years, it has poured more money into Brittany than into any other region, improving schools, telephones, and rail service. Although it still takes seven hours to travel by train from Paris to Brest, a distance of 372 miles, there is a fast train to Rennes, the regional capital, and air links with several towns. In May, 1968, the riot-weary government promised a 600-mile, four-lane highway system costing \$200 million, and a deep-water port at Roscoff.

The government even persuaded

reluctant Citroën, Michelin, and Renault to move their assembly plants west, and offered smaller companies subsidies to relocate. Between 1968 and 1971, Brittany gained 5600 jobs annually. Citroën, located near Rennes like most of the industry that has moved west, employs 8 percent of the Breton work force and has virtually ended the exodus of workers from the region. Medieval Lannion has become an electronics center, and Carhaix boasts feed plants, dairies, and a technical college. Its population has even increased by 17 percent, and mayor Eugène Guilloux is planning an airport to attract Parisian businessmen to his town. Spanking white gingerbread houses with slate roofs abound. Some say they belong to Parisians. But in many barnyards, the younger generation have built "villas," as the houses are called, and left the old granite farmhouses to their parents.

Nowhere are the villas more apparent than in Gourin, where the rush to emigrate to the United States was so great in the 1950s that a shipping company maintained an office there. Local photographer Jean Montauffray estimates that three fourths of the French restaurants in New York are owned or staffed by Bretons. "Good French waiters come from Gourin," he boasts. "Ask them."

Montauffray has just returned from fifteen years in Quebec. He feels that the Bretons' experience in North America has helped them to overcome their inferiority complex. "In France, you must say, 'Bonjour, monsieur le directeur.' It's a question of class. When I worked as a welder in Canada, I took off my helmet if the superintendent passed. One day he put it back and said, 'Look, I'm a man like you.' Now that's democracy."

Jacques Favennec was pastry chef at the Waldorf for four years, and specialized in General MacArthur's favorite soufflé Rothschild. When M. Favennec left Gourin in 1951, the mayor had the only car in town. Now he is back, and the town is bulging with late model Renaults and Peugeotts. Gourin will soon have a parking problem. M. Favennec, a retiring but friendly man who loves to talk about his life in the United States, works sixteen hours a

day at his crescent-shaped stone ovens behind the bakery, twice the eight-hour day he put in in New York. But he saved enough in New York to modernize his family's house. "It's happening too fast," he says, as he dribbles chocolate icing onto a row of eclairs. "Small farms are disappearing, the hedges are being chopped down. René Lame-sette has 50,000 chickens!" he says incredulously of his formerly impoverished neighbor. "Soon we will have pollution too."

Paying the piper

M. Favennec's unhappiness over development in Brittany is part of a growing malaise on the peninsula. For the past five years Bretons have looked on rapid industrialization as a panacea. They demanded a right to the prosperity so evident elsewhere in France, but failed to realize that they, too, would have to pay the piper. Now Brittany's ambling hedgerows, planted by farmers against the wind for centuries, are being razed at a rate of 200 kilometers a day in order to turn small, asymmetrical plots into Kansas-like plains. This policy, called *remembrement*, is questionable since Brittany's two main crops, artichokes and cauliflower, are picked by hand. Moreover, *Le Monde* attributed part of the blame for last February's brutal floods on the peninsula to *remembrement*, which has also caused erosion and upset the water table.

Blocks of dreary government housing mar the landscape. Many Bretons have refused to move into them, instead commuting as far as forty miles a day by bus to their cottages. They work on automobile assembly lines, or at brutally paced jobs in chicken slaughterhouses, and are already showing signs of the Sisyphus syndrome that plagues their urban counterparts: depression, insomnia, reduced attention span.

Moreover, wages have not increased, and no new industries have settled in Brittany since 1971, substantiating Breton charges of "token decentralization." "Pirate factories," which are lured west by fat government subsidies and later declare bankruptcy, have created bitterness, as have the condescending Parisian technocrats sent to supervise Brittany's coming of age. But Bretons'

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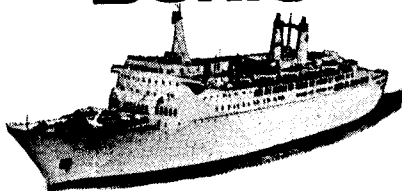
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BRITTANY

main gripe is that companies transfer only their assembly lines to Brittany; those promoted still go to Paris.

In 1972, one of France's longest, bitterest strikes, that of the Joint Français rubber fittings factory in St. Brieuc, took place. Starting salaries of \$170 a month, in a country where hamburger costs \$1.60 a pound, sparked the strike, which rapidly became a *cause célèbre*, the first revolt by an entire French province against Parisian hegemony. Workers owed their success in occupying the factory for three months to farmers who came from all over the peninsula bringing rabbits and chickens in Brittany's first worker-farmer alliance. The strike has encouraged Breton workers everywhere to demand better wages and working conditions. "They expect us to be grateful for salaries that workers in other parts of France would spit on," said one strike leader. "They will be disappointed from now on. Bretons have learned not to say thank you for leftovers."

Self-help

Even more important than closing the salary gap between Paris and the provinces, the Joint Français affair made Bretons realize that heavy industry is ill-suited to their region, and that dependence on government investment inevitably results in colonialism. They have since embarked on a self-help program of medium-sized businesses run by Bretons for Bretons. One example is the new chicken processing plant started by the mayor of Morlaix. One of Europe's most modern, it employs two hundred people and can process 12,000 chickens an hour. Twice a week, trucks speed Breton chickens to Yugoslavia, and frozen fowl are shipped to all parts of the world.

In Saint-Pol-de-Léon, a northern coastal town, Breton farmers have organized an agricultural cooperative, SICA (*Société d'Interêt Collectif Agricole*). Wily merchants used to force them to sell their artichokes for as little as four cents a pound, but now the SICA has set a minimum of twelve cents. SICA's

founder is Alexis Gourvennec, a blond, blue-eyed farmer's son who masterminded the pitchfork attack on the Morlaix subprefecture thirteen years ago. Today he is president of the Morlaix Chamber of Commerce, as well as of the SICA, and one of Brittany's richest hog-raisers. "Bretons have learned to unite, as Frenchmen must someday. We are a nation of individualists painfully learning that man can accomplish little by himself," said M. Gourvennec, who is more often twisting arms in Paris than in his Saint-Pol office. And the FLB? "It does more good than harm," he said. "Violence is necessary to remind the government that Brittany exists. They would just as soon forget about it, except when they come here on vacation, of course."

By merely hinting that he might order farmers onto the warpath again, M. Gourvennec has just obtained a subsidy for artichokes. The farmers said they aren't selling well because more French women are working, and can't be bothered to cook them for fifty minutes. Everyone is in a hurry now in France, they said.

Bretons used to call the pig "the monsieur dressed in silk," and today he merits such an illustrious title, for thanks to pork, farmers who could barely scrape by six years ago are rich today. A hotelkeeper in Penthievre told me in hushed tones, "Inside their houses, the armchairs are so big you don't even know how to sit in them," and when a Breton grandmother brags that her granddaughter has got a good catch, she means she is going to marry a hog-raiser. The SICA is encouraging artichoke farmers to switch to pork, but as hog-raiser Jean Favé points out, "There's just one hitch. You have to like pigs."

A self-effacing man of thirty-five, M. Favé started with twenty acres and five pigs in 1957. Now he has ten thousand pigs, 150 acres, and his own feed-mixing plant. His parents still live in the granite farmhouse where he was born, but he has moved his pretty blond wife and three children to a twelve-room villa next door. He is especially proud of "l'américain," the calf-sized black stud pig he imported to improve his line of Belgian sows.

Last year M. Favé traveled to

Chicago and Louisville to see how hogs are raised there, for in addition to arranging accounting classes for farmers' wives, the SICA organizes study trips to keep the farmers thinking big. Artichoke-growers have been to Salinas, California, to learn about vacuum cooling systems which would enable them to export far more, and Brest fishermen have studied algae production in Chile.

The SICA's biggest coup, however, was the inauguration of a ferry line from Roscoff, near Saint-Pol, to Plymouth, England, two years ago, allowing farmers to ship their own produce. To publicize the ferries, Gourvenec persuaded the 1974 Tour de France bicycle race to come aboard and do a few kilometers in England.

Just as dynamic as the SICA is the Brest oystermen's cooperative, started by 130 fishermen to keep private capital from gobbling up Brittany's famous Belon oyster beds. To protest a projected refinery, which would have obliterated the beds with its spills, 150 sturdy oyster boats blocked the port of Brest to tankers ten times their size last July. The refinery was abandoned.

Two salmon-farm projects on off-shore islands have recently outraged Bretons, who see another attempt by "outsiders" to grab up their coastal riches. In the late eighteenth century, salmon was so plentiful that it was the main food of the poor in Brittany, and as a reward good servants were excused twice a week from eating it. Breton rivers produced 4500 tons a year. Supplies have been so depleted by poaching that France must now import salmon at an annual cost of \$20 million. A wizened old Bretonne in a lace cap pointed out to me with pride the fresh salmon on her *auberge's* menu recently, explaining that it had been caught in a nearby stream, one of the last in Brittany to contain salmon. The oystermen plan to start a salmon cooperative soon to make sure that at least part of Brittany's salmon remains in Breton hands.

To balance the heavy industrial concentration around Rennes, factories are being eased west. And, mindful of the pitfalls of the Riviera, where high-rises now block access to the sea, Bretons are drafting a land-use bill which will keep one

quarter of their coast wild, protect the sand dunes, and stop the filling of mud flats that provide food for oysters and seabirds.

Odd man out

Within the Common Market and the Atlantic Alliance, France is the perpetual odd man out, the black sheep that never quite agrees. In the ersatz Europe of 1974, France stands out too. It does not have margarine, billboards, Kentucky fried chicken, synthetic eggs, or Wonder Bread. Not yet. The arrogance and xenophobia of its ornery citizens, whose accents, temperaments, and cooking still vary delightfully from Auvergne to the Jura Mountains to Provence, have enabled France to stave off standardization longer than any other Western country.

Just as France has refused assimilation into a homogeneous Europe, Brittany, a cantankerous black sheep in its own right, is now refusing assimilation into France. All across the emerald peninsula, Bretons are expressing a renewed sense of identity, *emsav* in Breton, at *festoù noz*, the Breton equivalent of the square dance. By the 1940s, there were only sixty Breton *sonneurs*, or musicians, left, and thousands of Breton folk tunes were disappearing. The old were afraid that the young, who danced rock 'n' roll at the *bals populaires* attended only by the village youth, would laugh at their Breton jigs, as they did at their wooden shoes and lace headdresses. Today no one laughs. Old men are besieged by the young, who want to learn to play the Celtic harp and bagpipes, and there are now thousands of *sonneurs*. Bretons hope that they will never have to choose between their *emsav* and their pocket-books, for they have acquired the most valuable asset a people can have, a belief in themselves. As Breton poet Evgen Kerijuel wrote, "A people that sings fears neither prison nor master."

—JUSTINE DELACY

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

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WINE TALK

by Austin, Nichols

At Château Bouscaut, they do not believe in putting young wine in old casks.

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Innocent Bystander



Adoptive Son

by L. E. Sissman

If I had to castigate modern parents for one besetting sin (though, I hasten to add, I'm glad that's not my job), it would be faulty root supply. At a time when a strict and tight-knit code of personal, political, and religious ethics is no longer automatically provided to—indeed, foisted on—children by their parents, it is left largely to a sense of place to furnish the young with roots. Yet, while American communities, the suburbs in particular, are becoming more homogeneous than ever before, the average American family moves more frequently than ever before; in those suburbs, I've read, one out of three families moves in any given year.

Thus the poor, bewildered children must see their lengthening childhood as a series of shots of turning moving-van wheels superimposed on a montage of nearly identical Golf Club Drives and Autumn Lanes, in the manner of old movies. There is no rock and hard place for the imagination to be caught between, no snag of difference or distinction on which to impale the growing mind. Kids must surely be growing up in a vast, anonymous American back yard, with a fuming barbecue on one side and a gently sloshing, chlorine-smelling swimming pool on the other.

I avoided all this—and I may be a member of the last generation to have done so—by the simple expedient of being sent to college in a city that, unlike my birthplace, possessed a soul and conscience and modus operandi that were totally its own. I came from Detroit, a town

progressively engulfed in the consequences of its own affluent aggrandizement even when I lived there: to create a ring of superior suburbs, the core city was being melted down into a factory-dotted slum. My parents, who were constitutionally opposed to the idea of property, fearing its potential stranglehold on their freedom, never owned a house while we lived there. Instead, they rented run-down but commodious buildings which could house both my father's business and our living quarters. This neatly avoided the problem of living in the suburbs and at the same time put me in more than nodding touch with the heart of a city which, though in many ways typical of its midwestern counterparts, still had the vestiges of individuality about it, unlike its surrounding Grosse Pointes and Bloomfield Hills.

Still, I lacked more than the merest trace of a sense of belonging until, in 1944, I made the trip east to Boston. Actually, I made it twice; reversing the order in which history is supposed to repeat itself, the first visit was farce, the second, drama. Sometime in August of that year, I completed a bicycle trip across Canada with an unexpected train ride. Somewhere far up Route 201 in northern Maine—I think between two hamlets called Caratunk and The Forks—I was so careless as to let my canteen fall into the back wheel of my bike, bending enough spokes so that it was rendered instantly unridable. No spare wheels—especially in that last year of the war, especially in that depopulated land—being available, I was forced to ride a series of mail cars, rattling old woody station wagons driven by female postpersons, down to the railhead, Waterville. There I took a Boston & Maine local for Boston. When I arrived, and after I had transferred my bike and traps from North Station to South and learned that I had some six hours to wait for a Detroit train, I found myself on the town—on, in fact, the joyous Tenderloin of the old Boston, where the fleet was perpetually in and blue battalions of sailors laid siege to the complaisant bars, burlesques, and hotels of Washington Street and Scollay Square.

Though I was a civilian, and a sheltered private-school boy at that,

I entered into the spirit of the occasion. Dressed to kill, or at least to maim, in a mock-Shetland jacket of wartime purple tweed (with monster checks) and a pair of green duck pants, I drifted into the Half-Dollar Bar, where I met a sailor, and where we, in turn, picked up two willing Waves. With my age—sixteen—apparently sufficiently camouflaged by my height—six-four—I was accepted by the group, and, after a couple more beers (my first), we headed for, of all things, a movie. Sitting in the balcony of a rococo picture palace of the twenties on Washington Street, I conducted my first awkward efforts at necking while watching a great extravaganza of the period, *Wilson*, with Alexander Knox. When the picture was over, I disentangled myself, literally as well as figuratively, said goodbye, and rode the subway one stop to South Station, where the man in the change booth made a half-hearted (and indignantly rejected) homosexual proposition to me. Soon I was on the westbound train, the quite pleased beneficiary of *A Broadening Experience*. I knew really nothing about Boston; I did know that I could function there in my own style, whatever that was.

The second visit came in November (colleges opened late in those years because of an accelerated degree program with three terms a year). My train dropped me at Back Bay Station this time; the palsied 1941 Plymouth cab took me to Cambridge through a city the very opposite of the one I had visited in August. It was a somber day, with thin, slate-colored clouds sometimes letting through flat blades of sun; though the grass was still green on the malls and lawns and riverbanks, it was unmistakably the start of winter. The cab flapped through the buttoned-up Back Bay, a precinct of order and legislated peace; up the regulate river on which no boat moved; into the thicket of spires I recognized for Cambridge. I was away; I was, for the first time, home.

The rules of the game in college, in Cambridge, and, by extension, in Boston, supplied the backbone I had been wanting, the body of law I

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

**The
answer
is
Audi.**

What's the question?

Q With words like "inflation" around, do words like "luxury, performance, and economy" mean anything?

It seems the tighter the money, the looser the language. And these days the word "luxury" is almost as inflated as the dollar.

The fact is, the Audi* 100LS actually is a luxury car at a reasonable price. It handles so easily and rides so smoothly you'd simply expect it to cost much more.

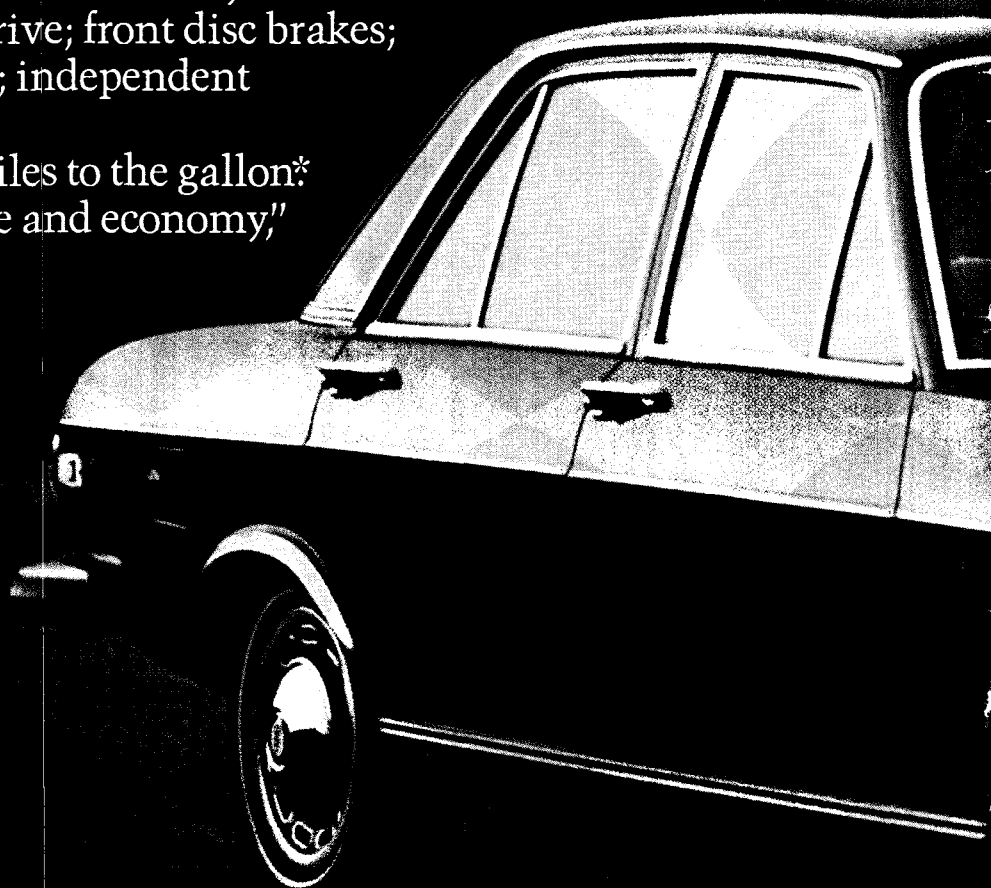
Basically, for one reason: German engineering and craftsmanship.

Specifically, for reasons like these: seats that are orthopedically designed to fit to the body and to help prevent fatigue; so much legroom and headroom you can stretch out even if you're well over 6 feet; front-wheel drive; front disc brakes; rack-and-pinion steering; independent front suspension.

And, with it all, 24 miles to the gallon*.

"Luxury, performance and economy," even in times like these?

No question about it.



The answer

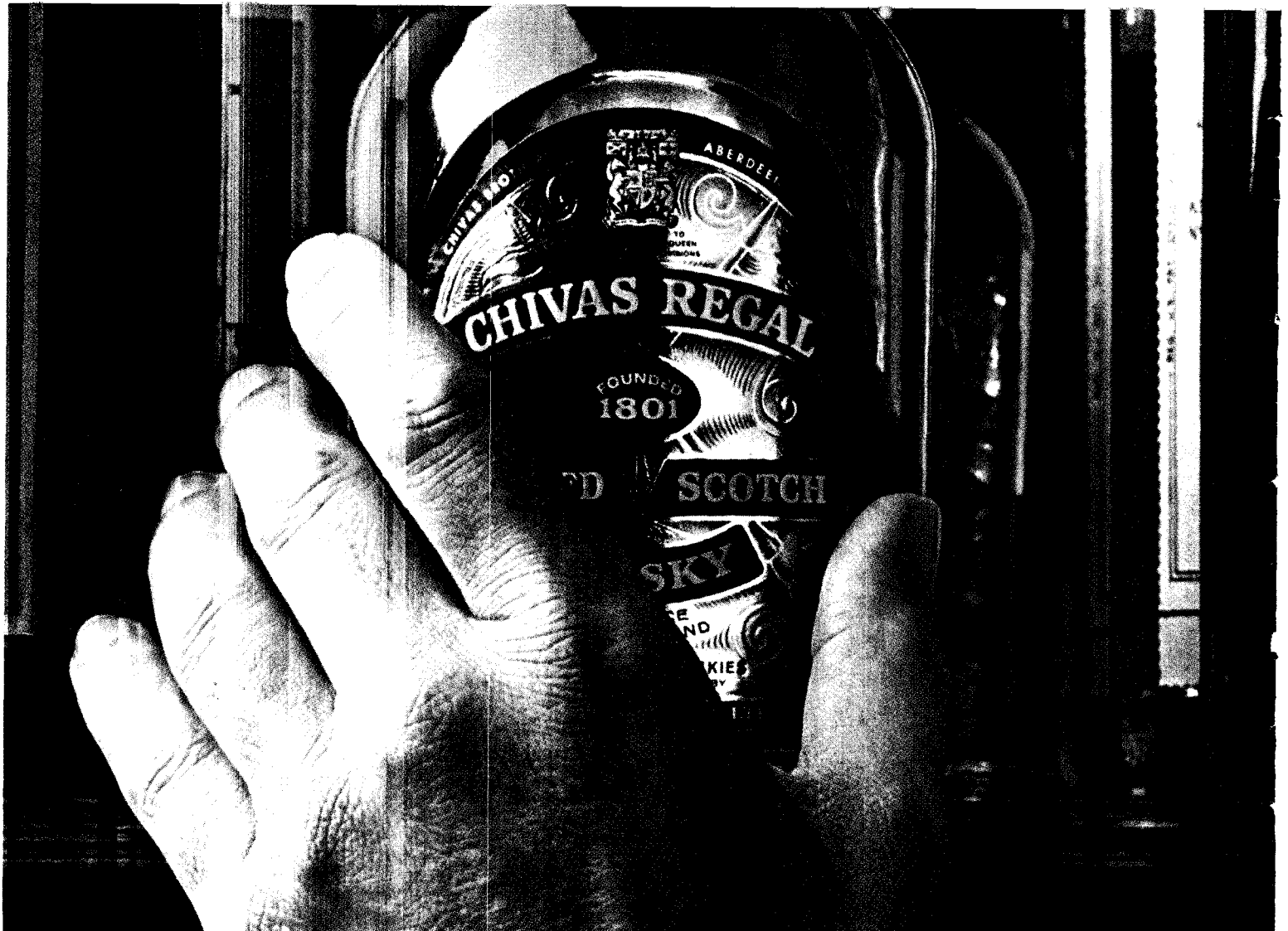
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*Mileage based on German Industry Standards (DIN-70030)



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but your standard of living will go up a lot.**

BYSTANDER

needed to flout or adhere to, the soil for my roots. I was astonished on the one hand by the freedom of my new existence (I could get drunk, cut classes, or see girls if I wanted to), and by my responsibilities on the other (I was expected to win and keep the goodwill of my roommates, to meet the minimum standards of my teachers, and to comport myself so as to avoid utter disgrace). But I was more surprised—and much more moved—by the two great human, or rather ethnic, forces that shaped and fixed the whole city of Boston and its environs. On the one side was the codex of the Yankees, still very much in evidence: a survival of Puritan sobriety and duty, an enforcement of British understatement, a commitment to the plain, the drab, the serviceable, out of which, if watched and watered, the flower of achievement would eventually spring. On the other was the world view of the more recent immigrants, led by the Irish: the idea of the city not as a sacred trust to be conveyed undiminished to the next generation, but as an apple, or oyster, to be gathered and consumed for one's own betterment and pleasure. Unlike the flint-eyed Brahmins, these people were soft-eyed and softhearted; having had nothing, it was easy come, easy go for them; indulging themselves, they found it easy, as the Puritans did not, to indulge and pardon others.

And yet, though there was every likelihood that these two factions should meet with a clash over the eventual ownership of Boston, somehow they did not: though the spirited fight for the control of the city, politically speaking, had ended with the immigrants in secure possession a generation before my arrival, both sides had continued to hold their views undaunted by failure or success. Thus they preserved two cities for my delection and instruction: the Brahmin Boston of granite trust companies and strait brick town houses, to which, as an outsider, I could not be invited; and the Irish Boston of ramshackle public buildings, public bars, and private houses, in all of which I was at least hypothetically welcome. And

in their unwillingness—inability, really—to accept change, to deal with the onset of the present, these factions also managed effectively to exclude the wave of progress and newness and homogeneity which by then was sweeping all before it across the American continent. Boston remained Boston, with its tang of saltwater flats and coffee roasting; though feebler now, it is still itself today.

Two people came to symbolize these two sides of Boston, these two cities, for me. One was an early roommate of mine, a tall, courtly, withdrawn youth who was so steeped in the Brahmin tradition that he sometimes seemed barely able to function in the real world. His real loves, his paradigms of Yankee achievement, resided in the far mountains of New England, where there were birds to watch, not as an amateur but as an ornithologist, and mountains to scale, not as a weekend camper but as an engineer of cirques and cols and chimneys. Minot and I did not converse to speak of, pun intended; but he fascinated me (as much as, I am sure, my fecklessness fascinated him) for his otherwhereness, for the elusive whereabouts of his whole, feeling heart. It was—it had to be—in the highlands, where the hermit thrush sings to its kind, Minot included.

My other exemplar was Mrs. Shannon, my maid, or biddie, as maids were unkindly called by the young college gentlemen of those days. Mrs. Shannon was as patient and thoughtful as she was determined to best the disorder of my rooms; on cold, dank mornings when the factory sirens would wake me from God knows what drunken sleep, she would soothe me with an invariably cheerful word; though I was given to understand, with frequent sighs, that her husband, Francis, was an invalid, an alcoholic, a lazy layabout, or worse, this really saintly woman continued to cherish her good fortune in being able to support him with the sweat of her pale brow. To me she was helpful, sensible, motherly, always forgiving; a kind of foster mother in my strange home, and one who never demanded the things my real mother did.

Though I traveled far, if not al-

ways fast, in the years that followed, I never saw any reason to reconsider my vision of Boston as bound up in those two people. In college, I moved through rooms as full of the dry detritus of Anglo-Saxon learning—and as shabbily comfortable—as an Oxford tutor's study; thrown out of college to rusticate, I fell gratefully into the bosom of that Irish Boston where I was helped up, placed on the city payroll, and sent to do a minute job of work (and earn a minuscule day's pay) among the elective and appointive officials, their names sounding like the refrain to an Irish reel, who made the city move on its stately, if corrupted, way. So the movements alternated: I returned to college, to that super-preppie world of masters, deans, and scholars; after a short, unhappy stint in New York, I came back to Boston, where I joined the first senatorial campaign of John F. Kennedy and rejoined the Joycean stream of life prefigured by pious Mrs. Shannon.

Since then, I've hung around here, always adoptive, never adopted, always an outsider, never a member of either community. But always, also, rewarded by these two worlds that won't quite have me, perhaps the ideal position for a writer to be in. And, oh, yes, of course I've felt accepted in some ways: the local papers have noticed my writings and doings, I've met and gotten to know a number of *echt* Bostonians of both persuasions, and there have even been times when I've felt—and felt proud to feel—that this was my own, my native (in every sense but literally born-in) city.

It takes thousands of meetings, partings, exchanges, and walks across the same uneven bricks to foment a sense of belonging of this kind. Though I can never belong like a Minot or a Shannon, I can kid myself quite easily into thinking this place home. And in its willful stubbornness to be itself, to resist forever the temptation, the desire, the command of the society to be like someplace else, this is a good city—unlike most other cities—in which to strike down roots, even quasi-imaginary ones, into the resistant, rocky soil. Or so I think, some thirty years after becoming a mock-Bostonian.

THE MAIL

FEARFUL SYMMETRY

SIR: It is always timely to puncture myths and refreshing to send cows out to pasture. Peter Blake ("The Folly of Modern Architecture," September *Atlantic*) does both. At least, that is his good intention.

For example, Mr. Blake comes out against the empty, windswept plazas at the base of office buildings. Last July, we proposed to change New York's zoning rules because we didn't like sterile plazas either. Some city plazas are lively, diverting oases. You can sit before a waterfall in mid-Manhattan or under a grove of birches in the financial district. But some plazas are not so attractive. The new zoning rules will encourage plazas that have focus, scale, life. There will be places for people to sit, chat—and watch other people.

Mr. Blake also says that towers in a park-like setting aren't good for families and he says we don't need large housing developments to solve our desperate housing shortage. Well, that seems to me like substituting one orthodoxy for another. For example, there is a project in New York called Waterside, with three large towers alongside a plaza comparable in expanse to San Marco in Venice. Unless I'm mistaken, Mr. Blake thinks it's one of the best developments in the city. It works. I am certainly of the view that good housing should have variety and amenity and fit into—not disrupt—neighborhood patterns. It is fair to argue that high-rise apartment towers are not the only solution. But who says they are? In New York City we are planning three- and four-story apartment buildings in several areas and contemplating a change in our zoning that would limit the height of new development

to prevailing neighborhood scale. In fact, we just recently opened a five-story large housing development with terraces, rear gardens and courtyards—and no elevators.

I think Mr. Blake is mistaken when he endorses a federal housing strategy which emphasizes rent supplements. Rent supplements are fine. The problem is that they won't build much. In a city like New York, with its practically nonexistent vacancy rate, a rent supplement program alone would increase rents rather than the supply of housing. Construction subsidies are needed to get housing built.

Finally, Mr. Blake hypothesizes that cities may not be essential for civilization to survive. He says that there is almost nothing—from shopping to business transactions to medical diagnoses—that can't be done better electronically. I have made a point of spending some time each week walking through different neighborhoods in this city, chatting with people on the streets and in the shops. It is a way of rediscovering the city, its unique qualities and marvelous differences. It is a city in which tradition survives and is born, where there is room for many life-styles. It is a world capital, but also a city of neighborhoods—rich in diversity and humanity. It has been an enormously satisfying personal experience for me, and you can't get that kind of human contact and enrichment out of a tube! That, more than anything, reinforces my deep conviction it will endure.

ABRAHAM D. BEAME
Mayor, New York City

SIR: Thank you for Peter Blake and his indictment of the Bauhaus-style miscreants that smudge our urban landscapes. Someone should im-

peach the cancerous functionalism that turned the city vista into a platform of giant cereal boxes. Where was Mr. Blake's type when this ugliness was perpetrated? How did architects turn away from nobility and beauty and even reject pretension and fun in their buildings in favor of anonymity and sterility? Architects have foisted upon the urbanite a topsy-turvy world where "less is more" and "ugly is beautiful." One might believe that the masterly buildings of the past so esteemed by Mr. Blake's colleagues could have inspired either some homage in their own works or an interest in purveying satisfaction to the user and a sense of harmony and proportion—or at least tension—to the onlooker. Instead, local structures offer mostly trivial simplicity. A nearby university contains a number of buildings officially recognized as national treasures, but this summer its administration blandly destroyed an interesting Victorian structure and is substituting a dormitory whose scale model resembles some ghastly Ministry of Truth. Even the School of Design in this Philistine place looks better at night.

It was due to its depending so much on material that Hegel deemed architecture the lowest of the arts. He would have further reasons for his judgment nowadays. For some reason the farmers and fishermen who built Italian hill towns and Greek fishing villages provided a more humane environment than the trained architects who stuck us with their recent erections.

There is still hope: perhaps conscientious young architects will adopt the radical stance attributed by Mr. Blake to a French critic, and quit.

QUENTIN R. REGESTEIN
Boston, Mass.

ONE YEAR AGO I INTRODUCED THE ARGENTINE TRUMPETER.

NOW ALL HELL IS BREAKING LOOSE.



It's with some considerable glee that I celebrate the first year of the Argentine Trumpeter. While, initially, sales were rather sluggish, as the year progressed, sales progressed with Malthusian magic. Why? Because those few daring souls who tried it once came back for more, more, more.

The Argentine Trumpeter has been finessed by the world's great viniculturists. The grapes, while nurtured by the sandy soil of Argentina's Mendoza Province, are direct descendants of the great varietals of Bordeaux, France. Not a detail of the wine-makers' art is overlooked.

But perhaps I created a monster? Because suddenly we are becoming inundated with Argentine import wine. Not that I am not flattered. But . . .

I am concerned. Historically, Argentine wine, while often extraordinary in the quality of the grape, is a bit too high in tannin to suit the tastes of North American and Continental wine lovers. For my tastes, and perhaps yours too, the Argentinians tend to leave the wine in the wood too long and fail to bottle-age long enough. Not so with the Argentine Trumpeter.

As Argentine Imports proliferate on wine merchant shelves throughout the United States, I hope you will trouble to find the 1966 Cabernet Malbec and the 1964 Cabernet Sauvignon which bear the label of the Argentine Trumpeter. Because this one wine, among the plethora, let me assure you, will fulfill your most demanding expectations.

Michael Dacres Dixon
Wine Importer

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If we could have managed Mr. Scrooge's estate, he might not have been so stingy.



To earn a good living is no mean endeavor. To try and manage an estate at the same time is enough to put anyone in a foul temper.

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SECURITY PACIFIC BANK
SOMETHING SPECIAL

SIR: Mr. Blake's article brings to mind the comment of the farmer who was asked why his \$150,000 bull was put to work pulling a plow—"I just wanted to show him that the cattle business wasn't all romance," said the farmer.

Mr. Blake seems to have come finally to the conclusion that architecture isn't all romance. One "premise" taught to architects is that architecture can reform our cities and lives and make people "healthier, sexier, more creative and so on." The disturbing part of Mr. Blake's article is the implication that if these early premises are changed, and new principles are embraced by architects, architecture could still prevent our buildings and streets and cities from "falling apart."

The problem is deeper—architecture, particularly as manifested in exterior design, has an extraordinarily limited effect on cities and people. (It reminds me of those who believed that educating the young would solve all our social problems.) But the fundamental urban problems are much too complicated and ill understood to be susceptible to a single solution such as architecture or education. Until architects and planners absorb this, they will retain the intellectual arrogance which assumes for architecture the principal role in the quality of urban development and change.

It is this arrogance which produced the premise that "towers in a park are the best solution for families living in urban areas, because open space [is] created." Pruitt-Igoe in St. Louis is cited as an ignominious failure of this principle. Pruitt-Igoe was a failure for many reasons other than the lack of validity of an architectural premise. It was caught up in the racial and economic problems of a city in decline in the 1950s. Only an architect would suggest design inadequacy as the principal cause of failure in the face of the many successful housing complexes of similar design character where the social and economic environment was substantially different, e.g., Lefrak Village in New York is an atrocious design plan but works as a housing complex.

So, too, with Mr. Blake's comments on transportation systems. The objective, he says, is "to design and build more vital concentrations

What is a Family Helper Project?

Briefly, this is a new way of helping a child right in his own home, in a family atmosphere.

Children need help when a widowed mother cannot support her family, or parents become seriously ill, or are just too poor to care for the children.

This is where Christian Children's Fund—and you as a sponsor—step in, helping keep the family together.

Children assisted through CCF Family Helper Projects receive a variety of services, depending on the specific project, such as school supplies and clothing, medical assistance, and family guidance from a child caseworker who visits the homes regularly.

Family Helper Projects are guided by child welfare specialists from the Field Office staff, and each project is required to submit an annual financial statement.

Would you like to sponsor a child? Here are the answers to some other questions you may ask before you decide.

Q. Why does CCF use a sponsorship plan to help children?

A. To help provide long term child care along with a person-to-person relationship, in which sponsor and child can relate to each other as real human beings.

Q. Is CCF an emergency relief organization?

A. No. While material assistance is vital, a child also needs to experience the warmth of knowing another person cares about him as an individual over an extended period of time.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?

A. \$15 a month, tax deductible.

Q. What does the child receive?

A. In general, CCF supplements other resources to help provide clothing, shelter, health care, spiritual guidance, education, school supplies, balanced diet—and love. You'll receive detailed information about the project where the child receives assistance.

Q. May I send an extra gift?

A. Yes, if you wish to send \$5 or \$10 for a Christmas or birthday present, the entire amount is forwarded, and the money is used according to your instructions. You will receive a "thank-you" letter from the child.

Q. May I visit my child?

A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted when sponsors visit.



Q. May groups sponsor a child?

A. Yes. Church classes, office workers, civic clubs, school classes, organizations and other groups sponsor children.

Q. Is a financial statement available?

A. Yes, upon your request and we will be glad to answer any questions about how your gifts are used.

You see, a child is helped in many different ways—each according to his needs. And it is the sponsors who make this help possible.

Won't you share in this person-to-person relationship?

Just fill out the coupon and send it in with your first monthly check. In about two weeks you will receive the child's photograph, background information, mailing address and a description of the project where the child receives assistance.

You may write to the child and you will receive the child's letters, along with an English translation. (Housemothers or caseworkers help children unable to write.)

Won't you become a sponsor today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month in:
Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help.

I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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of people that will make transportation systems unnecessary." Implicit in this once again is the inadequate awareness of the limits of the role of the planner or architect in the development and change of cities. The architect cannot create "vital concentrations." Mr. Blake himself alludes to this by noting the impact on urban life of television, the automobile, the banker (financing), and the bureaucrat (government regulations), all beyond the architect's scope.

Architects all too often believe that if only they had more "clout," urban life would significantly improve.

Architecture and planning will improve its effectiveness not just by arrogating to itself more "clout," but by recognizing its limits and reaching out to other major (and necessary) influences on urban life, such as the banker and the bureaucrat acknowledged by Mr. Blake.

A new premise for architects should be to respect the limitations of architecture and learn how to communicate with the bankers and bureaucrats who have so much legitimate power involved in urban change.

Mr. Blake's new premises will be doomed to the same results as the old ones if they are based on the assumption that "intelligent" architects by themselves can devise plans to resolve our urban ills.

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN
*Urban developer; Associate
Professor of City and Regional
Planning, Harvard University*

SIR: I read Peter Blake's article "The Folly . . .," and I heartily agree with his ideas. It is too bad, though, that the aesthetic principles which provoked building skyscrapers on "stilts" were scuttled because of "hooliganism." I personally marvel at such structures, and enjoy walking amidst them when visiting New York.

Concerning the U. of P. architecture building, I cannot help but smile as I contemplate my own building, constructed as a food market in about 1912; bought by a Jewish congregation who occupied it for 14 years, adding on two wings (side and back) for classrooms; and finally partitioned as a joint apartment for my family of 11 and a

conservatory of music. We have had many interesting comments on the individuality of this structure, which now has pianos resting in the same spots where food freezers once stood (they were refrigerators, then, I suppose). We are very happy here in our rather makeshift environment, not because it is absolutely utilitarian, but more because it is unique in spite of its several inconveniences (one being the bathroom, which must be open to get from our apartment to my office at times). It was fun to decide where to put 22 rooms in a synagogue, and it took 35 drawings, which were reviewed by family and teaching staff, for alterations. One of these involved changing the location of a proposed kitchen, which would "smell up the conservatory at mealtimes."

Why did we do this instead of building a new edifice? It appeared we could get more building for the money, first of all. And old buildings seem to have been built better and of better stuff (rafters, particularly. Ours are steel, even though the building is only one floor). Another reason was charm. I think new buildings (including the new Met and Julliard at Lincoln Center) are utterly boring compared to their older predecessors. Who needs chandeliers that bob up and down?

Visit Philadelphia, and ask anyone there which are the best buildings in town. City Hall, the Museum of Art, and the Academy of Music will have to be among the first cited. Bless the city fathers for their keen insight in leaving these great buildings standing rather than replacing them with more "glass-skinned shoe boxes."

J. PATRICK PRENDERGAST
Merchantville, N. J.

SIR: Mr. Blake's critical nine questions cut clear through to the center of what's dead in our desperate cities. I agree wholly with his propositions in all but the last, most general, question of the survival of cities.

In point 6 Mr. Blake exposes improved mass transit systems as no panacea. He presents the ideal city as a place jammed with events and "vital concentrations of people that will make transportation systems unnecessary." Yes! But how can he give up two pages later in point 9?

How can we trade this quality of life we know is our potential for some characterless urban sprawl connected by electronic systems? I sense the hesitation of his answer here. I don't believe he really wants to give in to vast suburban tracts.

Today it seems the real question is not will we survive, but how! It is the decline in the quality and the character of life that is the most urgent problem of our times. What can be more closely connected to our individual psychological selves?

As an architect of the most recent generation, I feel that finally we have approached a point in human development that has brought us to a great and necessary realization: man is no longer conqueror of nature, but merely an intricate part of its delicate order. We now have the potential to build *for* the natural order of things. We expose the particle of truth behind the visible. The city is the artistic creation of man. It is our spiritual reality; and architecture remains the most complete and necessary of the arts.

STEVEN HOLL
San Francisco, Calif.

TYGER, TYGER

SIR: Please tell MSK ("Tigers in the Night," September *Atlantic*) to sign me up for her "Thirties Liberation Movement." My life has more love, more direction and more freedom than I was able to comprehend in my twenties.

I am free from college degrees, maternity clothes and the social mores of the twenties years.

At thirty I can learn what I want with never a care given to credit hours.

At thirty I can listen to rock, Bach, or my old Beatles album.

At thirty I can spend all day preparing a gourmet meal, or pile the children into the car and go to McDonald's.

At thirty I can revel in the sticky affection of my little ones or hire a sitter and escape to wherever I wish.

At thirty I can choose many directions and I love it.

SUSAN OGILVIE
Las Vegas, Nev.

SIR: Mopsy Kennedy builds a strong case against the liberation of affluent women from the many op-

tions that they have traditionally enjoyed—the freedom to remain in the home and breast-feed their babies while their husbands supply the bacon—the freedom to indulge in their creative talents (which money helped develop).

What is missing from the lives of most women is what Ms. Kennedy has—the time and financial resources to be her own person with her own typewriter. The alternatives offered by psychiatrists, gurus and TM groups are limited to those whose life-styles permit such personal attention (outside of institutions).

The “shriveled minority of child-raisers and home-stayers” are not challenged to defend their choices. But can they assert categorically that in the past as well as the present the products of their child-rearing represent generations of goodwill, nonviolence, and humanitarian values? On the contrary, the available evidence indicates that society direly needs men and women who are secure and comfortable to the point that they can share meaningful life experiences as equals. Neither men nor women can be liberated in a society that does not allow members of each sex the freedom to be themselves.

ELIZABETH F. HOOD
Detroit, Mich.

SIR: My mother-in-law has always referred to our age group as the last of the mastodons. MSK talks about some of the reasons we deserve that title.

I think, however, that we form more than just a “seam” between generations. Probably because we grew up in the peace of the Eisenhower years, and the idealism of the Kennedy Administration, we became the first white youth to go to Alabama in the civil rights movement, we were the first enthusiastic Peace Corps members, and we were the avant-garde peace-seekers known as hippies.

I think there are reasons for the timing of the sex revolution and for the revival of the feminist movement. They were a natural following of the first generation of youth to travel abroad en masse, which saw (as one can so well from an ocean’s breadth away) the hypocrisies of our society in the 60s. It seems to

me that they (and the generation behind us) were the unfolding of a desire for sexual and religious “honesty” with which most Europeans have lived for a much longer time.

It’s hard for me to feel like a gap-filler, even though I’m 31-ish too!

K. P. SHEPARD
Auburndale, Mass.

SIR: Could you please tell me why *The Atlantic* took up five and a half pages of its September issue to publish such sophomoric twaddle as “Tigers in the Night”?

CELESTE R. WATSON
Orlando, Fla.

HAND OR EYE

SIR: Aside from metaphysical differences between man and machine, there is an essential reason for the limitations of computers which Fred Hapgood misses (“Computers Aren’t So Smart, After All,” August *Atlantic*). A person can learn while pursuing a problem, use open-ended induction, whereas a computer can only deduce. It can be reprogrammed, but only by an agent other than and superior to itself. Human

beings, in effect, reprogram themselves, albeit imperfectly.

ROBERT B. NORDBERG
Professor of Education, Marquette Univ.

SIR: Fred Hapgood refers to a project sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), as an example of laundering arbitrary decisions using computers. I have been director of this project, “The Market Street Program,” for three years and I disagree with the author’s use of this as an example. Hapgood’s error lies in confusing arbitrary speculation and the kind of speculation peculiar to a profession.

The premise of “The Market Street Program” is that every discipline maintains an *esprit de corps* among practitioners which structures the development of that profession. Museum curators represent one such group and artists another. Although the primary common ground for these two is the art object, their interpretations of a piece often conflict. “The Market Street Program” was established to provide for artists’ interpretation of their own activities through exhibitions based on this project’s research.



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Artists were asked whose work they would like to see shown with their own, and this information was processed by computers for ease of handling. However, the emphasis of the project has always been on trying to clarify professional opinions rather than on performing a simple demonstration of technology.

Because artists identified through the research represent members of a professional group, their speculations are held accountable to each other as colleagues, thus limiting arbitrary decisions. These limits probably existed before computers came along, and represent an important element in the development of art. In this case, rather than laundering decisions, computers are helping large institutions recognize alternative perspectives.

R. JOSHUA YOUNG
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Hapgood replies:

Professor Nordberg's point is no less valuable for its naturalness, but I finally dropped any mention of the limitation he offers. "Essential reasons" ought to be clear and I found the difficulties of understanding the quality of "open-ended induction" anything but. Machines also perform functions which their programmers present as reprogramming, or self-programming. One need not accept these claims at face value in order to feel that the "essentialness" of Professor Nordberg's limitation suffers diminished usefulness.

Mr. Young's letter is most welcome. I do in fact often find myself confusing "arbitrary" speculation with speculation "peculiar to a profession," and must confess that, as regards the Market Street Program, this distinction is not yet one I feel is securely made or even particularly relevant. I was interested in his program not as an exercise in speculation, professionally peculiar or not, but as one in the administration of blame. His letter does not say what happens when an artist is unhappy with what has happened to his pictures, or what happens when a critic regards the result of Mr. Young's programs as an aesthetic disaster. If he refrains from blaming the computer in such cases he deserves to be commended for this rare restraint.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: John Updike's story, "Nakedness" (August *Atlantic*), was an excellent portrayal of woman as sex object. There was absolutely no communication between the man with his profound thoughts and the woman with her simple phrases. The woman was outdone in conversation throughout the story. She became an object of interest at night, and even then he did not listen to what she said. One might at least hope that the feminine body would be more attractive to a man than an inanimate object, but of a woman's nakedness, the author writes, "The girl, especially, became ridiculous, her buttocks outthrust . . . her flesh jouncing heavily." He speaks of "her heart in the fatty casing of her body."

In spite of the overbalanced male image, and the insults to women, the story was so well written that I had no trouble in identifying with the man, and I found the story very sensuous. I had thought the idea of a man treating a woman as a sex object was a joke too difficult to carry out. It might be a practical way of thinking for a man, but Updike's "Nakedness" is uninviting to a woman. However, the story was enlightening and amusing.

MARY ELLEN GIRARD JONES
Macedon, N. Y.

SIR: I was deeply impressed by the article "Burning Up People To Make Electricity" by Fred Harris in the July issue of *The Atlantic*.

The closing three sentences gripped me: "It is not all Duke's fault by any means. We're all involved. And we're burning up people to make electricity." If several thousand readers of this article would begin to write—garner information, form conclusions, voice these conclusions to those at fault—to legislators, who can say what results would accrue to benefit these most unfortunate people?

HIRAM B. HOLDRIDGE
Evanston, Ill.

SIR: The one significant statistic in Claire Sterling's "Bangladesh" article (September *Atlantic*) is "eight more babies are born there every minute." Significant because there is absolutely nothing you nor I nor



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our country can do to overcome an internal invasion of Bangladesh with which the inhabitants are destroying themselves and their own future. Whatever we can do or even will do can only prolong the agony of a terminal national self-destruction and, indeed, make absolutely inevitable a sort of racial suicide in the near future. Any country the size of Iowa must discipline itself to have no more than the population of Iowa. What assumptive arrogance to call upon the farmers of Iowa to feed for free all those who have made of their own lands a veritable pigsty.

KENNETH O'MEARA
Holland, Mich.

SIR: I am very disturbed that Karen Hess ("The Gourmet Plague," August *Atlantic*) finds fault with Julia Child's *optional* use of canned bouillon. It is hardly necessary to concoct one's own beef stock when a recipe calls for two to three tablespoons.

All I can say is that I learned how to cook at the tender age of twelve, not at my mother's knee, but from *Mastering the Art of French Cooking, Volume I*, and never suffered from a lumpy *velouté*.

FRAN POPPER
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Page Stegner's "Headin' for the First Roundup" (September *Atlantic*) was one of the funniest stories I'd read in a long time.

JANET L. JAMES
Winston-Salem, N.C.

SIR: I have just finished reading the September issue of *The Atlantic* and am distressed to see a highly literary publication turn into a true confessions magazine.

KATHERINE SIEG
San Francisco, Calif.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover—Antupit & Others, design
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photography

54-55—J. Seeley

73, 77—Steve Snider,
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85—Alice Webber

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THE FRIENDS OF RICHARD NIXON

by George V. Higgins

Some were trusting; some were not. Either way, they lived to regret it, because what was going on was “obstruction of justice.”

Even now, with proof beyond a peradventure of a doubt in hand, it is difficult to comprehend what a scoundrel we selected, twice, to be President of the United States. It is difficult, too, for men who thought they ought to know him well, men such as Elliot Richardson, and Richard Kleindienst, and perhaps even Gerald R. Ford. It is difficult for Henry Petersen, who didn't think he needed to know the President to trust the President. They thought he was, at least, their friend.

It was not that he was arrogant, not merely that. The job and the trappings invite, perhaps require, arrogance. (Lyndon Johnson's Lincoln Continental sorties through the ranch on the Pedernales necessitated disposal not only of the beer cans, but

also of the contents processed through the presidential kidneys. Procedure called for a Secret Service agent—one was named Henderson—to stand at the Connie door and shield the presidential anatomy from vulgar view. One day Henderson, disbelievingly, felt at his station something warm and wet on his trousers. “Mr. President,” he said, when continued sensations precluded further disbelief, “you’re pissing on my leg.” “Hinderson,” the President said, “ah *know* ah am. That’s mah prerogative.” And for LBJ, as for Presidents before and after him, exercises of prerogative and indulgences of arrogance sometimes worked and sometimes backfired. Thomas Jefferson affronted his own and his supporters’ cherished “strict construction” view of the Constitution to consummate the Louisiana Purchase, but consummate it he did. “I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate,” said Theodore Roosevelt, “and while the debate goes on, the canal does also.” Woodrow Wilson would not deign to treat with the Senate over the League of Nations, and so helped to ruin his own hopes for it. At the peak of his popularity, Franklin Roosevelt set out to “pack” an unfriendly Supreme Court; Congress did not agree that was his prerogative.)

It was not merely that Mr. Nixon was ruthless. Most successful politicians have a capacity for ruthlessness that compares nicely with the high standards set by private industry. It was not only that Richard Nixon was petty, ungenerous, somewhat bigoted, and monumentally cynical. It is that he was a liar and a deceiver, a man who did not keep his word.

It is impossible, now, to ascertain with any assurance when it was that Richard Nixon first began to practice to deceive. But it is clear that over the years he perfected his art at least to the point of trusting his monstrous craftsmanship completely, and believing it sufficient unto the most anxious of days. He became a virtuoso of deception, a wizard as a manipulator of reality and facts, and of the nation’s trust. Harry Houdini would have been hard pressed to imitate him with a set of handcuffs.

He guarded his ambition closely. A few intimates—Bob Haldeman, for example, who knew for more than two years what whoppers the President was piously reciting to the country on the subject of the cover-up—may have guessed at his prodigious skill in mendacity, but he was enough of an artist, with others, never to confide in them the truth about his fondness for lies, the final conceit of his mastery. It was that which led to Attorney General Richard Kleindienst’s disgrace, and to Attorney General Elliot Richardson’s stunned fury, and to the helpless rage and sorrow of James St.

Clair, and Leonard Garment, and William Ruckelshaus, Charles Wiggins, Hugh Scott, Robert Dole, and everyone else who placed himself in hazard in order to assist the President in his travail.

On April 2, 1973, John Dean’s lawyers went to Assistant U.S. Attorney Earl Silbert and the other prosecutors and, as Dean told the Ervin Committee, “told them that I was willing to come forward with everything I knew about the case.” That was the beginning of an extremely busy fortnight for Dean, who discovered as he went along that the cover-up had succeeded as well as it had because the prosecutors had not perceived the dimensions of what was under way.

“I think we owe it to ourselves,” the President said on Saturday, April 14, 1973, “to find out about John Dean, for example. . . .”*

“All right,” Haldeman said.

“I think that’s right,” Ehrlichman said. “This is probably a golden opportunity, in a way.”

“Right,” the President said. “To find out, let me put it this way: you’ve got to find out what the hell he is going to say. (Unintelligible) which is frightening to me. . . .”

It should have been frightening. Haldeman and Ehrlichman had seen Dean’s grocery list. “Dean thinks everybody in the place is going to get indicted,” Ehrlichman said. Haldeman morosely recited the names.

The question was, how to find out? Ehrlichman had an idea: “Now,” he said, “the question is whether I ought to get hold of Kleindienst for, say, five o’clock, and get this thing all wrapped up.”

“Have you determined that it should be Kleindienst rather than Silbert?” the President said.

“Yeah,” Ehrlichman said. “Dean’s right about that, I am sure.”

“How do you know?” the President asked.

“I asked him for his advice on this. He said,” Ehrlichman said, “Silbert would ask you to wait a minute, and he would step out of the room, and he would come back to get you, and walk you right into the grand jury.”

“Oh,” the President said.

By 5:15 on that Saturday afternoon, they had

*Quotations of White House transcripts here, and throughout this article, are as they appear in the *Submission of Recorded Presidential Conversations To the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives by President Richard Nixon, April 30, 1974*, printed by the Government Printing Office. In several places I have changed the punctuation supplied by the transcribers to conform to the meaning of what was said.

Now presumably Kleindienst thought he was delivering news. He was at least the third to think so.

found out about John Dean. "Well," Ehrlichman said, "he and his two lawyers, who are very bright young guys, came in. So I said: 'Evidently, judging by your phone call earlier, this is moot.' He said: 'Yes, we have just come from our informal conference with the United States Attorney.' He proceeded then to voluntarily give me his whole testimony."

The President's reply was unintelligible.

Ehrlichman went on, summarizing Dean's summary of his testimony before the grand jury. "Now," Ehrlichman said, "I have the Attorney General of the United States sitting at home, waiting to go to this dinner party"—the annual White House Correspondents' dinner, and it would have caused comment if Kleindienst had not appeared as scheduled. Ehrlichman proposed calling Kleindienst and telling him nothing about Dean, confining himself to the statement "that Magruder has just disclosed to me what he has shown to the U. S. Attorney, and that I really don't have anything to add. . . ." Thus perpetuating the myth that Ehrlichman was investigating the matter for the White House.

Then he did it, lying to exclude Dean when Kleindienst asked him whom he'd seen. Kleindienst said he would call his Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division, Henry Petersen. Along with feeding Kleindienst the facts about Magruder, Ehrlichman reported Dean's defection, but none of his proposed testimony. Then he sent Kleindienst off to the dinner, and hung up. Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and the President himself were also going to dine with the press, whom they hated.

To the President, Ehrlichman said: "He wants me to meet with Henry Petersen tomorrow. I'm possessed of information establishing the commission of a crime. And I've got to be darn careful about who I talk to."

Kleindienst did call Petersen. He also went to the dinner and had sufficient refreshments. Dean's lawyers reached Dean around 1 A.M. on Sunday, the fifteenth: Charles Shaffer told him "that the prosecutors had called him and that they were going to have to breach the agreement they had made, regarding keeping all of my conversations with them private. The prosecutors had reported to Mr. Shaffer that the Attorney General had called Mr. Petersen, and them, and wanted a full report on everything that was going on before the grand jury, and where the grand jury was headed. The meeting with the Attorney General was to occur about 2 A.M., at the Attorney General's home."

Accompanied by Harold Titus, U. S. Attorney for the District, and Assistant U.S. Attorney Earl Silbert, Petersen kept Kleindienst up all Saturday

night, describing the remarkable story that John Dean had told. Kleindienst had not expected it, and he wept. The next day, April 15, 1973, the Attorney General went to the White House, waited for the President to finish a prayer breakfast, and reported what he had learned.

Now presumably Kleindienst thought he was delivering news. He was at least the third to think so. Pat Gray had told the President that some of his people were inflicting mortal wounds, and Mr. Nixon had taken the news with perfect equanimity, instructing Gray to persist in a thorough investigation, the same one that he and Haldeman, back on June 23, 1972, if not before, had conspired to obstruct. Dean, on March 21, 1973, had admonished the President that the cover-up was about to explode, and the President took that pretty well also, brilliantly contriving later to persuade much of the nation, for a while, that the report of trouble in the obstruction plot in fact constituted his first notice that the plot existed. Kleindienst, on that Sunday afternoon, quite plainly thought that he was sounding an alarm that Haldeman's assistant, Gordon Strachan, would be compromised by the testimony of Dean and Jeb Magruder, and might thus do something that would implicate Ehrlichman and Haldeman. And he personally suspected them. The President professed inability to understand how that could possibly happen, since Haldeman and Ehrlichman were not, he said, involved:

"I have asked both Haldeman and Ehrlichman," the President said.

"I know you have," Kleindienst said.

"And they have given me absolute . . . , you know what I mean," the President said, cleverly allowing the Attorney General of the United States, moved by loyalty, to infer whatever falsehood might suit him best. "You can only . . . , it's like . . . , you'd believe John Mitchell, I suppose, wouldn't you?" he said, thus invoking the virtue which he sought to pervert.

"John Mitchell and I were a little off more by ourself," Kleindienst said, thinking about what it meant to have friends but not quite buttoned up on the idea that the President wanted him to get. It took a little more conversation, and another nudge or two from the President.

"Oh, in other words," the President said, "the obstruction they are talking about is what happened after the conviction [of the six burglars]?"

"Yes, sir," Kleindienst said, one of the few who demonstrated any conversational respect for the President. Dean was another, along with Petersen.

"Rather than before the conviction?" the Presi-

The Nixon School of Lying was erected on the premise that people will hear what they want to hear, and all you have to do is give them something.

dent said, getting his hopes up a bit that perhaps not so big a lie was needed.

"Yes, sir," Kleindienst said.

"Well," the President said, "who the hell would . . . , you mean . . . ," thinking that perhaps the whole secret would yet survive even Dean's and Magruder's defections, "I can't see Haldeman or Ehrlichman or anybody in that. . . ." Because, of course, it was Dean he had directed to pay off Hunt after Hunt's plea of guilty, and not Haldeman at all. But he had misunderstood. Kleindienst stuck to his prediction that Haldeman and Ehrlichman were also in danger of indictment for pre-conviction obstructions.

"Let's get back to this concept of the Presidency, sir," Kleindienst said, which concept was, for him, the cornerstone of the President's ability to fool him.

"Right," the President said, having remarkable grasp of just how such concepts could be used. Henry Petersen, Earl Silbert, most of the country—including, as he would demonstrate two weeks later, Elliot L. Richardson—simply did not believe that the President would obstruct justice and then lie to them about doing it.

"What you do is the right thing," Kleindienst said, exposing his lack of sophistication, "and then, when having done it, it would be recognized as the right thing." Mr. Kleindienst appears to have had here either a failure of memory, or else a very vivid recollection, of the President's respect for the right thing, which he demonstrated in his directive a year before to drop the ITT appeal. It was that directive that Kleindienst had failed to tell the Senate Judiciary Committee about during his confirmation hearings, and which led to his conviction of a misdemeanor.

"Right," the President said, having counseled, commanded, procured and induced the wrong thing about ten months before.

"And I know," Kleindienst faltered, "I don't know, but I *believe, feel*, that we should have. . . . I think the options that you have to consider there are two.

"One: do you, the President, what I have told you today, that might be forthcoming. And before that comes out, would you ask 'em to step aside until this whole thing blows over? If it all blows over, maybe you're not indicted, or culpable, finally you come back. And they do wind up having

been indicted, you at least have off of your personal staff, those people who are going to be involved in the criminal justice system. If you don't take that step, and I really don't pretend to advise you on it, sir, and then if it comes out, it's leaked out, and then you've got to do it after the disclosure is made publicly. You know, I think, it. . . ."

The President was masterfully misleading. "Let me ask you this: let us suppose, let's suppose the worst." Okay: supposing the worst, it was that Silbert and Titus and Petersen and the grand jury and Judge Sirica, and ultimately the country and the press, would find out that the President who had told them that March 21, 1973, was his first information of the cover-up had in fact demanded that Haldeman get the cover-up going at least as early as June 23, 1972. That was the worst, and the President, in conversation with his Attorney General, knew it. But he also knew that Kleindienst didn't know it, and he was pretty sure that he would never find out. He knew what concept Kleindienst had of the Presidency, after all, and he knew that Kleindienst would never surmise that a presidential supposition of "the worst" was in fact a presidential falsehood intended to conceal "the worst." Thus he implied his own innocence, which Kleindienst assumed anyway, while minimizing what had been done. "The worst," he invited Kleindienst to believe, and Kleindienst, of course, did, was "that it does . . . , that it does come out, on Haldeman and Strachan, with his testimony that he had papers, et cetera."

Now that was neat. Mr. Nixon was maneuvering Kleindienst into the belief that Haldeman, painted to ultimate blackness, at most had received a few reports and might have carelessly learned that \$350,000 had left a safe in the White House and turned up in the paws of the Watergate Seven. Instead of what was true: that Haldeman was foreman of the cover-up, at the express direction of the President, who was still touching it up as circumstances required. "The question," the President said, "really is basically whether an individual, you know, can be totally, totally . . . , I mean, the point is, if a guy isn't guilty, you shouldn't let him go."

Again, the quick fake, executed expertly. The fellow had more moves than Bobby Orr. The question in the President's mind was not about Haldeman's guilt: he knew Haldeman was as guilty as hell, and he knew it because he was as guilty as hell himself. And because he was, and preferred, reasonably, not to be caught, he was covering up some more. What the President wanted was to in-

George V. Higgins has written three novels, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, *The Digger's Game*, and *Cogan's Trade*. A lawyer, he served as an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Massachusetts before undertaking assignment to report on Watergate for *The Atlantic*. A book growing out of his *Atlantic* articles will be published next year.

still in Kleindienst's mind the lie that Haldeman was not guilty, and could not be guilty; that way, given what the President knew, he would run less risk of being found out himself.

"That's right," Kleindienst said, "you shouldn't."

Your run-of-the-mill liar, your journeyman perjurer, comes a cropper because he tries too hard to please, and thus, like John Mitchell denying political activity as head of the Committee to Re-Elect the President, finally delivers himself of a fib so incredible that it reduces the listener to helpless laughter. But the Nixon School of Lying was erected on the premise that people will hear what they want to hear, and all you have to do is give them something, some minimally committing murmur which will seem to deny what they shrink from asserting, some palliating remark which will seem to declare what they find repugnant to deny.

The President had Kleindienst well in hand now. "It's like me," he said, reflectively. "Wait, now. Let's stand up for people, if they're, even though they're under attack." Eisenhower, when I was under fire, didn't stand up for me, the President did not say. Eisenhower, when Adams was under attack, didn't stand up for him, the President seemed to say. But when Goldwater was under attack, and you, Clean Dish, were running his national campaign and getting your own ass clobbered at the same time, running for the governor of Arizona, I stood up for Goldwater. I stumped for him. Did Nelson Rockefeller do that? Did anybody ever do what I've done? I go through, Kleindienst, I'm a stand-up guy.

"I know," Kleindienst said. In 1964 he explained to a reporter on the floor of the GOP convention at the San Francisco Cow Palace that Goldwater's preference for old loyalists was nothing more than rational. "You're a damned fool if you don't have around you the people you know and trust," he had said. "If you have big names working for you, you wake up in the morning, and you don't know what deals they may have done in your name."

"In Haldeman's case, though," the President said, "I want to ask you, if you think . . . , I just want to ask your opinion. And the same on Ehrlichman, based on this. Do you think that, where he had no knowledge of Watergate. . . ?"

It was perfect. It was as well-machined as a Porsche, as well-proportioned as a beautiful woman, as fragile and as strong as Charlotte's web. Some pig. Kleindienst, radiant, jumped into it, accepting the bait—whether Ehrlichman had any knowledge of the burglary was scarcely germane to what the prosecutors were pursuing, under the

guidance of the Attorney General of the United States, on the question of covering up the Watergate—and gushing: "I think neither one of them knew about it before." If they got in trouble, he said, it would be because they'd made inconsequential remarks around John Dean, who was, by his own admission, involved in the cover-up, and those remarks might now seem to incriminate them.

The President now wanted to know if letting them go would increase their chances of indictment. When you get the pigeon interested, take him for everything he's got. "You find them guilty before they have a chance to prove their innocence, don't you?" Of course they aren't innocent, but never mind that.

"Which is not very good," Kleindienst said, "precise."

"That's the point that I am making," the President said. "Can, on the basis of this kind of information. . . ."

"I don't suggest anything, now," Kleindienst said, backtracking quickly into the trap that had been set for him. "I'm just. . . ."

"No, no," the President said, graciously absolving Kleindienst of even the slightest, inadvertent trespass upon the truth, "I know. No, I'm just trying, understand, I want to know what is the right thing to do. And, understand, we are going to come out of this thing. The Justice Department and the Presidency are going to come out clean, because I don't tolerate this kind of stuff. But the point is, Dick, I also, I can't, I *can't* let an innocent man down. That's my point."

There wasn't a dry eye in the house. By rebutting a suggestion that Kleindienst had never made—that the President was out to commence a program of abandoning innocent men to their undeserved disgrace—the President had thrown the Attorney General off balance, causing him to be anxious to make amends for proposing so unprincipled a course of conduct. Then the President generously afforded him a penitential opportunity: by agreeing that Haldeman and Ehrlichman should not be abandoned to disgrace, Kleindienst could expiate the sin which he had not committed, and in the fullness of his contrition would find it not only easy, but downright cleansing, to endorse the position that because they ought not to be sacrificed by the President, Haldeman and Ehrlichman were therefore innocent. Which premise, of course, Kleindienst desperately wanted to believe anyway, because Haldeman and Ehrlichman did only what the President wanted them to do, and to suspect

them was to suspect him. It was easy. Weaving their names through the rest of the conversation, the President soon had Kleindienst practically babbling his certitude of their blamelessness.

"You see," the President said, "I realize that the fellows, like up at the Ervin Committee, and now the grand jury, they're going to smash the likes of Haldeman all the time. But you can't let a guy go without a (unintelligible) if he's guilty, if you know he's innocent."

"Right," Kleindienst said.

A bit later: "The obstruction of justice is what's bad," the President said.

"And the perjury," Kleindienst said. "The suborning of witnesses, the perjury, and perjuring yourself."

"You don't have Ehrlichman involved in that," the President said. "You don't have Haldeman involved in any of that?"

"No, no," Kleindienst said.

Kleindienst had gone into that seventy-minute meeting on April 15 at 1:12 P.M. with two strategies in mind: he thought he ought to disqualify himself from any action in the investigation and prosecution of his friend, former superior, and predecessor John Mitchell, and he thought his replacement as supervising prosecutor should be someone from outside the Administration. Barnabas Sears, the Chicago lawyer who gets to handle all the especially dirty cases there, was his primary selection, but he thought Henry Petersen might be an acceptable alternative.

The tape of the discussion ran out before the conversation did. The transcript is fifty pages long. Each page carries about 250 words; while there are wide variances in the rapidity of speech among individuals, it is unusual to find a conversationalist talking at less than 200 words per minute, and the upper limit of intelligible discussion is probably somewhere around 400. No pauses are noted in the transcripts of the tape, although some probably occurred without notation. What the White House reproduced of that conversation, then, probably represents about forty-five to fifty-five minutes of the seventy passed between Kleindienst and the President, omitting the portion where they reached some sort of concord; and Kleindienst went out on the understanding that he would be back later in the day (that is implicit in the transcript of a telephone conversation between the President and Kleindienst, recorded at 3:48 on the same afternoon; Mr. Nixon, placing the call, had evidently expected Kleindienst to return more quickly than he did, and was somewhat impatient. It also suggests that the end of the seventy-minute conversation found them in tentative agreement that Petersen should take over ultimate supervision of the

Watergate prosecutions. "May I bring Henry Petersen with me?" Kleindienst said. "Yeah," the President said, "I want to ask him to do something"). What Mr. Nixon had in mind was to blow as much smoke at Petersen as he had managed to get past Kleindienst; the President was of a mood to make converts that day.

On the face of it, Henry Petersen was not a promising prospect. Then fifty-two, he had all his life trusted the precepts of a stern Roman Catholic upbringing to keep him from harm's way. Later, describing his ordeal to the media, he compared his handling of Watergate to a progress through a minefield; then, shifting similes abruptly, he said: "I am not a whore." That evening, at home, his youngest daughter asked him why he said that. Miserably he said: "I don't know."

But he did know, if he thought about it: his gimlet-eyed scrutiny of all actions for occasions of sin lurking beneath their placid surfaces had been too limited, and the discovery of its insufficiency grieved him.

Sex, money, and laxity in the practice of traditional morals: those he understood, and accorded to them the profound respect he believed them to deserve as engines of personal destruction. Appointed Deputy Chief of OCS (Organized Crime and Racketeering Section) by Robert Kennedy, after nine years with Justice in the Antitrust and Criminal Divisions, he recruited a willing corps of nomads for the Field Offices (informally known as Strike Forces). It was plain to him that temptations would lie in the paths of those starting out to bedevil the Mob, because the Mob has done rather well, over the years, catering to human weaknesses. Familiarity, he reasoned, breeds more familiarity, and a man who knows his town too well may be too well known in his town to be ruthless in pursuit of his prosecution target. Concomitantly, a prosecutor in his hometown may be bent upon becoming well known, but only in that good-fellow configuration that attracts business to a private practice established after three or four years of publicity-generating Mafia-chasing, or beguiles the electorate into ardent consent to political aspirations.

Henry Petersen wanted none of his prosecutors going easy on somebody who did not deserve easiness by reason of his virtue. He wanted gunslingers whose sole loyalty was to Justice. It was a United States Marines sort of attitude, perhaps explicable by reference to Petersen's three years as a Marine sergeant in the Central Pacific during World War II.

Nobody in the world could question Henry Petersen's integrity. And nobody with any sense has. It's his intelligence that's been questioned.

He thought Justice was important, too, because Justice had been good to him. After a year at Georgetown University, Petersen made his way through law school by working as an FBI clerk. Except for his Marine service, Petersen never held a full-time job anywhere but with the United States Department of Justice. He was Career Justice.

In that practice his prosperity was most remarkable, equaled only by that of Career Justice attorney Richard McLaren, whose relentlessness in pursuit of ITT, as head of the Antitrust Division, so displeased the President that it won McLaren a federal judgeship just to get him out of there. Career Justice employees, lacking political clout, seldom come to savor the satisfaction of bossing the divisions which they in fact operate. About the best they can hope for is promotion to Deputy Assistant Attorney General, where they get to do the work of running the operation while the politically connected Assistant Attorney General goes posturing about the country as chief of whatever division, making a big fool of himself.

In 1969, the Nixon Administration selected Will Wilson to be Assistant Attorney General, Chief of the Criminal Division. Mr. Wilson is a very personable man, polite and nice, and, in the grand tradition of political appointees to high Justice slots, knew not a damned thing about what the Criminal Division of Justice is supposed to do, and what it means to the people who work in it. The Texas lawyer buffooned his way around the Republic, making a great many speeches devoid of content but full of sound and fury. On October 15, 1971, he stepped down, in apparent bafflement that his departure should be dictated by his habit of accepting loans from bankers under investigation by his own division, for fraud in the Sharps-town Bank scandals.

That made Henry Petersen Acting Assistant Attorney General by virtue of his 1969 designation as deputy to Wilson. It also muddled the Administration very nicely: hot in public for law and order, its principals were significantly embarrassed, also in public, by Mr. Wilson's clumsiness in management of his financial affairs. While Congress was in recess, the President escaped the bind by appointing Petersen to take Wilson's place. On January 11, 1972, sixteen days before Gordon Liddy visited the Department to broach call girls, wiretaps and kidnappings to Attorney General Mitchell, Henry Edward Petersen became an Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

Nobody in the world could question Henry Petersen's integrity. And nobody with any sense has.

It's his intelligence that's been questioned, and that not justifiably, though certainly understandably. Henry Petersen, to widespread astonishment, turned out to have been not savvy. He proved to be the kind of man who, when asked by the President of the United States "to do something," would do it. And thus undo himself.

What the President wanted Petersen to do was more faithfully, though not completely, reflected by what Nixon said on the telephone to Haldeman right after Kleindienst left the White House to talk to Petersen. Haldeman was mildly surprised that the President was favorably considering appointment of a Special Prosecutor; the idea might have made him a little nervous. The President was reassuring: "For a reason. This is not to prosecute the case. A Special Prosecutor, to look at the indictments, to see that the indictments run to everybody they need to run to. So that it isn't just the President's men, you see."

Haldeman did not fully understand. "In other words, he is above Silbert rather than replacing Silbert?" It was not the best idea he had heard all day.

"Oh, no," the President said. "Silbert runs the case, and that's all. But he is just in there for the purpose of examining all this, to see that the indictments cover everybody."

Now Haldeman was having less trouble with it. He understood that what the President had in mind was only another improvement in the cover-up, not something that would torpedo it. "Uh huh," he said, "well, that does protect you a lot, because if they don't indict some of us, then you have a cover-up problem. If you have that guy, then you have a basis. . . ."

"Then he goes out and says," the President said, quite certain of the behavior which this still unselected fellow would adopt, "I have examined all of this. These men are not guilty, and these men are not indictable, and these are." In other words, we'll just call him a Special Prosecutor; his real function will be to apply a coat of whitewash to keep the surface of the cover-up opaque.

"Yeah," Haldeman said. That was much, much better.

The President mentioned Charles Alan Wright of the University of Texas Law School as one prospective choice. Wright would later prove temporarily useful as a member of Nixon's revolving legal staff, quitting in disgust when misled or stonewalled once too often. There was further conversation. Then the President found another reason to appoint another public relations man, and call him Special Prosecutor: because it "helps in another way. It gets one person between me and the whole thing."

What he was doing was reinventing the Mafia, the same Mafia that Henry Petersen knew and loathed so well. The Mob's rulers are hard to catch because there are so many layers of underbosses and lieutenants and buffers and *consiglieri* between the man who lets the contract for the hit and the man who pulls the trigger. It's virtually impossible to break all the people in the chain. The President of the United States was adding another layer of insulation. "Yep," Haldeman said, "that's right, and I think that is a darn good route for it, especially if it can be done. I hadn't thought about it, or understood it at the level you are now talking about, and that would seem to me exactly what you are after."

It was that flexibility which made the cover-up so successful for so long; that, and the unimaginativeness of a Henry Petersen who did not look for plots at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W. Whenever something happened to threaten disaster, Nixon stuck the lever of the Presidency in place to shift things back in his favor. Magruder was talking, Dean was talking, Strachan was talking, but justice had been obstructed for ten months with responsive modifications to the plot, and a Special Prosecutor would be just one more.

At 8:14, April 15, 1973, the President called Petersen at home. "Anything further you want to report tonight before our meeting tomorrow at 12:30?" the President said, which indicates that he had seen Petersen sometime that day, that Petersen had told him a great deal about the investigation, and that the discussion, if recorded at all, was not disgorged by the Nixon White House.

"Not anything, specially," Petersen said, "that I didn't give you today."

The President's interest stemmed from the fact that Dean had been chatting with Titus and Silbert that afternoon, while the President was snuggling up to Petersen.

Petersen was unfortunately vulnerable to presidential manipulation, though it is hard to say that he was more vulnerable than any other lawyer in his position would have been. Named Assistant Attorney General because he was indisputably honest, he erred by assuming that the Administration would invariably call upon him, if it called at all, because desirous of irreproachable service, not merely its appearance. In twenty-four years of public service, he had previously visited the White House only to form part of the human backdrop for the signature of new criminal legislation. Until 1973, he had no direct, personal contact with Presidents. Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and, until

then, Nixon had not sought his firsthand views on matters of national importance; when those views were heard at all, it was by presentation through intermediary Attorneys General. To be called, directly, by the President did not floor him, but it certainly flattered him.

"Nothing that adds to what we had earlier, eh?" the President said, using Petersen.

"That's right," Petersen said. "They concluded the meeting with Dean. His counsel says he will not permit him to plead, that a . . ."

The President, trifling most obscenely with Title 18 of the United States Code's prohibitions of conspiracy and obstruction of justice, had almost no acquaintance with the criminal law. This, paradoxically, inured to his benefit: people like Petersen were always explaining things to him, and thus assisting him, unwittingly, in his purposes. "Permit him to plead?" the President said. "What do you mean by that?"

"To plead guilty," Petersen said. "In other words, he will go to trial."

The President didn't know what the hell that meant, but he was afraid he didn't like it. "He is going to plead not guilty, huh?"

"That's right," Petersen said, "unless we come to some agreement with him. His counsel's position is that it would be a travesty to try Dean and not try Ehrlichman and Haldeman." John Dean, it would turn out, was on his way to jail, and Ehrlichman and Haldeman en route to trial, but Gerald Ford would have the means to provide a travesty of even greater proportions, and in September, 1974, he used them; without time's vast excuse, he pardoned his predecessor for plotting well.

"Uh huh," the President said, scared and trying to think of the next thing to do.

"That is the basic information to the extent that it developed in these preliminary negotiations," Petersen said.

That wasn't good enough. The President waffled. "Well, let me ask you this," he said, perceiving that the issue was whether Dean would make a deal, which meant talk or not talk. "Based on this, though, you mean that inhibits you from using the information, then?" He wouldn't have minded that. "Or do you use it, or how do you do it, or do you use it for leads, but you can't use it unless he pleads, right?"

"We cannot use it for any purpose unless he pleads," Petersen said, which was correct if the prosecutors adhered to the President's dictum that nobody in the White House was to get immunity from prosecution, but wrong if somebody with the bit in his teeth took it in mind to get some immunity for Dean. Thus did it imply Henry Petersen's respect for White House policy.

The President was reinventing the Mafia.

The President wished to be sure. "For no purpose?" he said.

"That's right," Petersen said. "That's incorrect," he said, meaning *not done*, "unless we strike some agreement with him."

The President knew what he thought of that idea. "Hmph," he said.

Petersen rushed on, heedless of the possibility (well, not heedless, exactly: to him it was unthinkable) that the President of the United States was hustling around obstructing justice, and thus that it might be imprudent to furnish information to him. "He had a call from Ehrlichman," Petersen said of Dean. "Ehrlichman wanted to meet with him tonight."

"I see," the President said, cagily.

"About eight o'clock," Petersen said, ingenuously. "We advised him he would have to make his own determination," which is disingenuous standard operating procedure for prosecutors: they always tell pro-prosecution witnesses like Dean that they don't have to talk to anybody, making it very clear that it would be much better if they didn't, but that they have a right to talk to anybody, "but suggested that he not."

"I see," said the President.

"He then," Petersen said, "through his counsel, informed us that he was writing a note to you, in which he would say: one, that what he was doing was in your best interests, and that that would all become apparent as this situation unfolded."

Perfectly gorgeous, as far as the President was concerned, just what he had in mind, ranking with a fall down a flight of stairs. "Right," the President said. "Let me ask you this: why don't I get him in now, if I can find him, and have a talk with him?"

Henry Petersen's job existed in order to enable the President to exercise care that the laws be faithfully enforced. "I don't see any objection to that, Mr. President," the dutiful and trusting Petersen said, and he didn't.

"Is that all right with you?" the President asked.

"Yes, sir," Petersen said.

"All right," the President said, "I am going to get him over because I am not going to screw around with this thing, as I told you."

"All right," Petersen said, thus ratified in his primary assumption, if he needed to be, and thus in turn reassuring the President in his deliberate hope of successfully perverting that assumption.

"But I want to be sure you understand," the President said, meaning that he wanted to be damned sure that Petersen never even came close to understanding, "that you know, that we are going to get to the bottom of this thing." Meaning, of course, that he was going to do everything in his enormous power to make sure that nobody

ever got to the bottom of it, because that's where he was; and part of the means to that end was to convince Henry Petersen to the contrary.

"I think the thing that . . .," Petersen began.

"What do you want me to say to him?" the President cut in, planning to dazzle Dean to a fare-thee-well to avert the dangers that lay ahead when he started to talk. "Ask him to tell me the whole truth?"

"Yes, sir," Petersen said. He also wanted the President to signal Gordon Liddy to come clean, finally. The President, knowing that Liddy had nothing on anybody higher up than John Mitchell, who was already in trouble, swiftly agreed to do that, but only (the condition was added by the President in a second conversation the same night) by transmitting a message through Petersen. That ensured, of course, that Liddy would remain steadfast in his silence. He was, after all, the original "stand-up guy." It also took care of the small risk that Liddy might in fact know something that would cause further damage. There was no way that Liddy would take the prosecutor's word for something the President was supposed to have said, and the President knew it. No point in taking chances.

Later that evening (at 9:39 P.M.), the President used Petersen again, evidently to program John Dean in his testimony. "I discussed with him," Dean said of his 9 P.M. meeting with the President, "the fact that maybe if Liddy's lawyer met with him, that Liddy would begin to open up, because, I said, that I thought it would be very helpful if Liddy did talk. It was during this part of the conversation that the President picked up the telephone and called Henry Petersen and pretended with Petersen that I was not in the room, but that the matter of Liddy's coming forward and talking had arisen during our conversation. The President relayed to Petersen that if Liddy's lawyer wanted to see him, to get a signal, that the President was willing to do this."

By the time the President made that call, he and Dean had been talking for thirty-nine minutes. It was exactly seventy-three minutes after his second call to Petersen, when the whole Liddy affair had presumably been settled. Petersen must have been absolutely mystified.

"Henry," the President said, "I talked to John Dean, and haven't quite finished, but he stepped out for a minute." Dean was sitting right there, and the President hoped Dean would be favorably impressed by the President's prompt action, and reason from it to the inference that the President yearned for complete demolition of the cover-up. And thus to the further inference that he had had no part in arranging it in the first place. "I wanted

Elliot Richardson acted like a lawyer for the President, recommending that course which seemed best to him but genuinely ready to advocate the other if the client so chose.

to ask you this," the President said. "He" (meaning Dean) "says he thinks it is important that I tell Liddy's attorney—I don't know who he is—by the name of Maroulis, do you know him? That, what I told you, a few minutes ago." Remembering, of course, just in time, that Dean and Petersen had talked a lot since the previous June, and guarding against the possibility that they might get together for note comparison again, when Dean started testifying before the grand jury.

Petersen said he had been trying to reach Peter Maroulis.

"Let me say this," the President said. "You tell him, if necessary, you haul him in here and I will tell him. OK?" Precisely what he had earlier retreated from doing.

"All right," Petersen said.

"You tell him I have called you directly tonight," the President said, "and that you have it direct from the President: if he needs it from me, I will tell him."

"Very good," Petersen said.

"Because you see," the President said, ostentatiously relying, in Dean's presence, on Dean's recommendation of Petersen to promote an inference of his own good faith (Dean, after all, seemed rather to admire Petersen, and thought no special evil of the man he had so used, and would therefore assume from the President's call to Petersen that the President was determined to get to the bottom of things), "John felt that maybe he wouldn't take it from you. But I think he would. Or, what do you think? What is your judgment?" Thus demonstrating to Dean that he intended to rely upon Petersen's advice, when in fact he intended to subvert the man's loyalty. Dean, cold and shrewd enough to have acted as cover-up foreman as long as he had, was cold and shrewd enough not to be convinced. Two hours later, the President was back on the phone to Petersen for the fourth time that day, chatting about how Dean would have to resign.

Henry Petersen was fully up to dealing with duplicity; he had, after all, been supervising the hot pursuit of gangsters for twenty years. But he was only up to it when he began with the expectation that it would occur. He did not have that expectation when he dealt with the President.

Elliot Richardson was different. Confronted with the inappropriateness of his own judgment, Richardson got mad, fast, and stayed mad, too.

"The soldiers at the Pentagon," Elliot Richardson found, were "a little wary" when he first took over as Secretary of Defense. But by April of

1973, after three months of watching him at close range, they had warmed up a little, and he thought they liked him and "trusted me pretty well. I listened. I understood what they were saying. I had a sense of what they had in mind. It was the same kind of approach that had served me well with the foreign service, at State, and at HEW." So he had once again, at least as far as he was concerned, accomplished his initial objective in supervision of a new agency: staff acceptance of him as a man of good faith and purposes common with theirs.

On Saturday, April 28, 1973, Richardson took a day off to visit his daughter's school—the Madeira School—in Virginia. There he was given an urgent message to call William Rogers. Kleindienst, appalled by the prospect of prosecuting John Mitchell, was resigning. Rogers told Richardson he had "been talking to the President about the best possible person" to succeed Kleindienst. Richardson was their choice.

He was not certain he agreed. Conceding that "the President needed somebody promptly," Richardson, in conversations with his wife and a few friends, reached the conclusion which he reported back to Rogers: "I told him I thought it would be a mistake if I were to take responsibility for the Watergate, because I had been so closely identified with the Administration." At, he might have added, the price of some fairly serious damage to his political reputation in Massachusetts, where editorial eyebrows were raised very high in response to his support, as Secretary of HEW, of the Administration's health, education, and bussing views. "I said I thought the President needed an independent outsider."

"Rogers called back an hour later," Richardson said. "He had talked with the President"—whose aloofness from direct contact with the course of human events was so complete that he employed an intermediary to conduct conversations with his Secretary of Defense about becoming his Attorney General. It gave Rogers something to do as Secretary of State while Henry Kissinger conducted the nation's foreign policy. "He said," Richardson said, quoting Rogers, "that it would take too long to find an independent outsider. The President did not want a pig in a poke"—as he had demonstrated in his recruitment of Henry Petersen—"and was willing to consider an independent Special Prosecutor."

That ostensible agreeableness was the beginning of the end of Mr. Richardson's service to President Nixon, because he took it at face value: as an assurance from a client. At State and at HEW, and also at Defense, Elliot Richardson acted like a lawyer for the President, according to him the same

courtesy which he had, over the years, unfailingly extended to his Assistant United States Attorneys and his Assistant Attorneys General in Massachusetts; to his deputies at State and his assistants at HEW; and to the generals subordinate to his direction at the Pentagon. He supplied his views to the President, on matters within his jurisdiction. He presented them as forcefully as he thought appropriate. When his counsel was accepted, he declared the decision as the position of the Administration, without claiming authorship of it. When his counsel was rejected, he declared the resulting position without disclaiming the personal endorsement which seemed, incorrectly, to be implied by his making of the declaration. One of a lawyer's functions is to lay out alternatives for his client, recommending that course which seems best to him but genuinely ready to advocate the other if the client so chooses, so long as there is nothing improper about the client's choice. Leonard Garment, James St. Clair, J. Fred Buzhardt and Charles Alan Wright governed their relationship to President Nixon by the same rule. Elliot Richardson did not think the President of the United States would lie to his Secretary of Defense, not even to persuade him to become his Attorney General.

Richardson went to Camp David on April 29, 1973. "I was to have full discretion to determine who the Special Prosecutor should be," he said later. But not full knowledge—the President was too cagey to confide that to Richardson—of *what* he would be. "The President mentioned Will Hastings"—Richardson's brilliant aide, lured from the Boston law firm of Bingham, Dana & Gould to help him as Attorney General of Massachusetts, as Under Secretary of State, and as Secretary of HEW—"and J. Edward Lumbard"—of the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit of the United States—"as possible men."

Considering what the President had in mind, his choice of auditor and his selections of names to propound as Special Prosecutor were very remarkable. Neither Hastings nor Lumbard would have gone into the tank for him, any more than Richardson himself would.

"Those were good suggestions," Richardson said, assuming the intention to enforce the fact of integrity, and consequently stressing the secondary obligation to insure also its appearance, "but Hastings was too close to me. The President suggested John J. McCloy."

There have been a lot of mean things said and written about John J. McCloy, but nobody in his right mind has ever said that John J. McCloy will take a dive. By adding McCloy's name to the list of prospective candidates for the job of Special Prosecutor, the President reinforced Richardson's

basic assumption that the President was sincere in his quest for total disclosure of Watergate and related matters.

The President, of course, was not sincere. If he was rational, he was proceeding with great confidence upon at least one, and probably three, gravely mistaken judgments:

—He unquestionably believed, on April 29, 1973, that the problems of Watergate were entirely cosmetic, like the unfortunate jowls and the five-o'clock shadow that should have been prettied up before his first 1960 television debate with John Kennedy. Nixon accorded the press the sort of hostility which hateful men reserve for their most threatening enemies; he believed that newsmen fabricated the stuff that made voters and other politicians dislike and oppose him. There was that, too: in his mind, opposition was proof of dislike, which he at once required. When President Nixon fulminated about wallowing in Watergate, during the summer of the Ervin Committee hearings, he was articulating the same basic premise that informed his approach to Elliot Richardson in April: he acknowledged no substantive issue in Watergate, seeing only the fantastic vapors of foul, malicious opposition. He was not a hypocrite at all, although he surely looked like one; he was a man of utter consistency, who obtained his power by out-pretending those who, in his estimation, had perfidiously mounted spiteful pretenses to resist him, but had luckily, at long last, fallen short.

—He thought Elliot Richardson was of the same mind. The President did not admonish Richardson to take the job at Justice to dupe the nation into thinking that a disease was being cured when it was not, because the President thought, genuinely and sincerely and devotedly, that the national malaise was psychosomatic, and assumed that Richardson agreed. Recalling that conversation at Camp David, Richardson said: "The President referred to discussions with Haldeman, about the Ellsberg break-in. He said Haldeman and Ehrlichman would have to resign. He mentioned the Kleindienst resignation. *He wanted to make a simultaneous announcement of someone in whom the public could have confidence.*" But, most emphatically, he did not want that public confidence to be fully rewarded. First at State, then at HEW, then at Defense, Elliot Richardson had served him dutifully, and with high marks from all except a few carpers among the Eastern Liberal press; and those high marks had eased, smoothed, and graced the Nixon Administration. Richardson had made him

**"If I had known about Hunt," Richardson said,
"I could not have taken the job."**

look good before, and he rather assumed that Richardson would make him look good again, a treatment which he seriously needed. That much, at least, he knew: he needed somebody to make up those Herblock jowls that Watergate was drawing upon his whole Presidency.

Richardson, of course, did not agree. He was more than willing to make the President look good, because the substantive accomplishments which reflected pleasurably upon the President were, to his mind, primarily significant in and of themselves. It was appropriate that the President be credited with the causation of those substantive achievements. But the credit was only a side effect to Richardson, and he believed, just as mistakenly as the President, that Richard M. Nixon agreed with him. He therefore did not seek presidential assurance that his function would be substantive, and only incidentally cosmetic, because when the President had asked him to do things before, his mandate had been substantive. What he did not know was that the Nixon interest and the national interest veered apart where Watergate was concerned: like Henry Petersen, Elliot Richardson was inexpert in thinking about the unthinkable. But he was a quick study.

—The President thought we were all stupid. He fell back upon his inveterate practice of being a tactician when he should have been a philosopher, concerned, to the exclusion of what was right, solely with what would work.

For his ploy to succeed, Richardson had to remain ignorant of the divergence between Nixon and national interests. For a while he did. He talked to his wife again, after the calls to Rogers, and "we agreed. 'Oh, expletive deleted,'" he said, "'it would probably be better that I do it.' I would just as soon have been left alone. But I was the only United States Attorney General in the history of the country who had ever been United States Attorney and a state Attorney General. The reason why I did it? The integrity of the system."

What he had sought to show unimpaired by becoming Attorney General, Richardson promptly found to be in direct and immediate hazard. At Camp David he told the President he might be "a useful adviser" as Attorney General. Then the President discussed the Ellsberg break-in without any justification on the basis of national security: "Ehrlichman," the President said, "had turned it down," and therefore would not take the blame for it. Richardson understood the President to be saying that Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy had acted on their own. Later, Richardson was startled,

to put it mildly, when the White House publicly declared that the burglary had been committed for reasons of national security.

The President had said nothing about the authority he had issued to pay off Hunt on March 21st: "If I had known about Hunt," Richardson said, "I could not have taken the job. The President would have had to agree that I was taking the job as opposing counsel, heading the investigative, prosecutive drive. The hearings" (by the Senate Judiciary Committee on Richardson's nomination) "made it clear that we were involved in an adversary situation." After Archibald Cox was approved as Special Prosecutor, Richardson had no further personal dealings with the President until the Saturday Night Massacre in October.

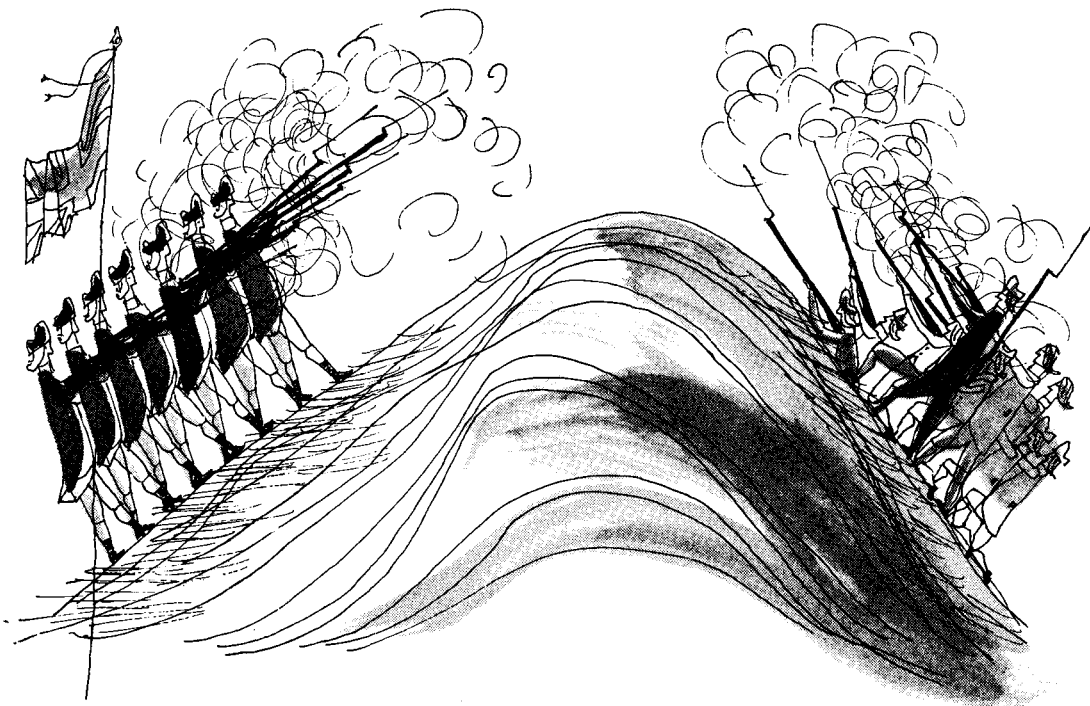
"It was hard to take," Richardson said of his knowledge of the President, whom it was perilous to trust and perfect folly to protect, "the same as combat in the war. Unassimilable. My disposition was to believe that he was not involved. He told me so, convincingly. It was implausible to me. He said in effect that 'I've had no part in these things. It's been extremely painful. The hardest thing I've ever had to do. I can only say to you that I have had no part in this, and no knowledge of it. And if you don't believe this, you shouldn't take the job.'"

Richard Nixon was lying. And the best he would manage, even under the threat of virtually certain indictment by the Special Prosecutor, secluded in disgrace and bailed out, intemperately soon, by President Ford, was this: "... I can see clearly now ... that I was wrong in not acting more decisively and more forthrightly in dealing with Watergate. ... I know that many fair-minded people believe that my motivation and actions in the Watergate affair were intentionally self-serving and illegal." Felonious, as a matter of fact, vicious, unprincipled, deceitful, corrupt, malicious, spiteful, vengeful and dead wrong. "I now understand how my own mistakes and misjudgments"—surely the most delicate phraseology ever employed by a President of the United States to describe a conspiracy to obstruct justice—"have contributed to that belief and seemed to support it." *Seemed*, my lord? If this is seeming, what the hell is fact? "That the way I tried to deal with Watergate"—by paying hush money, and sacrificing friends, and lying to loyalists, and watching subalterns go off to jail while lying some more—"was the wrong way is a burden I shall bear for every day of the life that is left to me." My God, he wanted sympathy. □

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and
you thought
we just made
maps



ALL ABOUT PIGEONS

by Susan Page

You live almost anywhere except the North or South poles. A pigeon is not far from you. Is the bird in question

1. A death carrier?
2. An urban menace?
3. A trusty messenger?
4. Dinner?

An elderly woman, her ash-blond wig slightly askew and showing tufts of thin gray hair, shuffles slowly to a park bench and sits down heavily. She reaches into a shopping bag, pulls out a handful of grain, and scatters it expertly on the sidewalk. "Hello, Gwendalyn; hello, Jacob," she coos softly to two of the two-dozen-odd pigeons that gather quickly around her feet, pecking the sidewalk anxiously. "Did you think I had forgotten you?"

Since her husband died in 1967, Mrs. Evelyn Johns Schaffer has been coming to the park nearly every day, and for more than three years she has fed the pigeons that crowd around her bench. Gwendalyn, a plump, blue-gray bird with an iridescent green neck and a perky jaunt, and Jacob, a striking brown and white pigeon with an intricate feather pattern on his slightly arched back, are her favorites. At first Mrs. Schaffer brought dry bread crumbs for them, but soon she was taking part of her \$120-a-month Social Security check and buying fifty-pound sacks of feed grain. "I used to sit down there and watch the children," she says, nodding toward a playing field nearby, "but now the pigeons keep me so busy, I just don't have the time. I sit here and feed Jacob and the rest, and watch them, and before I know it, it's time to go home."

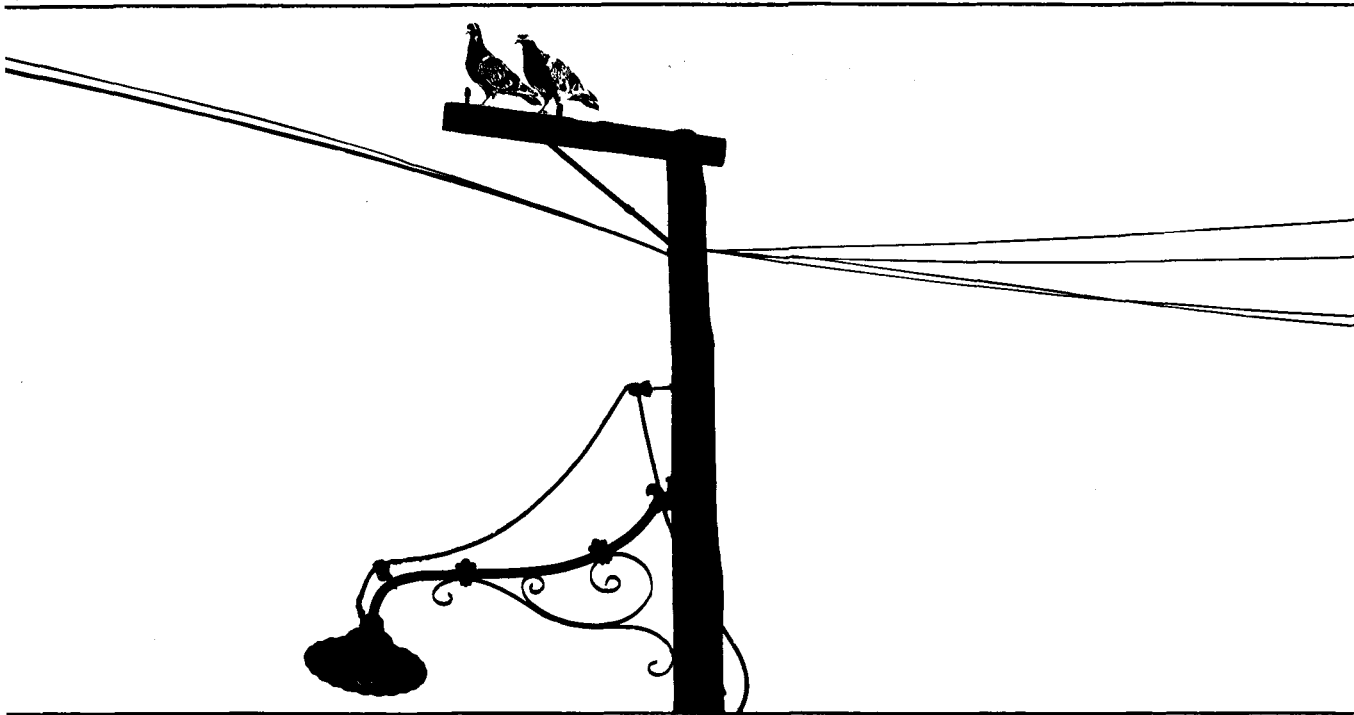
Grass is rare in most cities, and wide-open spaces are about as easy to find as clean air. Rats, cockroaches, and dogs are signs of a world of nature among the cars and concrete, but it is the pigeon—swooping gracefully between skyscrapers, bobbing proudly down the avenue, or gossiping on a ledge—that is the ubiquitous sign of nature, the one living being besides humans that nearly every big-city dweller sees every day. "There's nothing prettier than a flock of pigeons in the city," de-



clares Encil E. Rains, administrative vice president of the New York ASPCA and an ardent pigeon-defender. "What they contribute psychologically! I don't think man can live in an area without animals, and I can't think of anything that gives an old duffer or biddy as much pleasure as feeding the pigeons."

There are those, however, who are pigeon-haters. Indeed, some people would like to see Gwendalyn, Jacob, and their friends and relations shot, poisoned, gassed, or run out of town. Pigeons are "death carriers," says Fran Lee, the explosive president of Children Before Dogs, more widely known as the "Scoop-the-Poop Lady" because of her campaign against dog dirt on New York sidewalks. "There's pigeon poop on the streets, in the water, on the park benches, in the children's sandboxes, everywhere! Pigeons are dirty, dirty, dirty animals, they carry disease, and every single one of them should be taken away. I don't know where they should be taken, and I don't much care. I don't know why people treasure pigeons. It's just incredible!"

Mrs. Lee's campaign against pigeons is echoed by a number of scientists, doctors, and public health officials who know what pigeons do to a city. Of course, there are almost 300 different kinds of pigeons, and some present no health problems at all. There are show pigeons like the Tumbler and the Tippler, for example, which turn somersaults in the air. The Fantail has a wide, beautiful tail, and the Pouter has a grossly inflated chest that makes it look as if it had just swallowed a balloon. Homing and racing pigeons are bred, trained, and protected by pigeon-fanciers who belong to clubs and disdainfully refer to street pigeons as "diggs." It is the "diggs," roaming bands of street pigeons clustered in cities, that present the



public health problems. Their droppings not only coat statues (making them disintegrate) and park benches (making them useless) but also contaminate food sold by sidewalk vendors and markets. Pigeons attract fleas, bugs, ticks, mites, and rats, all of which bring their own health problems. Pigeon droppings can dry, crumble, become airborne, and be inhaled by humans, transmitting diseases such as a type of meningitis, histoplasmosis, and ornithosis. Some of these diseases can cause respiratory problems, some can cause permanent brain damage, and some can result in death. In New York City alone, a few people die each year from cryptococcus meningitis, an inflammation of the membrane covering the spinal cord and brain, usually traceable to pigeons.

Pigeons, which are native to Europe and parts of Asia and Africa, are now found everywhere except the Arctic, Antarctic, and a few oceanic islands. In the early cultures of the Near East, the pigeon was a sacred bird, associated with the Syrian goddess Astarte. In classical Greece the pigeon was sacred to Aphrodite, and later in Rome pigeons were associated with Venus.

Pigeons also have traditionally served utilitarian purposes. Throughout the Middle East homing pigeons were used to carry messages, and pigeons have been used in warfare from Rome's conquest of Gaul until World War II. Egyptian writings dating from 3000 B.C. report the domestication of pigeons for food; last year in the United States more

than a million pounds of specially bred and raised pigeons, called "squab," were sold for food. In medieval England, the lord of the manor reserved the right to let his pigeons forage over the fields that he leased to tenants. The pigeons ate seeds and grains from newly planted fields, and gave landlords a meat supply at little expense. The government regulated the construction of pigeon houses, or dovecotes, and prescribed the method of disposing of droppings to conserve their niter, needed to manufacture gunpowder. Government-appointed inspectors enforced regulations, and collectors gathered the manure. At one time there were more than 20,000 dovecotes in England.

Street pigeons aren't usually eaten today, although the New York State law against killing pigeons exempts killing for food. Some of the city's impoverished do eat street pigeons even though they are not recommended by doctors or gourmets. A now-successful New York writer recalls that when he first came to the city in 1958 with \$20 in his pocket, he stayed in an SRO hotel on 114th Street while looking for a job. "One sunny afternoon I was sitting on the benches on Broadway, and, man, was I hungry," he says. "There was this old couple in their seventies, maybe, sitting next to me, and they were feeding a flock of pigeons. I didn't think anything about it; I thought it was kind of nice. The old man was slowly throwing out bread crumbs, until he almost had this pigeon eating out of his hand. Then—bam! He grabbed the bird, strangled it, and threw it into a bag his wife was holding. Then they got up happily and strolled away."

Pigeons are sociable, live in communities, and mate for life. But the courting that precedes the mating can be tough, since the sex of pigeons is difficult to identify on sight, even for other pi-

Susan Page is a native of Wichita, Kansas, a city, she reports, that "has no pigeon problem at all." She received a Pulitzer Traveling Fellowship upon her graduation from the Columbia School of Journalism in June.

geons. Females are sometimes smaller, quieter, and duller in coloring, but not always. A courting male pigeon will coo, dance, and spread and scrape his tail rather anxiously in front of a prospective partner. If the prospect turns out to be male, a fight follows. A hen lays two eggs six or seven times a year for her entire ten-to-fifteen-year life-span, although reproduction tapers off after the first eight to ten years. About 70 percent of the baby pigeons survive, an incredible rate when one figures that if there were 10,000 young female pigeons in a city, and each one raised ten young a year, there would be 100,000 new pigeons in the city in one year. More pigeons are born, survive, and reproduce in our cities than the environment can handle, partly because of the availability of "unnatural" food sources, like garbage and handouts from people.

Pigeons do have some natural enemies, of course, including owls and hawks. In the 1950s a few peregrine falcons nested in the Palisades across the Hudson from New York. They would swoop down in the Wall Street area to grab startled pigeons in their talons and devour them. But the falcons seem to have disappeared, though a more common city enemy of the pigeon—the rat—is thriving. Rats will sneak up on a sluggish pigeon, grab it by the throat, kill it, and eat it. Usually they are only brave enough to attack baby pigeons, because an adult pigeon, which can weigh one pound or more, will chase away a rat. Some pigeons are killed by cars, and occasionally there are pigeon epidemics; the birds are susceptible to bacterial, fungal, viral, and parasitic diseases. Most city pigeons, however, simply die of old age.

Pigeons and their human friends have proved remarkably resourceful in evading nearly all the controls, from birth-control pellets to carbide shells to pigeon apartment complexes, that pigeon-haters have devised. One of New York's leading museums once put large black rubber owls on its wide ledges to discourage the large number of pigeons that roosted there. Within the day the pigeons had gotten over their fear of owls and were back, perched on the owls' heads. A few years ago San Francisco put a sticky coating on the ledges of some public buildings, but the pigeons got used to the goop and came back to roost. The city then tried trapping, using electric owls, and periodically exploding carbide shells outside a city building, hoping the noise would scare the pigeons away. It did, but not for long, and the program was abandoned. More frequent explosions probably would have distressed the humans in the area more than the birds. Philadelphia tried a feed that makes pigeons vomit, and then, they hoped, go away. A New York firm claimed it had a feed that made a pigeon's nervous system send "danger signals" to the other members of its flock.

Montbéliard, France, had a distinctively French plan: the town put out alcohol-soaked bread crumbs in the hope of getting its pigeons so drunk that they could easily be picked up and carted away. The pigeons apparently didn't like alcohol and wouldn't touch the crumbs, but it probably wouldn't have done much good, anyway. Paris tried shipping thousands of pigeons out of town on special trucks, but the birds made it back before the trucks did.

West Berlin was tougher. In 1962, workmen spread poisoned bread crumbs throughout the city to kill its pigeons. Pigeon-lovers had been tipped off about the program, however, and they simply followed the workmen, sweeping up the crumbs. Another city with a similar plan was thwarted when pigeon-defenders grossly overfed pigeons the day before a poisoning program was to begin, so the pigeons were too full to eat any of the poisoned crumbs. Akron, Ohio, was sneakier. In the early 1950s, the city spread out poisoned corn in the evening, when the downtown streets were deserted. They whisked the pigeon bodies up and out of sight early in the morning, while most of the residents were still asleep. Similarly, Cincinnati poisoned an estimated 15,000 pigeons last winter in a railroad yard, where the general public did not notice the bodies. A Southwestern city put out bait soaked in anesthetic, then collected the unconscious pigeons and fed them to zoo animals. Buffalo, Indianapolis, and Cleveland at various times hired teams of sharpshooters to pick off the pigeons.

A kinder control was used in Karlsruhe, Germany. The city built pigeon apartment towers in centrally located open areas. The towers provided cubes for nine pairs of birds each, with roosting and feeding facilities nearby. The back walls of the apartments were removable, for cleaning and so each pigeon egg could be pricked with a thin needle, preventing its hatching. (If the egg was simply removed, the bird would lay another.) But the excess pigeon population had to be killed, and the program was obviously expensive.

The cheapest way to deal with pigeons was demonstrated by Bayonne, New Jersey, when it passed a law forbidding "unlicensed" pigeons from flying over the city. Mobile, Alabama, tried a similar approach: there it is illegal for pigeons to eat pebbles from flat roofs. Few arrests have been reported.

Paris tried trapping with airborne nets launched from crossbows. In the early 1960s Munich tried to resettle 200,000 pigeons in rural areas. Lisbon used hawks at its airport to keep the runways free of pigeons and starlings. London tried spraying some pigeon-infested buildings with a jellylike substance that dried to a slippery crust, but the pigeons got used to the unsteady perch, and the buildings were left with a useless slippery crust and just as many birds as before. Venice, where the pigeons have abounded in St. Mark's Square for more than 700

years, recently embarked on an ambitious if slow control program. Each day 300 to 500 pigeons are netted and packed away into the country, and the practice is to continue for years. Authorities hope then to crossbreed a healthy new race of pigeons that will live in modern pigeon coops set up in nearby gardens and will be trained to commute to the Square for the tourists each day.

New York's most notable experiment occurred several years ago, when the city and the ASPCA jointly sponsored a birth-control program for pigeons. Grain soaked in contraceptive, now marketed by the G.D. Searle Company in Chicago, was scattered for a few selected flocks, and head counts were carefully kept. The contraceptive worked for about eight months, but the results were generally disappointing. Costs ran more than a dollar per pigeon per year, and without a citywide program, the pigeon population could not be expected to drop much. "Anyway," one participant observed, "you miss a coupla months and boom, you've got a bunch of pregnant pigeons again."

Pigeon, Michigan (population 1174), has no street pigeons at all, although a wild pigeon is occasionally seen. On the other hand, Victor Bartkowski, supervisor of the Buffalo Department of Pest and Vermin Control, estimates that there is at least one and maybe two pigeons for each of the city's 465,000 people. His seven-man department traps or shoots about 30,000 pigeons each year, just to keep the number manageable. The city's control program was perhaps the first in the nation, dating to 1948. "Before that you couldn't even walk down Main Street for the pigeons," Bartkowski recalls. New York City, 450 miles to the southeast, has five million street pigeons, according to Thomas J. Dalton, a now retired public health inspector who worked on pigeon control for fifteen years. "Other cities are just as bad," Dalton says, shaking his head. "Philadelphia, Baltimore, Milwaukee—they've all got problems like New York." And European cities? "They're deluged."

Dalton may be the king of pigeon control. He has been New York City's only Special Pigeon Consultant. From 1964 to 1972, he got rid of about 40 percent of its five million pigeons, he says, although the population has grown again since his retirement. Others call his figures inflated—after all, he is claiming the death of two million pigeons—but no one denies that he made significant inroads in the pigeon population. Things weren't easy for New York pigeons and their feeders when Dalton was at work.

Part of his vehemence may be personal. Dalton's asthma was aggravated by a lung disease he probably caught from the infected pigeons he worked with. Now he is in and out of hospitals for tests

and treatment. His voice is rasping, and he often uses a respirator that stands nearby his chair in his Staten Island home. In addition, after the pigeon program started he discovered that he was allergic to pigeon feathers.

In 1949, after twenty-two years in the Navy, Dalton became a public health inspector for New York City. He was assigned to dog bites and gas inspections, then worked on ragweed control for a year. But he found he was allergic to ragweed, and when the department needed a volunteer for a special research project, he stepped forward.

Dr. Maxwell L. Littman, senior research scientist of the Health Department, got a \$500,000 grant in 1957 to study pigeons and disease. Dalton agreed to collect pigeon droppings and run laboratory tests two days a week. Gradually he became more and more involved in pigeon control, until finally he was working as a full-time Pigeon Control Consultant.

The program evolved when, as he collected droppings specimens, Dalton was approached by building owners who wanted to know how to control the pigeons in their area. So Dalton wrote a small pamphlet called "Let's Control Pigeons," which used simple words and drawings to explain the diseases that street pigeons may carry and to suggest ways to protect buildings from pigeons, such as fencing off probable roosting and nesting corners with screens and spikes. One newspaper commentator praised the pamphlet as being to pigeon control what Machiavelli's *The Prince* was to politics.

Dalton had some problems during his tenure. Some policemen refused to enforce laws against pigeon-feeding, he complains. "They say you take some old lady in for feeding the pigeons, and you're leaving some young squirt there to go unmolested. Which is wrong. You can get the old ladies for littering, and if you know your business, you can get them for creating a nuisance." Dalton assisted in prosecuting fourteen cases, twelve of which ended in convictions. One elderly woman was fined after she was arrested for feeding pigeons each day at a particular spot, even after she had been warned to stop. In court she denied feeding the pigeons. She was feeding her sister, she said, who had been reincarnated in the form of a pigeon.

If cities don't start comprehensive programs of pigeon control soon, Dalton warns, "We're going to have lung diseases; we're going to have cryptococcus meningitis; we're going to have problems with mites; and we're not even going to be able to diagnose them properly because they're so similar to the symptoms of other diseases."

In New York each year, an estimated twenty people contract cryptococcus meningitis from pigeons and a few die from it. Dalton is convinced that the pigeon's high normal body temperature,

107 degrees, makes its intestine work as a kind of incubator for the disease while allowing the pigeon to escape its effects. Others think the disease develops in the rich culture of the already excreted droppings. Although cryptococcus meningitis is the most serious disease pigeons can transmit to man, it is not the only one. Others include:

Histoplasmosis, caught in the same way as cryptococcosis, and usually a mild respiratory ailment that resembles a cold. In a Kansas study, children living in buildings on which pigeons roosted were found to have a histoplasmosis infection rate three times that of children living in quarters without pigeons.

Encephalitis, or "sleeping sickness," a virus infection of the nervous system that is usually transmitted from birds to man via mosquitoes.

Salmonellosis, a bacterial food poisoning, found in about 2 percent of all pigeon droppings and a threat to outdoor markets and vendors.

Pigeon ornithosis, a usually mild virus, transmitted to humans through infected pigeon droppings and sometimes by human carriers.

Not everybody considers pigeons a serious health problem, however. Most public health experts don't worry about reasonably healthy people who have no special contact with pigeons or their droppings. But people who are especially susceptible to disease, or children who handle street pigeons and then don't wash their hands properly, risk illness. Also endangered are people who scrape droppings off a windowsill or patio. The dried droppings crumble and saturate the air. Professionals always spray the dried droppings with a liquid chemical before scraping to prevent crumbling.

One of the people who do not worry much about the threat of pigeons is the man who replaced Dalton as head of New York's pigeon control. William Powers is really more concerned about the supervision of pet shops and the control of stray dogs, two areas he also works in. "Three deaths a year from cryptococcus meningitis in a population of eight million just isn't a major health problem," he says. "We get eighteen hundred people killed here every year from carrying pistols." Other authorities point out that the diseases pigeons transmit are also carried by ducks, chickens, and other birds.

Dalton and Powers do not have kind words for one another. Dalton believes that since his retirement, the pigeon-control program has deteriorated. And Powers thinks Dalton is a fanatic. "Mr. Dalton goes on the aspect of 'these vicious wild little beasties,'" says Powers, a tall, middle-aged man. "He's very adamant about it, very excited about it. Well, the pigeons are a fact of life; it's not a religion with me. We take a low priority on this, and

this bothers Mr. Dalton. We have rat bites, and they are politically oriented. Pigeons, they're not too politically oriented."

In fact, in New York the laws protecting pigeons from people are stronger than the laws protecting people from pigeons. The state conservation law designed to protect banded carrier pigeons prohibits the killing of pigeons in cities unless the pigeons are injured or diseased or are required for food. All the city can do is declare the pigeons in a specific area or building a nuisance, then issue a trapping permit. A private company can then be hired to catch the pigeons and take them to the ASPCA, and the ASPCA supposedly takes them to the country and releases them. But it doesn't work that way in practice. First of all, there is an active black market in trapped street pigeons. The birds often are taken south and used for skeet-shooting instead of clay "pigeon" targets. And even if the trapped pigeons make it to the ASPCA, they aren't safe. The society simply gasses them to death, and justifies the killings under the law that allows the ASPCA to kill stray dogs. Meanwhile, the ASPCA also provides hospital facilities for several injured pigeons each month. These pigeons, which may have broken wings or other infirmities, are nursed back to health and set free, perhaps to be trapped and gassed to death later in the same building.

The Audubon Society, traditional protector of birdlife, has no such split feelings about pigeons. It scarcely recognizes the pigeon as a bird, and the prospect of a wholesale extermination of the pigeon population does not particularly alarm it. "The Audubon Society is neither for nor against pigeon control, though we do step in when the control may endanger other native birds, as in the case of scattering poison grain," says Richard Plunkett, assistant to the biologist of the Audubon Society.

Plunkett is one of those who say that controls of any kind can never do any good, anyway. "There are no cheap means, nor even any expensive means, that would be effective to combat the pigeons," Plunkett says. "There's no way to kill all of them. Trapping can't go far enough. There's no effective poison. You could get natural control on the pigeon population if you cut down on their unnatural food sources, like garbage and people feeding them. But the people simply are not ready for real pigeon control."

Mrs. Evelyn Johns Schaffer couldn't agree more. The mention of pigeon control angers and upsets her. "It's ridiculous!" she says fervently. "The pigeons are healthy. Just look at them! It's the people who are sick." When the afternoon becomes cool and her shopping bag is empty, Mrs. Schaffer turns it over and shakes out the last few grains. Then she gets to her feet and starts away. "Good-bye now, Gwendalyn," she says, as, head bobbing, the pigeon follows her for a few steps. "Good-bye. And don't worry. I'll be back tomorrow." □

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A MAN AT THE TOP OF HIS TRADE

A story by Ward Just

He told them to hold all calls, except any that might come from her. There was no reason for her to call, but that was no guarantee that she wouldn't. She often called. Once several weeks ago she'd called and insisted on being put through, and there'd been an awkward five minutes while he muttered into the telephone and the others sat silently looking at their fingernails or otherwise pretending that they weren't listening. Of course, they couldn't hear what he was saying; he normally spoke into the phone in a guttural, a tone so soft that it couldn't be heard more than a foot away. That night when he asked her about it she'd laughed and said her only demand on him was instant access. When she was blue and wanted to talk, he'd have to listen. That was his half of the bargain.

His colleagues were due now, five of them. He'd had the chairs arranged just so, in a semicircle in front of his desk. Ashtrays within easy reach. Pads and pencils on the chairs. There was a conference room across the hall, but Stone didn't like it. The conference room was formal, and this discussion did not need formality. At exactly ten thirty they had a radio hookup with Browne.

Stone lit a cigarette, thinking about Browne. He'd be preparing his notes now in the tank in the basement of the embassy, the lead-lined color-coordinated "module" sunk like a squash court below the foundations of the building. It was a completely secure room; Stone had helped with the design. Data banks lined one wall; the technology was phenomenal: computers scrambled the voice at one end and unscrambled it at the other, a fresh matrix for each transmission. That had been the true breakthrough. The number of available matrices was virtually infinite, encoding and decoding accomplished in two and a half seconds. Stone had made a hundred transmissions from that same office, before they'd made him an inside man. In his mind's eye he saw Browne sitting in the swivel chair, checking the control panel. He smiled; thirty minutes in the tank could seem a brief life.

Browne felt the same way. Their careers and personalities were similar in many ways; perhaps there was a pattern to their trade. They worked well together, always had; it was on Stone's strong

recommendation that Browne had succeeded him as chief of station in C—. And he'd been excellent, though the station had declined in importance. However, that was no fault of Browne's; it was a reflection of changing times and attitudes and priorities. Now Browne was out too; this was his last operation. He could not see Browne as an inside man any more than he had seen himself as an inside man, two years ago. But Browne would adapt. He would be very good as an inside man, though he worried about the girl, Chris. When Browne left C—, Chris would go with him. Well, he was a professional. Stone and Browne were both professionals.

The buzzer sounded, and Stone picked up the telephone. The five of them were in the outer office, waiting.

* * *

They would have thirty minutes of discussion before the transmission. The split was two to two, with Otto on the fence as usual. All of them understood that the decision was Stone's, but if the disagreement was profound, they'd be obliged to file a dissent. They knew that Stone would want to avoid that. Stone did not like what he called "pieces of paper" circulating around the building. Stone had a passion for unanimity.

Stone opened the discussion. "The position is this. Browne has to have a definite go or no-go by 11 A.M. It's short notice, but it can't be helped. Everything in the way of transport is laid on. If the decision is go, Browne meets his man"—Stone looked over the tops of his eyeglasses, smiling—"under the clock at the Biltmore . . ." This was the customary euphemism; there was no need for these men to know where the meeting was taking place; that was an operational detail strictly under Stone's control. ". . . at noon. Browne and his man get in the car. There's a second car and a third car. Classic procedure, and we anticipate no difficulties. We've got an airplane that will have him in Brussels in three hours and at Andrews by tomorrow morning." He looked at his watch. "Comment?"

"You have no doubts about his authenticity?"

"Browne is completely confident," Stone said.

Otto asked, "And you?"

"I have doubts about everything. I always have doubts; that's one reason I'm here. But I've satisfied myself that he's genuine."

"What makes Brownie so sure?"

Stone hesitated a moment before replying. "Instinct."

"The approach came out of the blue, is that right?"

Stone nodded. "Over the transom."

"A week ago?"

"No, three days. And he wanted to do it now. Right now."

Jason McAlvin looked at Otto, then at Stone. "The procedure seems sound, and I agree that he's probably genuine. In the past we've gone on a lot less. But I think the main question is, What does he have? What can he give us? And the answer to that is, military intelligence. Right?" McAlvin looked at the men grouped around the desk. "Well, we're quite up to date on that. I have a sufficiency of information. I believe that what we'll get from this man is corroboration. Useful but not decisive. I don't think he'll be able to give us much that is new. Perhaps a scrap here and there. But hell's bells, when you think of the effort that's going to go into it. *His* care and feeding for the next year, maybe two years. That's a lot of coin for small beer. What is he, anyway?" McAlvin shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette. "A colonel? We could no doubt get some cute details from him. Personalities, procedures. It's interesting reading, but in this case I don't think it's worth it. Worth the time, the effort, and the money. I recommend no-go."

"Browne thinks it's worth it," Stone said. "Very much."

"This is his last run, isn't it?"

Stone looked at McAlvin, a restless, fluid man; his wiry body seemed almost boneless. He'd never been an operator in the field. He was strictly an inside man. Stone said, "Yes."

"It would be a nice coup for him," McAlvin said.

Stone turned to Bricker and Stein, sitting impassively, listening to the discussion. Bricker spoke first. "It doesn't sound high-risk to me. My reaction is, why not? Even if we got just one nugget, it would be worth it."

Stein was doubtful. "Normally, in cases of this kind, I like to go with the man in the field. So long as everything else holds up. However, in this case . . ."

"What's different about this case?" Stone asked quickly.

"It's always a temptation . . . this is Browne's last operation. It's always a temptation to ride out on a big success. There hasn't been much happening in his area lately. Isn't that right? This is the first good news we've had from Browne in a long time. And what the hell, it's Jason's section. If Jason says he has all he needs . . ."

McAlvin interrupted with a wave of his hand. "You never have all you need. I merely meant to indicate there are limits."

"Well, either way. In fact, this operation sounds quite high-risk to me. High-risk versus a possible no-gain. Or no, not *no*-gain; minimum-gain. I'm a persuadable, but on the evidence so far I'm inclined to counsel no-go."

Stone turned to Carmichael, who had said nothing. Carmichael was the youngest man in the room by ten years, an economist by training; he was the director's man. "Bill?"

Carmichael said, "I'd like to hear what Browne says on the radio."

Stone had been aware of the white light blinking on his telephone. He picked up the receiver and tucked it into his chin, his mouth a quarter of an inch from the perforated black plastic. He heard her low laugh and then his name with a question mark. He said nothing. "I love you," she said at last and hung up. He waited a few moments before replacing the phone. In ten minutes Browne would come on circuit.

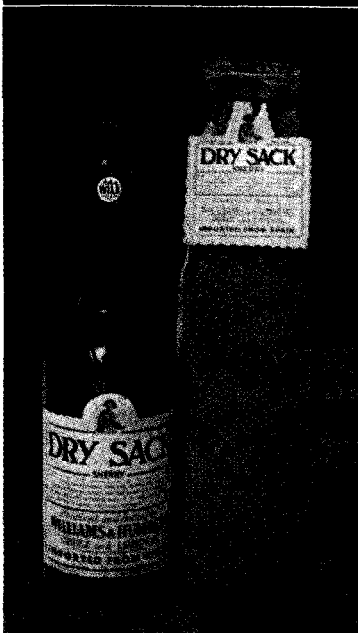
* * *

She turned away from the bedside table and walked downstairs to the kitchen to make another cup of coffee. That evil secretary of his; it had taken her five minutes to get by the secretary. "Is Mr. Stone in?" "Who is calling, please?" "Miss Morris." "He's in a meeting right now, Miss Morris." "Oh, my. A meeting." "I'm sorry." "I just wanted a very quick word with him." Silence. "It wouldn't take more than half a minute." "He'll be out of the meeting at noon." "But it is important." Silence. "Very." "One moment please," the secretary said, and put her on hold. Finally the connection was made, and she heard him breathing. She'd watched him talk on the telephone a thousand times and could see him now, his eyes focused elsewhere as he listened. He didn't say *anything*, that was typical. She'd asked him about that once and he'd apologized and explained that it was part of his telephone technique; he hated telephones, and when he used them, he thought of the old down-east expression, Better to close your mouth and be thought a fool than open it and remove all doubt. She did not understand how that pertained to her, *them*; but she'd let it go. He was very attentive in other ways. If he did not choose to be attentive on the telephone, that was all right. Still, a word now and again; a word wouldn't have hurt. She prepared a cup of instant and turned on the FM. Bach, they were playing Bach. The rhythmic logic of Bach enchanted her. She smiled to herself, then laughed out loud.

* * *

Browne's voice came from the receiver evenly and naturally. It was as if they were in the same

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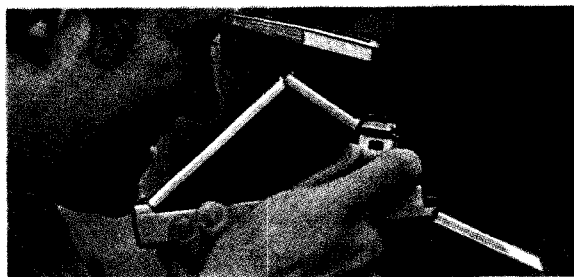
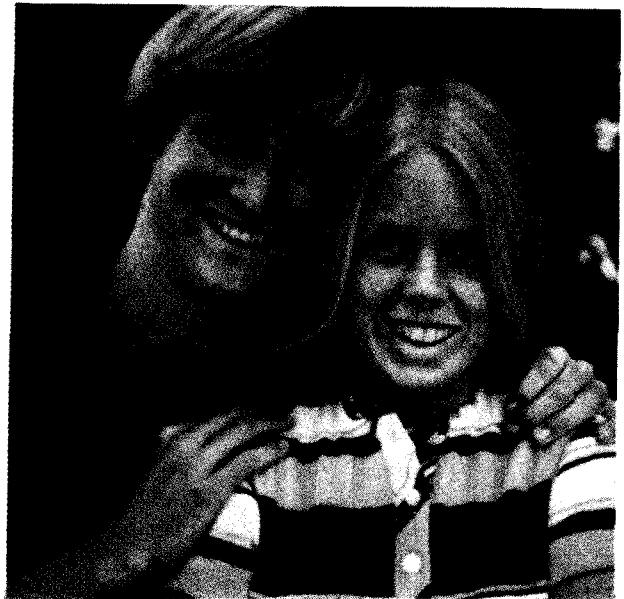
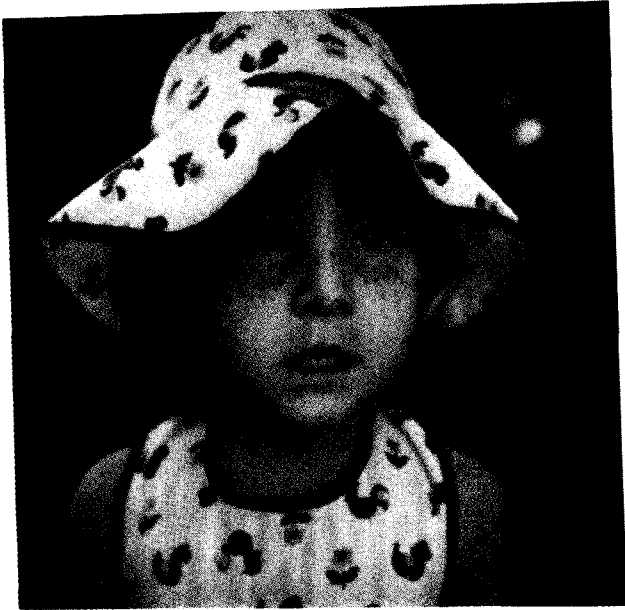


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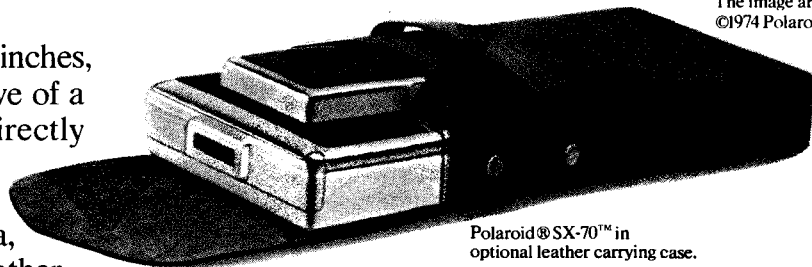
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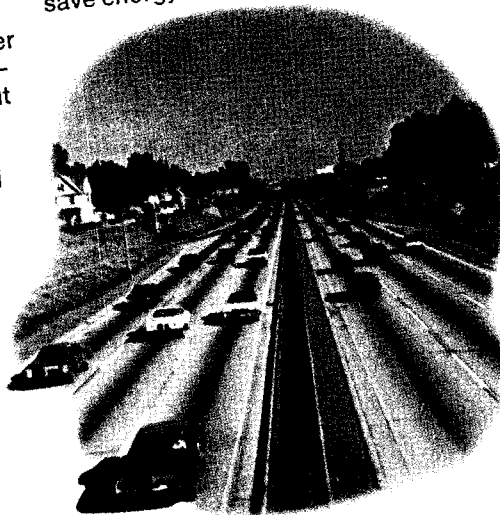
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room. He spoke for only five minutes, a complete report, concise and informative, no wasted words.

Stone looked around the room, satisfied. "Comment?"

Otto asked, "No doubts about authenticity?"

Browne's voice sounded a trifle bored. "None."

"And everything is laid on?"

"To a 'T,'" Browne said.

They were all silent a moment, watching each other. It was apparent that Browne had covered all the bases. Then Jason McAlvin cleared his throat. "One question. I didn't understand from your . . . presentation. How did he come to you?"

"He approached us. It was strictly over the transom, out of the blue. No cleverness on our part," he said disarmingly.

McAlvin said, "I know that. I know that, it was in the preliminary report. I mean exactly *how*. How the approach was made. And to whom."

"To a girl who works here in the embassy."

"Ah," McAlvin said. He paused, waiting for Browne to continue. But the radio was silent. McAlvin smiled. "Well, if it isn't demanding too much. One wouldn't want to pry," he said archly. "But where. When. And how?"

Browne said, "Three days ago. In a café. A note. It's all quite genuine."

"And what is the girl's name?"

"She works for me," Browne said. Then he was silent again.

"Is that generally known? That she works for you?"

"I suppose the other side knows it," Browne said.

"The plot thickens," McAlvin said. He was doodling on his yellow pad, a series of connected boxes. He was carefully inking in each box.

Stone thought it was time to cut this off. McAlvin was making mischief, as usual. Stone switched off the receiver so the six of them could talk among themselves. "In what way does the plot thicken, Jason?"

"Well, these are facts I hadn't known. I thought our man had made a normal approach to one of the embassy officers. I hadn't known it was made to Browne's . . . secretary. Or whoever she is, Browne wasn't exactly precise. That changes the bidding, don't you think? He knew who she was, obviously he knows who Browne is."

"Be a damned poor intelligence man if he didn't," Stone said irritably. "He's a colonel of intelligence. That's the sort of information he'd have as a matter of course, for Christ's sake."

"Well, yes . . ."

"He made an approach to his opposite number. Not to Browne directly; he knows that Browne's watched. That would have been obvious and dangerous. So he goes to his secretary."

"Yes, indeed," McAlvin said. "That's slightly less dangerous than going to Browne himself."

Stone switched on the receiver and turned to McAlvin. "Put the question to Browne."

"We were talking here," McAlvin said suavely. "Why do you suppose the approach was made to your secretary? Isn't that a bit dangerous? Or stupid?"

Browne said, "It all seems quite straightforward to me. A classic approach, no surprises. It seems to me"—his voice showed signs of impatience, Stone thought—"that the authenticity can easily be established by you people there. Once we have the bird in hand. My assignment is to pick him up and get him out of the country. Which I am prepared to do. And give you my evaluation of his worth, which I am also prepared to do; have done, in fact. Let me go over the salient points again . . ."

"With all the details of the approach, please," said McAlvin.

The radio was silent; Stone knew that Browne was waiting for some sign or signal. Perhaps some sign of support. Stone said, "Proceed."

"The approach was made on the fifth of May. The girl, whose name is Chris DuPage, has a coffee in the same café every morning at nine . . ."

Stone was listening carefully; there was something new in Browne's voice. It was something irregular. He could hear it even through the scrambling and the metallic quality of radio transmission. There was a tone and timbre he couldn't identify. Browne was being too casual. Stone knew the approach had been made through the girl; it was not unusual, though it was risky. This was Browne's girl, the one he intended to bring back with him. She was a very solid girl; Stone had known her for years. He listened to Browne talk, and suddenly something else forced its way into Stone's mind. It was a hunch from nowhere, one question, just one, and when Browne had finished, Stone asked it. "Had they ever met before?"

"Not to my knowledge," Browne said slowly.

Stone was silent a moment, along with the others. He knew what that meant. It was lawyers' talk, and not responsive. Stone looked at the radio speaker, his expression betraying nothing. He said, "We'll get back to you." Browne started to protest, but Stone didn't wait for him to finish. He switched off the radio. The operation was dead. "We'll get back to you" meant no-go.

* * *

"What happened today?" She asked the question playfully, not expecting an answer. To questions about his work he seldom answered her in any responsive way. Of course, she knew what he did but had no idea whatever how he did it or what was involved. She had no idea of the details of his professional life. But this time he surprised her.

Ward Just's most recent book is *Stringer*, a novel; a collection of his short stories, *The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert*, was published last year.

"I had to kill one of Browne's operations."
"Brownie? But I thought he was on his way back."

"He is; this was his last job."

"What was it?"

"A defector. He'd picked up a defector."

She was astonished; he'd never disclosed so much before. Living with Stone was a continual surprise. More as a lark than anything else she decided to press him. "Why did you have to kill it?"

He shrugged and sipped his drink. "Brownie trimmed on me; he'd never done that before. There was no alternative, none at all. The thing began to smell. All you need is a whiff in an operation like that. One whiff, and you kill it."

"You caught a whiff," she said. "How?"

"Instinct." He lit a cigarette.

She looked at him. "Instinct?"

"Besides, this was just a marginal operation. It wasn't as if we were about to snatch Castro. This was just a"—he hesitated, smiling slightly—"third-level character. A bureaucrat. Useful to have, but far from necessary. Not necessary at all."

"Well," she said. She leaned toward him and plucked his cigarette from the ashtray and took a long drag. "Well, why did it smell?"

He said, "That's complicated."

She laughed, knowing he'd fall silent now. She had all she was going to get. From now on he'd turn every question with a joke, and finally change the conversation altogether. That was his habit. She said, "All the better. I like complicated stories."

"Well, it turns out that the contact was Chris. I knew that, but this morning I found out that she'd known him before. Known the defector. God knows how, or in what capacity. I *didn't* know that, and I should've known. Brownie should have told me. He didn't, and there was a reason behind that. The reason doesn't matter. It was enough that he withheld the information. That was enough to kill the operation."

She was fascinated and wanted to respond in such a way as to keep him talking. "But . . . it might have been innocent."

"I'm sure it was," Stone said.

"But if it was innocent . . . ?"

"He withheld, that was reason enough. Innocent or sinister, it makes no difference."

"You didn't *ask* him?" She was incredulous. He and Brownie had been friends for ten years. On the job and off it. They were as close as brothers.

"No. No point to that."

They were sitting on the back porch of Stone's house. He refilled their glasses with ice and tonic and stood looking into the garden. The roses were doing very nicely. They covered the board fence and drooped down to the flat bricks. He cultivated three varieties of roses, and one of the varieties

was always blooming in the spring and summer.

She looked at him a moment, puzzled, not speaking. Then, "You really didn't ask him what it was about?"

"No, of course not. He'll be back here next month. I can ask him then."

"But the operation . . ."

"That's dead in any case."

She thought, what a strange world he lived in. A whiff of trouble. An "operation" abruptly "dead." No reconsideration. "In any case." He seemed to give no more thought to it than to the gin and tonic he was drinking. "Instinct," she said. "You said it was instinct. Is that all it is?"

"Informed by experience," he said dryly.

"And the experience . . ."

He said, "Informed by instinct."

She laughed, moving closer to him. "Oh, that's very helpful. May I quote that, Mr. Stone?" She looked at him a moment, wondering whether to pursue. No, that was useless. She was amazed that he'd told her as much as he had. On the other hand, she knew them both, Browne and the girl. She and Stone had seen a lot of them in the old days. The girl, Chris, had been particularly kind. "Was Chris trying to pull . . . something funny?"

"I don't know. I doubt it. You know her better than I do. What do you think?"

"I can't imagine," she said. "Chris was always careful in her work. Devoted to Brownie. I can't imagine her . . ." She let the sentence hang. "It'll be nice having them back here, won't it?"

"Yes," Stone said.

"Well," she said. "Thanks for telling me."

He said, "Thanks for the phone call."

"You didn't say anything."

"I was in a meeting."

"Well, you could've said, 'Thanks.' Or, 'Me, too.' Or just anything."

"I should've, you're right."

She said, "I feel lonely in the mornings. After you've gone to work. It's nice to hear your voice, I like it . . ." She told him then about the day she'd had, cleaning the house, talking to a friend on the telephone; two invitations for dinner, a doctor's appointment. Then in the afternoon she lay down for a nap and had a bad dream. She almost never dreamed in the afternoon, and that upset her. It was her old dream about walking up a ramp to an airplane, the ramp becoming longer and longer in front of her eyes. The stewardess beckoning. She shook her head and reached for his cigarette; it was a very scary dream. She had tried to call him again, but he was out of his office. The dream frightened her, and she had stayed in her room until he'd come home. She had a headache . . .

He looked at her, nodding sympathetically. He thought, What was there about him that attracted unhappy women? □



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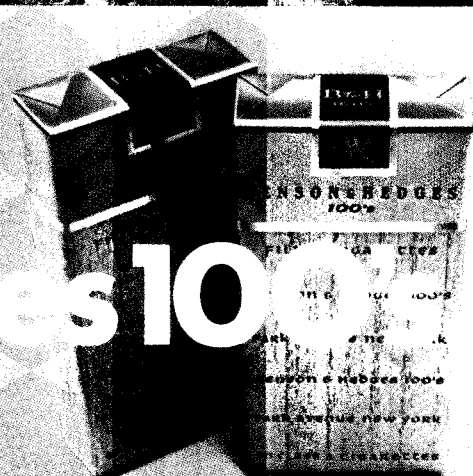
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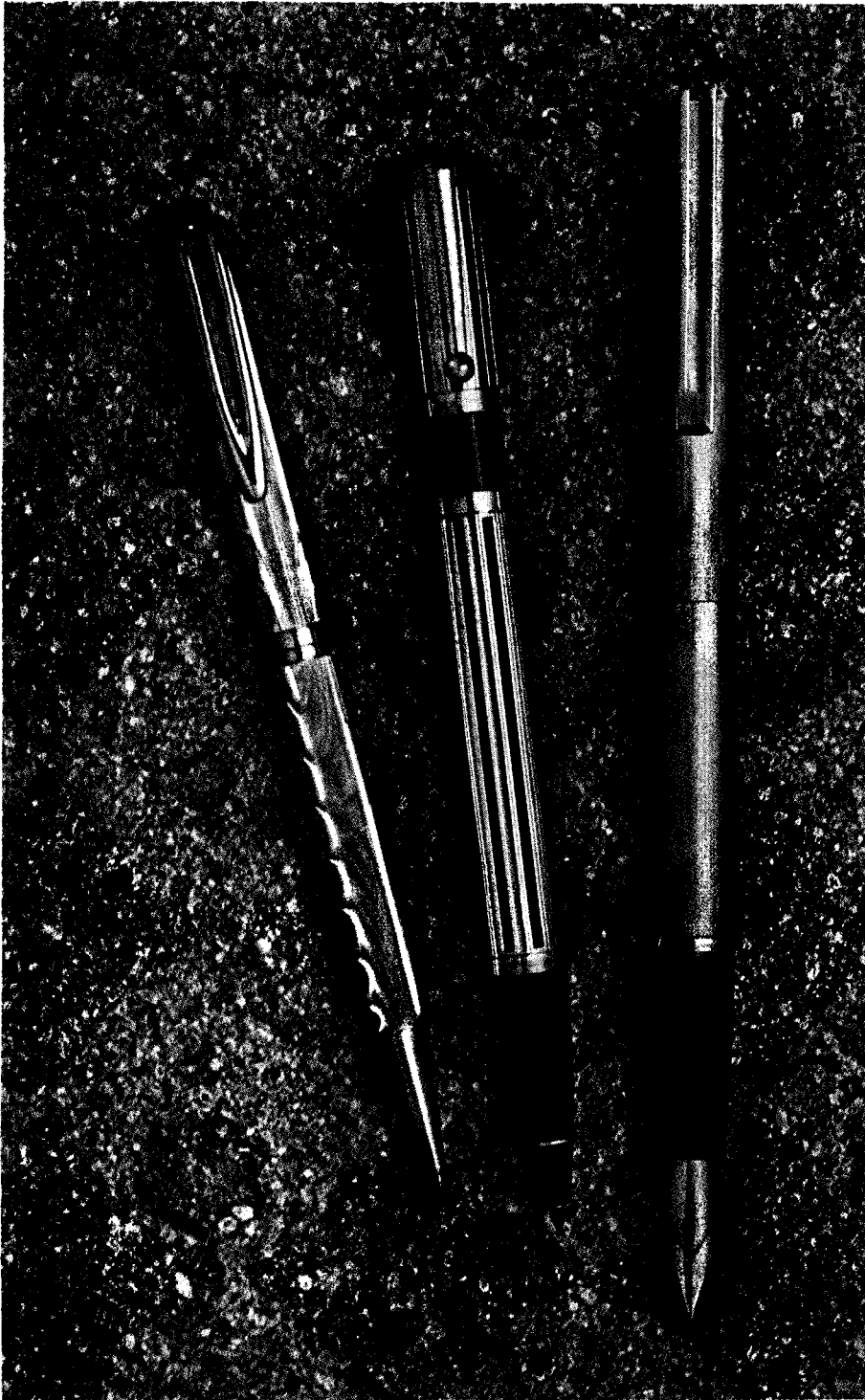
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THE FUTURE OF DOCTORING

by Jerry Avorn, M.D.

The kindly old GP is fast being replaced by the keen young specialist, but the specialist may be in for some surprises too, as computerized medicine and paramedical personnel become realities. Ironically, one result could be the return of the kindly old GP.

For millennia, the healer—the shaman—has been set apart from the rest of the community as sacred, as one who trafficks in the hidden energy-forces of which his fellow men are merely awed observers or powerless victims. The nature of the work must surely have contributed to this quality of specialness: one who regularly officiates at births, agonies, possessions, fevers, and deaths is bound to come away with some unique stature in the eyes of those for whom these are once-in-a-lifetime events. But that is the least of it. Our healers have been sacred because we have *needed* them to be so. In the face of overwhelming impotence in dealing with the terror of illness, it has been much more comforting to seek the help of someone with one foot in the world beyond than to consult a bland rationalist, especially if neither's medicine worked very well. The beliefs became self-proving: given the fact that by far most illnesses are self-limiting or psychogenic, the more mystery we invested in a healer, the better he made us feel. As Claude Lévi-Strauss observed about a Kwakiutl shaman, "Quesalid did not become a great shaman because he cured his patients; he cured his patients because he had become a great shaman."

With the rise of science, rather than set itself in

hopeless opposition, as did the Church, the healing profession came to embrace a marriage of rationalism and rattle-waving—the Science and Art of Medicine. Greek and Latin phrases served the dual functions of scientific precision and arcane incantation; the white coat represented the intellectual purity of laboratory research while doubling as an impressive ritual costume. "Scientific" therapies like drug prescription and injections were found to have useful magical effects as well. But marriage these days, we are told, is a dying institution. A divorce appears to be developing between shamanism and medical rationalism, with the latter refusing to support the former and being met with countercharges of mental cruelty. The patient, cast once again in the role of child, is caught in the middle.

One development that is driving a wedge between Art and Science in medicine is the growth of "information technology"—the study of how knowledge is manipulated in a given field, the anatomy of its logical structure. This new discipline examines the "decision trees" and "branching networks" that populate medicine's epistemological forest, slashing mercilessly through the nonrational undergrowth that clutters the path. The two most important manifestations of information technology in medicine are the application of computers to diagnosis and therapy and the development of "clinical algorithms," or step-by-step protocols, to guide paramedical workers in the management of common complaints. Underlying all is the assumption that there need be nothing arcane or extra-rational about making sick people healthy, and growing pressure, particularly with the coming of some sort of national health insurance, for more efficient, less labor-intensive means of delivering medical services to large numbers of people. Going to the doctor may never be the same again.

Part of the shaman legacy is the widespread belief (particularly common within the medical profession) that when a patient presents himself to be cured, the doctor, guided by some extra-rational power (sometimes called "clinical intuition"), forms a mental gestalt which miraculously blossoms forth as a therapeutic decision. Yet information theorists point out that the process is nothing more than a collection of many simple, smaller steps which, taken separately, are quite manageable by either mortals or machines.

Consider the way in which a doctor collects the information necessary to make a diagnosis. A good diagnostician will tailor his interview and examination from the infinite list of potential questions in order to home in, falconlike, on those areas of greatest significance to the patient's illness. Unconsciously, he uses what information science calls a "branching program"—letting the answer to one question determine what will be asked next. Branching is a common property of many computer programs; it's not surprising that such programs came to be written for medical problems.

Dr. Warner Slack, then at the University of Wisconsin, led the development of medical interviewing by computer. "Physicians need help with their medical histories," he wrote in an early paper. "The family physician may see over forty patients in a day and barely has time to find out the chief complaint, let alone get a complete review of systems. And history-taking by physicians is expensive. Talk is not cheap in medicine—it is perhaps the most expensive commodity in the clinical transaction."

History-taking is one area in which computers have already replaced physicians to a limited extent. At several hospital outpatient departments, the once barren hour-or-two wait is now partly occupied by an interview, via teletype terminal, with a computer. In these pilot projects, the machine elicits a detailed medical history, including specific questions about the function of every organ system from genitourinary to neuropsychiatric. The lay-language answers are translated into medicalese, findings requiring follow-up may be starred, and the completed printout is ready for the doctor when he first meets the patient.

The ability to "branch" an interview is not the only human capacity that Dr. Slack, now an associate professor of medicine at Harvard, has tried to build into his programs. The doctor can also explain questions or terms the patient may not understand; hence the computer offers four possible answers to each multiple-choice question: YES; NO; DON'T KNOW; DON'T UNDERSTAND. (In the interests of protecting the patient's privacy, Dr. Slack has

added a fifth option: "NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS," which he has modified to "SKIP IT" for use in Boston.) Responses to the "don't know" or "don't understand" choices cause the machine to branch into a subprogram explaining, for instance, how to know whether you've ever had an electrocardiogram and what it is for, so that the interview enables the patient to acquire as well as provide information. The programs can also express sympathy for patients suffering from particular symptoms, or relief that a given organ has been producing no complaints. Finally, and perhaps most important, it is relatively easy to equip the computer with identical programs in several languages and at several levels of education—a potential blessing for inner-city outpatient departments where one bilingual translator may have to service an entire hospital having patients of many nationalities. The machine could, by introductory questions, determine the language and level most appropriate for a patient, and then turn itself on to the proper program. Of course the final printout is always in that strange amalgam of Latin, Greek, and English spoken by doctors.

Computer proponents like to point out that the traditional system does not offer clinic patients a warm, omniscient Marcus Welby. More than likely, "service" patients must wait several hours to see an inexperienced intern or resident, or a bored, resentful senior-staff doctor doing his mandatory tour of free duty. Care is often rushed, impolite, and haphazard, and may be little better for paying customers. Against this standard, they argue, a thorough, civil computer program may actually be the more humane alternative.

As for the loss of the specialness that flows from the demigod status of physicians, few tears are being shed in these quarters. "It's time for the patient to get up off his knees," declares Dr. Slack. "The image of the doctor as priest or magician belongs to another era, and should be left there."

And the computerized process needn't be dull and unfeeling, Dr. Slack argues. "A good computerized history ought to be like a good novel . . . a pleasure to read page by page. Ideally, we'd have someone like John Updike writing each frame for us." Furthermore, computerized records are legible and available wherever there's a telephone and terminal—of great importance at a time when one patient may be seen by several doctors for a variety of complaints.

Some human doctors spend time teaching, if that word is taken loosely. So do their solid-state counterparts. In fact, during eight weeks on surgery at the Massachusetts General Hospital, I developed a better rapport with the experimental teaching machines than I did with any of my M.D. instructors, who never found much time to devote

Jerry Avorn, a 1974 graduate of Harvard Medical School, is now an intern and Clinical Fellow in Medicine at Harvard.

to a mere student. Whenever I had a spare hour or two, I would sneak off to the domain of Dr. G. Otto Barnett, director of the Mass. General's Laboratory of Computer Sciences. Going there was like entering the set of a science fiction film—in a large central cavern, the machine's sleek guts stood in perpetual fluorescent brilliance, surrounded by transistorized attendants with names like ULTRONIC DATA PUMP. Here and there would sit stacks of fat magnetic tape disks under clear plastic domes, looking like an Oldenburg sculpture of the containers used to display chocolate layer cake on restaurant counters. The ubiquitous terminals were not the intrusive click-clack kind, but silent, high-speed models that literally spit dots of ink onto a page, using electrostatic charge to shape their trajectories into letters at a rate much faster than the eye can read. Just outside the central room was a tiny anteroom with a desk and bed: the system required a human servant around the clock.

The room I used was next door to the anteroom, a cramped area filled with teletype and video-screen terminals. Hitting the proper sequence of keys on a console put me in touch with MUMPS, the MGH Utility Multi-Programming System. MUMPS remembered my name from previous encounters, as well as how far along in medical school I was, more than I could say for the surgeons downstairs.

Instructions were available for dealing with a variety of common problems: coma, abdominal pain, chest pain, resuscitation. The coma program was the most absorbing because it simulated actual emergency-ward situations—the patient appears with a fragmentary history from a relative (HE WAS EATING DINNER AND GOT UP COMPLAINING OF A HEADACHE. SUDDENLY HIS LEGS GAVE WAY AND HE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS) or, as often happens, no history (THE PATIENT IS A WHITE MALE IN HIS 50S BROUGHT IN BY POLICE AFTER BEING FOUND LYING UNRESPONSIVE ON BEACON STREET). The student is called upon to choose one of four modes, each with its own set of choices: 1) initiate therapy; 2) take a history; 3) perform physical exam; 4) order lab tests. He can, and is expected to, go back and forth between these categories, as in real life. The computer responds as the patient would, or reports lab data on tests ordered.

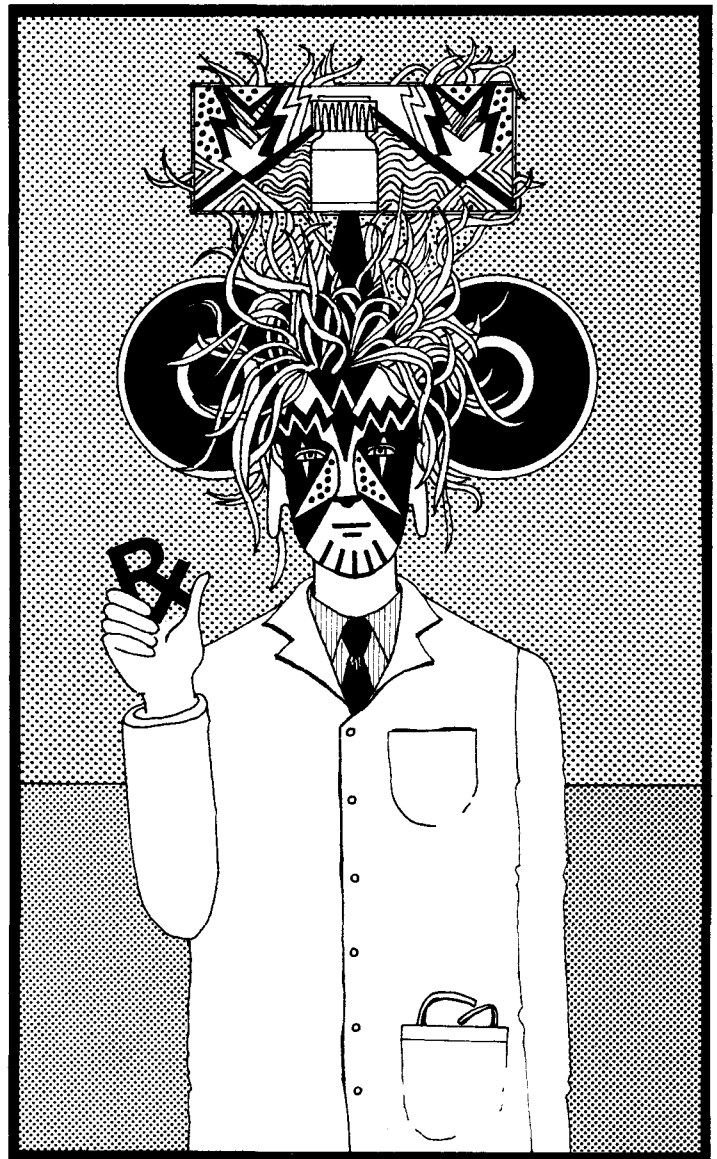
An excellent teacher could equal or better a good teaching program, but excellent teachers are appallingly hard to find, even in prestigious schools; a computer program, however, can be accessible to anyone with a terminal and phone. In simulating and teaching how to manage a cardiac arrest, computerized instruction is even more valuable than human instruction because the student can go back and try again and again, continuing to practice until he has some expertise—an opportunity not offered in real-death situations.

But what of the actual *doing* of medical care? It

is much easier to imagine a highly rationalized approach to teaching students or collecting medical information than it is to conceive of an electronic laying-on of hands. Yet it is in the area of therapy that some see information technology as having its greatest impact. Let us consider first the easy part of healing: the straight, scientific, biologically based Science part.

The kind of complaint that might fit into the "pure logic" model ranges from the common cold to the most exotic biochemical abnormalities. During a three-month rotation at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, for instance, I came across a computer program that evaluates a patient's metabolic status at least as well as the average physician could.

Diagnosis of these metabolic disorders and therapy for them have always been a challenge. The mere number of factors involved is awesome, not to mention the intricate ways that each can interact with all the others. Yet it is these very charac-



teristics that make the problem an ideal one for computer management. The variables are "hard" ones—they can be totally defined by numbers, unlike pain or depression or nausea. The physiology of their relationships has been fairly well worked out, and also operates "by the numbers." Thus Dr. Howard Bleich, a Harvard nephrologist interested in computer applications to medicine, was able to devise a program, to act as a physician's consultant, that can accept the relevant metabolic data, demand more if necessary, and, in milliseconds, provide the doctor with a list of diagnoses (in order of probability), explanation of the physiology involved, appropriate therapies, potential problems to watch out for, and even a list of recent references in case the doctor wants to learn more about the condition. The encounter takes about seven minutes and costs about \$2 in computer time. And, unlike other consultants, the computer program is available virtually simultaneously at an unlimited number of locations; the Bleich metabolic program is now used in ten states, at more than forty hospitals, many of which previously had limited access to such teaching-center knowledge, and were often treating such problems less than adequately.

Dr. Bleich, who was the first to develop the computer-as-consultant idea, works in a closet-sized office in the hospital's research building. A television terminal forms part of his desk; taped to a door is a quotation from the *London Times*:

That it will ever come into general use, notwithstanding value, [is] extremely doubtful, because its beneficial application requires much time and gives a good bit of trouble to the patient and to the practitioner, because its hue and character are foreign and opposed to our habits and associations. There is something even ludicrous in the picture of a grave physician proudly listening through a long tube applied to the patient's thorax.—1834

The stethoscope analogy fits a number of Dr. Bleich's views about where the computer will fit into the clinician's repertoire. A "machine" to listen to the chest didn't make the physical examiner obsolete, it enabled him to be more effective. Dr. Bleich sees coming a better matching of medical tasks to people or machines. He believes that medical problems translatable into hard facts and figures are best handled by machine. "The computer," Dr. Bleich declares, "is immune from fatigue and carelessness; it works day and night, weekends and holidays, without coffee breaks, overtime, fringe benefits, or human courtesy. It requires occasional repair, but even in the absence of an extra machine, it is more likely than its human counterpart to be available at the moment of need. At times, the acid-base program outperforms me. After all, I wrote it during my lucid intervals, with all the relevant literature on my desk, and with more knowledgeable colleagues nearby."

Just where programs like Dr. Bleich's acid-base

"consultant" will fit into the future pattern of medical care delivery is open to question. Will such a program remain a cute curiosity and little more? Or might it be the first of many units of computerized diagnosis and therapy that will one day handle virtually all well-defined medical problems?

The latter possibility seems more likely after a visit to the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont, where Drs. Lawrence Weed and Jan Schultz have built computer-linked records and therapy right into the fabric of patient care. Reasoning that unless the computer network is an integral part of a ward it will not be used, the Vermont doctors completely reorganized the hospital's gynecology service, as a start, so that all patient care had to be channeled through PROMIS—the Problem-Oriented Medical Information System. All records are kept in the computer's tape memory; when the doctor has examined a patient and wants to write a note on his findings, he must do it via a TV-type terminal at the nursing station. There's nowhere else to write it.

Nor is this a typical passive terminal. The screen's face is covered with twenty transparent strips, each electrically sensitive to the touch of a finger. By touching the strip over a particular phrase displayed on the videoscreen, the user can communicate complicated phrases to the computer faster than he could speak to a colleague. A keyboard also allows input of free text. If the doctor has just met for the first time with a patient complaining of vaginal bleeding, for instance, as he enters his work-up, the machine will present him with a logical, orderly series of questions and possible answers—when the bleeding started, rapid or insidious onset, and so on—branching for detail. An experienced user running his hands over the face of the terminal presents a remarkable sight, suggesting some new tactile electronic fetish. Within minutes the history, physical, or progress notes are "captured," as the jargon has it, along with plans for therapy, in an orderly, legible format.

With the computer as the obligate center of all ward operations, all drugs must be ordered through the terminal, which will, in the process, remind the doctor what other medication the patient is taking that could interact with this one (a major danger often overlooked), what the cost will be, and what side effects to watch for. Lab tests requested will bring forth information on the results of previous tests, cost to the patient, and an estimate of how soon the newly entered test will be ready.

If this is all going on already, what might we expect in a few years? Will the computer start making house calls? Maybe.

A community that is equipped with cable TV can make any television set the receiving end of a

patient-computer dialogue. The patient could dial a computerized health station on his telephone, and then, with a tone-coded dial, he could transmit a series of numbers that would instruct the machine to begin communicating with him via his own TV set. Cable TV channels not used for regular programming can be electronically split into hundreds of subsignals that, properly scrambled, could send a unique signal to any receiver in the "wired city" at the option of the central studio. There need not be any waiting time to see the electronic doctor; through the technique of "time-sharing," one computer can communicate uniquely with dozens of terminals simultaneously.

From here, the individualized program, informed by the code number, might begin by presenting the following words on the TV screen: I PRESUME THIS IS THE JONES HOUSEHOLD. AM I CORRECT? PLEASE PRESS "1" FOR YES, "0" FOR NO. The appropriate number-buttons are on the phone, still connected with the central station. If we allow ourselves to project the development of techniques still in their rudimentary form, we might consider the case of a man who is awakened by crushing chest pain at 4 A.M. on New Year's Day. Assuming the perfection of circuitry that could enable machines to process human speech (an ability in absolute primitivity today), the man might reach for his bedside phone, dial the appropriate number and identifying code, and say, "Doc, this is Norbert Jones," evoking in some dark magnetic memory all the salient aspects of his medical history.

After a few questions, the program might tell Mr. Jones not to worry, but to go get the disposable electrocardiogram leads that, as a matter of public policy, would be issued to all males at their first annual physical after the age of forty. It would instruct him how and where to stick them onto his chest; how to connect the small transducer to which they are attached to his telephone to feed a constant signal of his EKG into the computer's memory. To occupy his attention, the patient might be told that this was a routine procedure for chest pain. He would probably not be told of the cost/benefit analysis that showed the expense of the EKG-transducer system to be more than compensated for by the number of productive man-years saved when it enabled the computer to detect potentially lethal arrhythmias and initiate defibrillation or pacemaker activity through the same wires. (The EKG monitor-pacemaker combination is not science fiction; it was developed in the 1960s by Harvard cardiologists. The problem is that many fatal arrhythmias occur within the first hour or two of the chest pain that marks a heart attack; patients therefore die before they can get to a hospital.)

Within a few minutes Mr. Jones would be in the hands of specially trained paramedical personnel

who would insert two intravenous lines—one to determine his venous pressure, and one attached to a battery of waiting medicines: lidocaine, morphine, epinephrine. An automatic blood-pressure cuff would also be attached to the portable console brought by the cardiac team. As his vital signs and EKG were fed into the data bank, they would be scrutinized by logic circuits representing the collective wisdom and latest research of the world's cardiology experts. Should a dangerous disorder of rhythm develop, signals to the cardiac ambulance would prescribe measured doses of the right drugs; should the heart stop, other drugs, and perhaps defibrillation, would be combined with the efforts of the paramedics in mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and closed-chest massage. Mr. Jones might have a good chance of living through the critical few hours that under present conditions are often the last for coronary victims who routinely die either waiting for ambulances or in vehicles or beds unequipped to handle serious illness.

By any standards, these possibilities are speculative. But they become a good deal less unbelievable when one considers that all computer technology is but twenty-odd years old; the line between fantasy and prediction becomes seductively blurred.

So far, we have considered only the strictly scientific aspects of patient care. "No fair!" cries the dwindling chorus of medical humanists. After all, they point out, many patient encounters (perhaps the majority) are motivated by completely nonphysical problems. This psychosocial disease may be somaticized to gain legitimacy, but will not be well treated by a computer program oriented around blood-and-guts pathology.

What of all the lonely, confused, tired people who go to the doctor to have someone to talk to? Are they to be ignored by our unfeeling, transistorized healers? In this light, much of the present preoccupation with high technology in medicine completely misses the real issues. Moreover, traditionalists argue, a good deal of curing could be traced directly to the arcane ministrations of the doctor, regardless of their rational basis. In the response to this contention, we find a curious alignment of humanists and technocrats: If a "disease" could be overcome by belief alone, they ask, is it really in the best interests of the afflicted for the doctor to play along in this illness-affirming way? Might we instead learn to tap the "placebo power" inherent in the patient's own mind—his ability to re-perceive his "illness" right out of existence—through nondeceptive techniques such as biofeedback, or even meditation? This would enable us to retain the positive self-cure properties of shamanism, and transform it into an honest, new thera-

peutic tool, dispensing with the negative qualities of the relationship. Or, we might rechannel the patient's energies into activities directed at a more fundamental attack on the psychological or social precipitants of his complaint.

Some representatives of the left have joined the technocrats and humanists to form an unlikely trinity in defense of cybernetic medicine. They see any sort of mystification (the term was made prominent by Marx, after all) as serving to perpetuate illegitimate power relationships. A highly rationalized health care system could, they point out, end the use of health care as an opiate of the people. Medicine would no longer defuse discontent and deviance by relabeling oppression as illness, treating alienation with Valium. Further, it is argued, such a transformation could enable an underfunded system to devote all its resources to the formidable task of dealing with the neglected "real disease" of all citizens, rather than the trivial body neuroses of the middle class.

On the other hand, a quite different claim could be made by those who favor the computerization of medicine. Given the apparent need to invest our healers with supernatural auras, is it not possible that the machines themselves will take on a *mana* more awesome than all but the most prestigious clinicians? They will, after all, represent more collective wisdom than any single physician could hope to attain. Lévi-Strauss's Quesalid may have been able to invoke the spirits of nature as the source of his potency, but the computers will be drawing on our own infinite wellspring of cosmic power: the holy domain of Science. The placebo effect that may reside in such a *deus ex machina* could put the Kwakiutl to shame.

The deshamanizing of medicine could go forward in one of several ways. The way Dr. Slack would favor could enhance the dignity of the patient by making him a well-informed full partner in the healing enterprise. Medical personnel, their time freed from routine activities by the machines, could then devote more time to the uniquely human problems associated with illness. But quite an opposite result is possible: in the name of efficiency and cost/benefit ratios, going to the doctor may be shorn of whatever personal qualities it now has. There is already a powerful bias in most medical schools away from consideration of the psychosocial aspects of disease which are so central to the patient's experience of being ill. Machines unguided by sensitive policy decisions could turn healing into just another cybernetic travesty, in which patients' feelings are folded, bent, and mutilated to conform to the imperatives of automation. This is the sort of outcome that is so likely that few choose to discuss it.

Will human providers of care ultimately be eliminated completely from the medical encounter? Very unlikely. Impressive as they may be, the ma-

chines are genuinely stupid in many respects, such as performing manipulative tests, or "understanding" problems not specified to the letter in their programs. Dr. Slack concedes that many medical functions will continue to be handled by people rather than machines, particularly pattern-recognition tasks and psychosocial interaction. But the future he envisions is nonetheless revolutionary. "Why must the doctor perform all these jobs? Studies have shown that someone with no sophistication in the dynamics of high blood pressure is more accurate than a doctor in making these simple measurements. The M.D. rushes through; he has all kinds of biases. I wonder whether a smart high school graduate couldn't be trained in a few months to read a chest x-ray as well as a radiologist—or whether you could devise a training program to teach such people to interpret EKGs." But don't the years of medical school and internship somehow inform these interpretative decisions? Not necessarily, argues Dr. Slack. The training might act as a blinder as well as an advantage; either the shadow is on the x-ray or it isn't; simple criteria should define whether the heart rhythm is normal or not.

Along with the waning of the physician as we know him, futurists predict the ascension of the paramedic as a key figure in the health care enterprise. In fact, for the near future, the most fundamental changes to come about in medicine through information technology may not involve anything electronic; the patient of the 1970s and 1980s may well be much more affected by the computer's poor cousin in the information technology family, the clinical algorithm.

The clinical algorithm, or protocol, is a formalized set of instructions to guide a paramedical health worker in approaching a particular complaint. It resembles a computer program in that it is a branching network that rules in or out certain bits of data, then goes on to dictate therapy, the collection of more information, or referral to an M.D. In their training, such paramedics are familiarized with the basic physiology of special illnesses, and taught why each decision has been constructed the way it has. A well-trained paramedic would have two attributes that machines lack: a comprehension of the issues at hand (and the resultant ability to act competently in situations not covered to the letter by instructions), and the distinctively human capacities for pattern recognition, empathy, and compassion.

The natural objection: But doctors can do all this and more; why settle for less?

Protocol advocates have two answers. First, it is probably not true that doctors in practice treat these common problems better than *or even as well as* a paramedic with protocol. Because of its step-

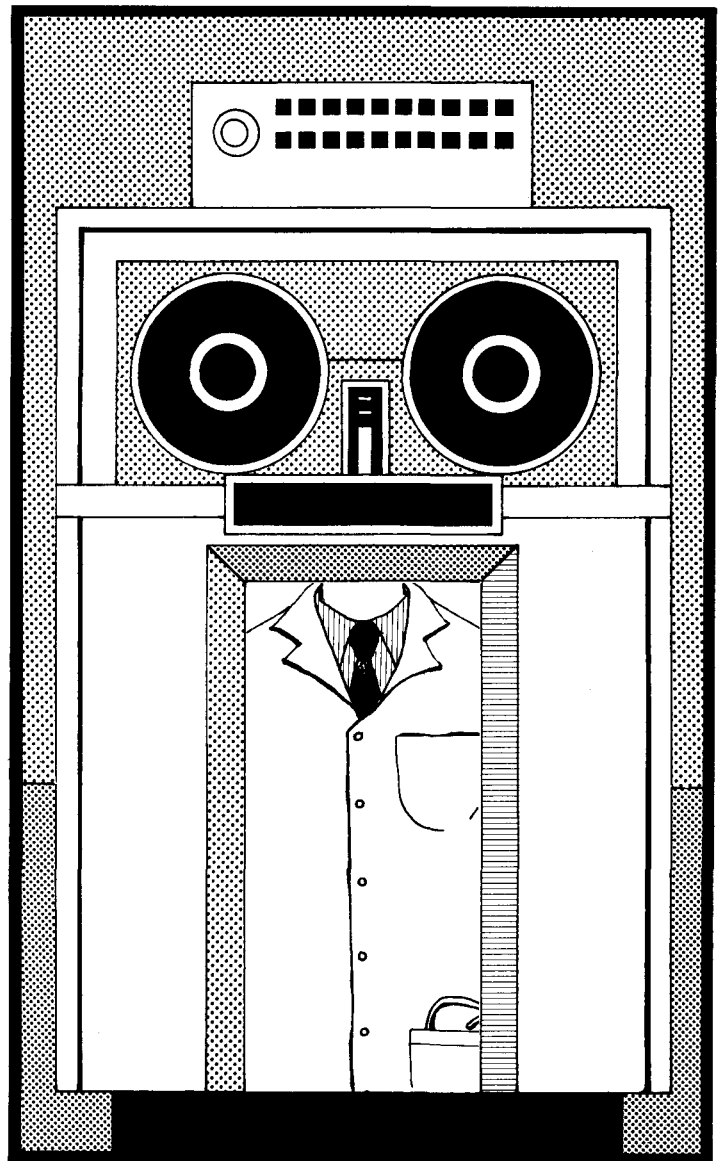
by-step, yes/no format, the protocol demands thoroughness, and thoroughness is more likely to be provided by a paramedic than by a busy physician who usually spends little time per case on common problems. The protocol format also allows easy audit of how well the cases have been worked up—a review that has been computerized at Dartmouth's clinical algorithm laboratory, suggesting a new way of monitoring the quality of care, a variable well hidden from the public. These comparisons with the prevalent standards of medical care are not speculative; anyone spending time in an emergency ward or clinic will quickly see evidence of the sloppiness with which common problems like urinary or respiratory tract infections have been handled "on the outside"—antibiotics prescribed haphazardly, cultures not taken, underlying disease overlooked, therapy poorly explained to the patient, follow-up neglected.

The second half of the protocolists' answer to "Why not doctors?" is a pragmatic one. If, they argue, there are not enough doctors to go around, and won't be in the immediate future, doesn't it make sense to relieve them of the time-consuming, routine aspects of medical care? Their medical energy could then be spent on those problems which require four to six years of specialized training—including care of the sore-throat or cystitis patient who, for one or another reason, has been triaged along by the paramedic.

A further objection to the protocol-paramedic approach to medical care is that it would transform healing into an impersonal, assembly-line affair, efficient but sterile. Critics see this as a step backward from the kindly neighborhood GP treating all complaints himself, no matter how trivial. But protocol-paramedic advocates argue that this is an unrealistic comparison. For better or worse, they claim, the kindly GP is going the way of his horse and buggy. The real alternative they see is a rushed, less-than-meticulous work-up by an increasingly anonymous doctor. Ironically, they feel that humanistic concerns over the quality of the healing relationship may be one of the most persuasive reasons for embracing this style of delivery. "Doctors are not chosen or trained for their ability to relate well to other people," notes Dr. Sheldon Greenfield, an assistant professor of medicine at UCLA interested in the possibilities of protocols. "They tend to be upper-middle-class, laboratory and university oriented people, almost all male, and this often goes up walls between them and their patients. For paramedics can be drawn from the same communities as the patients they serve, and chosen for their ability to communicate as well as other skills. It's a way of providing care for those who now don't get any, and of de-mystifying medicine—taking health care back to the people." A similar view is held by Dr. Slack, who sees "physicians' assistants" playing a key role in filling in the

gaps left by automated medicine. "After all, the medical profession isn't the only source of tender loving care—many others can do a much better job of it than we do." Yet he rejects the job title: "I'd rather see them called *patients' assistants*—it is to the patient that they should feel their primary allegiance." Again out on the fringe of the unthinkable, Dr. Slack foresees a more radical extension of the idea—write protocols for patients to use. "We ought to teach the patient in many cases to care for himself; he's highly motivated to do so, and may be our biggest wasted medical resource. When necessary, of course, the protocol would let him know when to come in to see a professional."

Little by little, the specialness of the shaman is stripped away: his interviewing technique can be replaced by a branching electronic sequence, his diagnostic acumen is nothing more than a collection of thresholds and logic trees, his therapeutic decisions simply programmed probabilities. Faced



with this triumph of intellectual dissection, are we to cheer or mourn?

Both. I, for one, will be glad at the passing of the omnipotent white-cloaked father figure who depended on a cowed, awed patient for his therapeutic success; who, in our day, confused and mystified the laity all too often for his own ends. Yet we need not necessarily give up other aspects of the traditional healer that are worth saving. Patients will always need a compassionate human healer to guide them through the increasingly complex network of medical resources, and this person could, if properly chosen and trained, provide the warmth and psychosocial support that machines will never be able to deliver. For otherwise, what would happen to all the interpersonal hassles, life-frustrations, and fears that people now bring to doctors—the new clergy—clothed in the acceptable garb of bodily ills?

In some ways, the question is so big it transcends information technology. We *could* program machines to dispense placebos and train paramedics to emulate the vapid hand-waving with which most doctors now treat such dis-ease. On the other hand, computer/paramedic-aided health care could redefine such free-floating nonorganic complaints right out of the scope of medicine: DIAGNOSTIC ANALYSIS INDICATES NO SIGNIFICANT DOCUMENTABLE PATHOLOGY. THANK YOU. GOOD-BYE. Or, “Gee, Mrs. Davis, I’d love to do something for you, but you’re not on my protocol. . . .” A more suitable solution would be for the health care delivery system to be thoroughly interwoven in a tapestry of human services ranging from legal aid to consciousness-raising groups.

Cybernetic medicine finds itself being born into a health care system dominated by two major conflicts: generalist versus specialist; rich versus poor. In some instances the machines will give an extra push to one side or the other; in most cases, they will merely be the bounty of whichever camp wins the larger battle.

It could be argued, for instance, that far from dealing the *coup de grâce* to general practice, information technology may resurrect it. After all, what two factors have been most responsible for the demise of the generalist? The boring, trivial nature of most complaints he sees, and his inability to keep on top of the latest diagnostic and therapeutic exotica. Give him a paramedic to handle the former, and access via an office terminal to a teaching-center computer “consultant” network for the latter, and Doc Welby may flourish in life as well as on TV.

But just as information technology could make general practice more defensible intellectually, it could also be used to fragment further the delivery of care. The American obsession with efficiency

might quickly seize on the likelihood that a paramedic who does *only* bladder infection protocols can do them faster and with slightly more accuracy than a “general” paramedic. Physicians might be issued “passwords” to gain access only to those programs within their field of specialty. The whole enterprise might, as is now the trend, be housed in a hospital/medical school megacenter serving huge numbers of patients. Computerized, problem-oriented records could remove the last barrier to assembly-line medicine if they were used to enable any doctor to treat any patient without prior acquaintance.

The point is, we are already far along toward this Kafkaesque model even before cybernetics has had much impact. It is not the machines that are giving us such a system, it is the American public, with an enthusiastic push from the “medical-industrial complex” of hardware providers, expanding hospitals, insurance companies, and private practitioners. If we consider the present system, the machines would have the definite advantage of being able to offer higher quality care to larger numbers of people than is now available *on the average*. Yet the present system is not much of a standard: other nations have shown us that there are far better ways of delivering health care.

An alternative I favor would be community-controlled neighborhood health centers run as comprehensive, prepaid group practices, funded through a national health service. For the near future, physician-assistants would provide a broad range of basic services, ranging from extensive preventive-medicine programs to care of simple acute or chronic problems via protocol. Each family would be the responsibility of one small team of physicians and physician-assistants, including professionals well trained in the psychosocial “shamanistic” aspects of illness—a component of medicine we must not automate or intellectualize out of existence. Each patient would have one member of the team as his or her primary health care provider and “ombudsperson” in the journey through the medical establishment. For some patients, perhaps an elderly diabetic with heart failure, this primary provider might be the M.D.; for others it might be a nurse-clinician, or social worker, or psychologist. Computerized records would help ensure accuracy and completeness, and would enable members of the teams to cover for each other, *if necessary*, and yet have access to a solid data base on each patient. This could overcome the problem of slipshod “holding action” care versus overdemanding always-on-call life-styles that now mark general practice. The new technology would also enable consumers of care to exert control over the quality of the care they receive for clear-cut complaints, since protocols and computer-assisted review make possible supervision that is now beyond the ken of patients and against the desire of physicians.

The Future of Doctoring

Computerized diagnosis will likely be used as an adjunct to physician care for well-defined problems even in the next few years. Conceivably, in the more distant future (but probably before the turn of the century), the physician may defer in the majority of cases to the greater expertise of the collected wisdom represented in the computer's memory.

This ideal is almost beyond belief now, not because of the technological development it assumes, which is near at hand, but because of the social development it requires, which still seems far off. In an article in the October, 1973, *Atlantic*, Godfrey Hodgson pointed out that the shape of the medical care delivery system has been and will likely continue to be determined by the fiscal desires of the insurance industry, hospitals, and commercial interests profiting from our present expensive healing apparatus. A locally controlled, federally funded system not based on profit is inconceivable as long as these interests predominate.

This raises the rich/poor dichotomy to which the new medical technology may have to adapt. Historical evidence suggests that unless our priorities change, cybernetic medicine, like its present-day forebear, will arrange itself along a continuum of quality: the best available care for those who can afford it, and zero, or demeaning, third-rate care for the poor. The automated expression of this national tradition isn't hard to imagine. Outside of teaching centers providing superspecialized medicine as part of a training program, such expert care could come with a high price tag. Our free enterprise system could dictate that a program prepared by a team of elite specialists would be very costly to use, while less thorough or less reliable programs would be available for those who couldn't afford anything better.

Two factors, technical rather than ethical, might spare us this fate. First, the potential ubiquity of the programs would rip the limited-supply factor out of the supply/demand equation that now helps to determine cost. (But bear in mind the power of patents and copyrights in preserving private interest.) Second, the probable authors of these programs are generally to be found on the faculties of medical schools. Whatever their faults, these experts are not universally greedy. Academic rather than fiscal interests could make their work widely available. Dr. Bleich, for instance, likes to compare the flow of medical knowledge with the flow of water in a plumbing system—an apt metaphor for a kidney specialist. "Hospitals don't charge patients for how much water they use. I'd like to see computerized medical expertise made just as available,

just as free. The medium could lend itself to it readily. With enough terminals and a larger reservoir of programs, the cost of using any given one could be trivial."

Other aspects of a profit-oriented future are more discouraging. Take the uses of protocols as example. Instead of an integrated, uniformly funded neighborhood health center ideally matching tasks to doctor or paramedic or computer, with ongoing personal contact, we might well see competing moneymaking Health Maintenance Organizations that provide several plans under their proclaimed mandate of American "pluralism." Some would offer a cafeteria-style economy model relying very heavily on protocols administered by a fleet of paramedics, even when inappropriate, while making excessive use of automated history-taking and diagnosis. Others might provide a deluxe plan of personal, specialist care, even when unnecessary. If this seems like an ungraciously cynical projection, consider our present system, in which residents, interns, or medical students provide much primary care for the poor in cramped, overbusy outpatient departments, while high-priced internists care for the wealthier. In their eagerness to extend care to the millions who now receive none, protocol advocates (as well as their computerized colleagues) will have to be careful lest they become instruments of a futuristically stratified health care business.

One final point, probably the most crucial: we must not assume, as we so often have, that any problem can be solved merely by the application of more technology and more hardware. In the case of medicine, far-reaching cultural and economic changes will have to take place before we can develop an optional health care system—changes which need have nothing whatever to do with machines or automation. A computer, or a "patient's assistant," can improve the quality of care or render it mediocre; it can be a means of freeing medical talent for larger questions, or just larger incomes; it can increase the dignity of healing or it can cheapen and degrade the experience. These are outcomes that are relatively independent of the technology itself; as we have learned so often and so painfully, it is the social uses to which we put these capabilities that are crucial. If we don't allow a blind technological imperative to squeeze all that is human out of the healing process, if we don't let lust for maximized profit margins contaminate even more of medicine, these tools may play a role in ending the crisis of health care delivery we now face. But if we choose to approach these problems as we have approached so many others in this century, even pulling out all the plugs won't help. □

REALITY STREET

by Andrew Glaze

Reality is something like me carrying
the bicycle down the steps in the morning,
with a grip at the seat socket on the left
and the stem of the steering post on the right,
carefully placing my recently broken right foot
on the tattered step covering,
crazing open the doors with a little help
from my Puerto Rican neighbors
“gracias,” “gracias” saying, especially if it’s
the dark white bearded one who shaves only once a week.
He will hold the beer can in the sack
with a far-away eye which seems to say
it is not I drinking this beer, opening the door
for this American with the suspiciously Spanish looking wife.
Who rides a bicycle but a boy or a fool?
So he’s a fool, help a fool
is a kind of harmless custom.

The sidewalk is reality.
We have lost the last tree. The only one
to survive being pissed on and beaten.
And was getting to be a pretty good tree
in front of the shoe store, but obviously
rot had gotten in somewhere.
It failed in the wind last night.
And of course, will not be replaced, except by
the beer cans and candy wrappers that seem to be
the real proofs of human occupation and human interest.
The bums in front of Garcia’s are watching to see if Anselmo
will continue to sleep when the sun
comes over the roof of the Brittany building
and shines hard in his eyes.
Their interest isn’t unkind.
Our bums take good care of one another around here.
I’ve seen two of them pick up a third
who had fallen off his egg crate in the street
and set him tenderly back up on end, teetering crazily,
and put his beer can again in his hand.

First, setting the bicycle off the curb,
I look back in the bus barn to be sure
nothing is coming out. With a quick hop and push
I set off against the traffic on the wrong side,
to the corner of 54th Street, then sweep
to the East before them all on that street, the one street
I know as I know my face or my kitchen table.
Reality! This is Reality Street—littered
with dog shit and broken auto parts, full of holes
and broken glass to protect a full block
of private cars of policemen in no-parking spots.
They know each other by their lodge signs.
Then the Youth Center, that used to be the night court.
I gather speed, sliding between the front bumpers
to the right, and the right doors of cars on the left,
banking and spinning the pedals,
I've forgotten my broken foot, I'm flying!
Then I must wait to pass the paddy wagon,
they're loading up with girls—the wigged and raincoated haul
from last night's war sweep on Eighth Avenue.
The clean up! They're cleaning up Eighth Avenue,
professional fucking is being abolished again.
It will have to stand for the anything being washed this week.
The girls are bored and angry,
they don't laugh when the cops joke,
and the boys from the brick Greek church whistle.
The girls want to get on with their job,
of which this is a piece of the red tape.
I squeeze by and brake it at the corner.
Stopping, I rest, I beam at pedestrians.
It's 9 a.m.—exuberant senseless beam.
These are not natives, but people going to work.
Four cops discuss departmental gossip.
They cross against the red light.
Nobody in this city obeys a law of any kind.
Cops less than anybody.
And then, I'm off again, going down
in the maelstrom of Reality Street. Everybody turns

at this place into 54th Street from Eighth Avenue.
Why? Are they going to the Municipal parking lot on the right?
Or to the unemployment office for waiters and dishwashers
on the left? A mysterious place full of crises
and human explosions. And there's the Bryant Hotel.
Alan Hovhaness lived there briefly last year.
I used to see his tall hesitant disjointed walk
mooning along thinking of distant extreme musical space.
"Hello Alan!" I'd yell, he'd turn and look as though
he'd never seen me before or anything before
and grin shyly, "Hello," he'd say,
did he really know what was talking to him?
And now he's living in Seattle. That's reality.

Crossing Broadway is a sort of adventure.
This invincible instantaneous adventurer in me
is quite boiled down into a sort of egg cup
of security and dutifulness.
But Broadway now, is something else, always being excavated.
Don't you suppose the Mafia is holding a secret convention
down one of the holes, or digging a secret subway to Sicily?
They pave it again with asphalt and sand
as soft as chewing gum.
My bicycle rises up and rolls down
through hole after hole like waves,
honking bravely at all the pedestrians.
They look offended. Impudent motorless wheels!
They defer to cars, they respect trucks,
they've been converted to a religion of pure weight.

I skid to a stop at Seventh and hurry across
through the taxi line for the airport trade
from the Hotel Americana. I park outside the crazy Poster store.
Inside, I'm surrounded by Raquel Welch's breasts,
girls with steak quarterings on their rumps,
blonde nudes climbing cliffs, Nixon taking a dump,
calendars of Kamasutra positions one per month,
four foot long inspirational zen poems on purple banners,
red fire lighters a foot long.
I buy my paper, I fold it neatly behind my seat.
The clerk asks me about my foot. I'm the man
with the broken foot. That's how I'll be remembered.

Ten years from now he'll think of me
as the paper customer who came in with a cane.
I walk the wheels to the corner
by half a dozen kegs of Schaefer beer booming down
in the belly of the cellar of a bar.
I cast off past the Half Note and Jimmy Ryan's
to the Hilton, with its bus loads of Japanese tourists
craning their necks, casting about
at a crazily tilted perspective with sore ears
and sleep-confused eyes.
In these full, hurrying streets, what a difference!
Everyone spruce, sure, full of purpose,
upholstered with money and sex in green,
knowing how to enjoy a breeze and walk hearty.
The flagpoles on the ABC, CBS and Burlington Buildings,
the Warwick Hotel, flap with taut-natured snap.
This too is reality—or is it adventure?
I'm sailing in rash seas.
The light changes, four cabs crash through the red light,
but we're wise to them—we wait.
And avoiding the dip in the street by the Athletic club,
I nod at the doormen of the Dorset,
and now, at the top of the rise, it's home-free,
I sail past the back garden and the trees
of the Modern Art Museum, avoid the driver-training car
of the Rhodes School, look up the skirts
of the girls with their books and their backs to the wall,
neatly slip past the back corner of a growling truck,
and up to the curb at the service drive.
There's a no-parking sign across the street
from the University Club. Really reality!
I put down my parking stand with a clang,
unlock the chain, unscrew the front half of my French bike,
it's beginning to rust from too much rain,
and I lay the front half beside the back
chaining the two with a \$22.50 hardened steel five pound chain.
This is reality too. Adventure with prudence.
Standing here, thinking, I've made it once again
without re-breaking my foot.
—look how they're watching me. You actor!
A bicycle in two pieces! Such élan!
I stalk and limp to what will happen today.
Oh Fifth Avenue!

BREATH IN THE AFTERNOON

by John Skow

Lunch sometime? Just you, me,
and the IRS . . .

It is one of life's rare pleasures to watch a professional at work, and, within reason, the nature of his profession doesn't much matter. I have spent a lot of time watching race-car drivers, but if a good bus driver is at hand I will watch him almost as happily. I also watch with respect and fascination doctors, plumbers, sheepshearers, tree surgeons and politicians. To hear a boodling politician, known to be guilty yet smiling indulgently, turn a reporter's question to goat cheese is to observe a craftsman at his craft, and it is well worth the discovery later that your frontal lobes have been picked.

None of this was on my mind, however, when I called up my old friend Featherless and suggested that we have lunch.

"Yes, I think I can work lunch in," Featherless answered, in a voice deeper and more solemn than I remembered. His tone was that of—what? A dentist, a bishop, a sheepshearer addressing a sheep? No, he sounded like a prosperous psychiatrist agreeing to examine the twitches of a new patient.

This was strange. Back in the days when both of us had worked for *Titanic* magazine, before it sank, Featherless' manner had been anything but

weighty. He wandered about the corridors with a cheerful smile on his face and, you might have said, an invisible tennis racket under his arm. He certainly did not work lunch in; he simply stopped what he was doing, which was likely to be the Sunday *Times* crossword, and went across the street and ate lunch.

Now Featherless was doing the psychiatrist voice again: "Shall we say twelve-forty-five-ish?"

"That'll be okay-ish with me," I said, and when the time came I took a cab to Gribney's, the publishing house where he worked.

"How about El Gato?" I said to him as we left his office. El Gato Enfermo is a chili pot, and Featherless and I used to eat there a lot. The Gato's best shot at you was its Number Three Special, an unstable mound of refried beans and chopped onions, forming a dike for a lake of orange oil, on which floated a fried egg. The Number Three had the unusual characteristic of reforming at the top of your stomach as soon as it was eaten, and the challenge of lunching at the Gato was to see how much Dos Equis beer it took to dislodge the mass.

Featherless gave me an odd look. He had taken on gloss, and a bit of weight, since he left *Titanic* for an editor's job at Gribney's. "Yes, well," he said, making the words a complete sentence. He paused, then said, "Usually these days I just drop around the corner to La Bonne Couille."



He looked quickly at me, to see how I was taking this news. He had reason to wonder, because there was more news in his remark than a stranger to midtown Manhattan might suspect. The Couille was known, by those who knew, to be very high in the second rank of restaurants favored by that curious class of New York professionals whose jobs consist solely or largely of taking each other to lunch.

Featherless, I had heard, was well thought of at Gribney's. One of the literary projects he had developed, during arduous lunches with an author who was a noted hostility therapist, was the best-selling *Hate Your Way to a Firmer, More Youthful Figure*. I knew he had begun exploratory lunches with a New Jersey librarian, which, if successful, would lead to planning and contractual lunches defining a work provisionally titled *Everything You Always Faintly Disliked About Sex*. The word in the trade was that it would be a big winner.

Featherless had become a considerable figure in the literary world, and he had every reason to be pleased with himself, but I sensed that he was touchy about the fact that he now furthered the stately advance of English letters with a menu card and a linen napkin. I didn't know how to reassure

my old friend that his metamorphosis was okay, since I wasn't sure it was okay, but I said sure, the Couille would be fine.

Fine was an overstatement. One of the underground truths of life in the great city is that although Manhattan does have superlative restaurants, six of them are Chinese and the other is Greek. None is patronized by professional lunch-havers, whose punishing *bushido* recognizes only French cuisine.

This single-mindedness shows a gallantry unsuspected by the Internal Revenue Service, which pays for most of the *cannelles de veau* and Nuits St. Georges. But like most romantic follies, it is cruelly rewarded. The reason may simply be that the chefs of Manhattan's French restaurants, like all exiled Frenchmen, disapprove of their surroundings. In any case, the facts are that French cooking, like brain surgery, is either a great success or a hideous failure, and that in New York's literary water holes the patient's chances are dodgy.

Cheap French restaurants are painted white, and decorated with travel posters. Expensive ones are painted pale green, and decorated with vases of gladioli. La Bonne Couille had gladioli. The *patron*, a suave fellow with close-set eyes and a blue jaw, greeted us. "*M'sieur*," he said to Featherless, nodding equivocally, and then, looking at me, "*et*

John Skow is a free-lance writer and critic who lives in New Hampshire. His article, "Second Man on a String," appeared in the June, 1974, *Atlantic*.

tête de con.” Or so I heard. Continuing in French, and speaking with what seemed a strong Stuttgart accent, he said, “Would you like to sit in a dark corner” (“*vous asseoir dans un coin obscur*”) “to hide your deformity?” (“*. . . cacher votre difformité . . . ?*”)

I may have misunderstood this *politesse*. Featherless preened; he was gratified by the sputter of French. I don’t believe he had a real command of the language, but he liked hearing its sound at lunch. “*D’accord*,” he said to the *patron*, showing off just a bit.

We ordered drinks. Featherless said he wanted a double martini. A thoughtful student of lunching could have predicted his choice; the double martini is the customary *apéritif* of professional lunch-havers. It is not in any way to be considered an indication of advanced alcoholism. In fact, *not* ordering a double martini—ordering nothing at all, or something watery like vermouth on the rocks—is a tipoff to the knowing that you have seen your best days as an important luncher.

I ordered a Budweiser. “*Chameau*,” said the waiter, shuddering delicately, but he brought it. Featherless and I talked for a while. That was why we were having lunch together, and it was fun to hash over the old days at *Titanic* magazine. The roof beams had rotted and fallen where once the legendary expense accounts were approved, but most of our friends seemed to have survived. Bustard, the managing editor, was writing a syndicated advice column for swingers (“baby powder, and a little understanding,” was the sort of problem-solving he offered), and doing very nicely. Gloria Tendril, the religion editor, a woman of passionate horizontality, was running for Congress and looked like a good bet to make it. We agreed that old Gloria would do our nation’s capital a lot of good, and by this time Featherless was sounding a lot like his former flea-brained self.

Then the waiter made his first swoop with the menu card. “Wish to order now, M’sieur?” This question was mumbled, and in fact was not a question, but a chant. As everyone involved in serious lunch-having knows, the austere beautiful ordering ceremony requires that two ritual menu-card swoops be rejected by the luncher, at intervals of twenty minutes, before consummation is achieved with the third swoop, and the order is given. Featherless waved the troll away with grand negligence, although not before ordering another double martini.

I’m going to skip the next two menu-card swoops, because a lot of people have eaten \$55 lunches, one way or another, and because there is a certain sameness to the action, once the principle is known. Featherless and I went on slandering old friends in an enjoyable way, and then we ordered. (“Ham and swiss on rye,” I said to the waiter, to see if he would say “*chameau*” again, but he was

tired of the game, and he said only “*Pardon?*” I told him onion soup and the mussels.)

The soup came, and we were poking at it, and Featherless was talking in a moony way about a girl we had both known, who had harbored five toy poodles in her apartment. These mindless animals had eaten his underdrawers once when his attention was occupied elsewhere, he said mistily. Suddenly Featherless looked up, twitched his nose, and sniffed a couple of times. “What’s that?” he said. He sniffed again, decided he didn’t smell anything after all, and went on talking about when the world was young.

Now I smelled something, no question. I looked around. Other people were sniffing. “It’s coming from the kitchen,” said someone at the next table, and that was true. Smoke was drifting out of the kitchen, light but unmistakable, and when the kitchen door opened, we could see that the fumes inside were fairly thick.

As I have said, I like to watch people working at something they do really well. What impressed me now was that in the entire restaurant, not one lunch-haver moved an inch. There was no doubt about what was happening. The kitchen was burning down. Smoke, noticeably dark now, was filling the restaurant. Yet the waiters still scurried, and the nerveless diners went on eating, drinking, and filling each other’s ears with bosh. The only indication that circumstances were unusual was that at each table someone was signaling with great intensity for a waiter. Everyone wanted another drink before it was too late.

Then, abruptly, as it would happen in a stage play, a dozen firemen in black rubber raincoats and one lieutenant in a white rubber raincoat jogged in the front door dragging a hose. They disappeared into the kitchen, wherein flames could now be glimpsed. In a few seconds the lieutenant in the white raincoat reappeared, staggering. He recovered himself and said the obvious: “Folks, that’s all for today, the kitchen is closed.”

Now people at each table looked at each other, shrugged, nodded, and stood up. Without hurry they moved (Featherless and I among them) toward the door. Here, too, although it was hard to breathe, or to see more than a few feet, there was no undue haste. The *patron* himself had manned the cash register, and he was negotiating firmly with his guests. Speaking English with great exactitude, he would say to each party, in tones of reproach, “You have no check.” The answer would be “No.” The *patron* would shake his head, and ask what had been ordered. “*Boeuf Bourguignon*,” someone would say, “but I didn’t get any.” The *patron* would grimace, look sad, and spread his hands, palms up: not his fault, clearly. The beef would go on the bill, the imprinting machine would click over the plastic credit card, and a receipt would be given. *Merçi*, next case.

Presently we were all standing on the sidewalk of East 54th Street, blinking. There must have been thirty-five of us, and for a moment of indecision we stood as a group. Yet there was no conversation, beyond a word or two muttered between former lunch partners. This made what happened next even more impressive.

Here we were, professional lunch-havers (give or take an amateur or two) who had eaten only half a lunch. It was a strange and unsettling situation, but there was no panic, only a few seconds during which alternatives were coolly considered. I have seen a first-rate mountain guide pause, reflect, then decide and square his shoulders. Is it necessary to bivouac in a raging blizzard? Very well, bivouac it will be. Difficult, but not impossible.

Featherless stood tall, and made his decision. Others in this cluster of resolute men made theirs. Remarkably, each decision was the same, and, as if a signal had been given (though none had), the thirty-five of us walked sturdily across 54th Street.

The new restaurant, sixty-six feet away, was called Les Nénés Pendants. The *patron*, who looked like an Algerian brothel-keeper, greeted Featherless with deference. We gave a drink order. It was 3:15 P.M.

"Wish to order now, M'sieur?" said the waiter, on his first swoop.

"Yes," I said.

"Later," said Featherless. "Another double martini."

"*Va te faire foutre*," I said to my friend.

Here, too, I will skip the waiter's next swoops. Featherless and I chatted peaceably, drank further, and at last ate.

Well, I thought woozily, as I folded my napkin, that's that. I had forgotten (among other matters I lost track of that afternoon) the final tenet of the lunch-havers' *bushido*: over coffee and brandy, you talk business.

I had no business to discuss, but Featherless was not a man to slight his code. He swirled twenty-one-year-old Armagnac in a balloon glass. His eyes cleared, and his vowel sounds became as crisp as the skin of a good *canard à l'orange*. "I have a book in mind," said he, "and you are just the man to write it."

Twenty minutes later, at 5:45 P.M., we stood again on East 54th Street, blinking as before. The contract was signed at lunch the next week, and one year later *How I Found New Energy, and an Income of \$78,000 a Year, Per Capita, by Becoming a Citizen of Kuwait* began its long stay at the top of the best-seller lists. And that is how I got my Greek island, my double-knit jumpsuit, my winsome Lapp mistress, my Zurich bank account, my pedal-powered midget submarine, my burnoose, and my present troubles with the IRS. □

HOW TO KNOW WHERE YOU ARE

As Caesar's and his slayers' versions
Of his true worth did not accord,
As Cypriotes fell out with Persians
And Greek disputed Greek with sword,
As Jason differed with Medea
And Bonaparte with Talleyrand,
The forms of onomatopoeia
Do not agree from land to land.

In Oshkosh, Hollywood, and Nutley
The sound of breaking plates is "crash!";
In Helsinki, it changes subtly
To "*krats!*," suggesting scratch and gnash;
A tingleangle "*kling!*" is Denmark's;
In Rome, a raucous "*patastrac!*";
In China, a cartoonist's pen marks
"*Hua-la-la!*" for cracking crock.

In Portugal, when platters shatter
And scatter all about a room,
They smack of elephantine clatter
Or bongo drums: "*catrapuz-boom!*"
In Budapest, extremist factions,
Surmounting politics, concur
That dishes fracture into fractions
With double sibilants: "*chir-churr!*"

So if, one dawn, a clap of thunder
Awakes you on a quick world tour,
And, half asleep and dazed, you wonder
What country you are in, procure
The plates you bought as gifts for givers
And let one fly until it breaks,
Then, as it shivers into slivers,
Note carefully the sound it makes.

by William Walden

AUTUMN OF A DORMOUSE

A story by Penelope Gilliatt

“Energy and pride are the roots of the best things we do: I think that’s right,” said Mrs. Abbott loudly to herself one night, winding up her alarm clock and setting it for five in order to think, five A.M. being for her a long-tested good time for thinking. “Without them, men and women are barren and without mercy.” She poured herself another cup of tea from the brown English teapot she had brought from London long ago, and nodded off in a bed covered with travel brochures.

Mrs. Abbott was seventy-four. Her widowed son, Grafton, shared with her the legal custody of her grandson, Alexander, but the child had actually been brought up by her since his mother’s death when he was two, and merely visited by his father. The old lady and the boy had an affinity. They made imaginary trips through tropical forests and to strange islands far away from any mainland. Footprints in the sand, fingermarks on the mind.

Then Grafton, a rich stockbroker, married an heiress called Edna. He decided in a loving but rather theoretical mood to commandeer the boy. He and Edna had come to Mrs. Abbott at the beginning of a school term and taken Alexander away. The boy didn’t want to leave his grandmother and the world of atlases, and he was miserably homesick at his new boarding school. It was the first time he had been away from what he thought of as home. He stuck it out for a term and even for a vacation spent at school. Grafton had thought it the least disturbing way to cope with the boy’s time off, because he was going to be in Germany on business. Edna took Alexander out to tea

twice. His grandmother refrained from telephoning because she thought it might be disturbing. Privately she cried for the boy.

Eventually, when the interminable next term had begun, he had telephoned his grandmother at her Detroit home secretly from a telephone booth, calling collect, three hours before she had taken herself to bed to think.

“I hate this place. Can I come and live with you like before?” he had said. “Why don’t you call? Are you off me?”

“No, darling.”

“Then why?”

“Because I thought you were someone else’s business.”

“Whose? Edna’s been here. She’s OK. I think boarding school stinks.”

“What are you eating?”

“A Baby Ruth.”

“Oh, good.”

“But why can’t things be like they were?”

“Things never are.”

“Damn, I’ve finished the Baby Ruth,” the boy had said, kicking the telephone booth. “I suppose you’ll be like grown-ups and say this is costing you a lot.”

“The thing is, your father wants you with him, now that he’s married again.”

“But I’m *not* with him. I’m in this place. Anyway, Daddy’s always abroad. The only person I see here who I know even a bit is Edna. She took me out to tea, and the food was great, but I upset her by not liking the clockwork toy she gave me. I tried to explain that clockwork toys are for chil-

dren and she got cross and said she had a *rag doll* for when Father was away and I wasn't making the proper adjustment. She wants me to go to a psychiatrist."

"I don't know about therapy for children," said Mrs. Abbott. "We never had it in England when I was a girl."

"That's what Edna said Father expected you to say. He forbade me to write to you in vacation. He forbade me to telephone you any time at all."

"Then where are you?"

"I escaped from a botany trip. I'm in a phone booth."

"Why aren't you allowed to phone if *you* want to? I didn't want to break into things myself, as I said."

"Well, I've got your letters. Edna said that Father said he thought a telephone call would be disturbing. What's disturbing?"

"He meant getting in your way. He meant it might throw you off balance."

"What's therapy?"

"A sort of doctoring. Therapy is for people with a lot of past, and by the time people have a lot of past my own hope would be that, given more experience, they would know enough to sort things out for themselves. Though some clever people don't agree."

"I don't want to go back to that place. Could you ring Father? Edna said that she thought he'd be back by now for two days."

"I'll have a think about it."

The old lady nodded over her tea tray all night. At five o'clock the alarm went off. The sun was coming up, in its usual way. Mrs. Abbott got up with it, in her usual way. She dressed in sporting red, made the bed, and went downstairs to the atlas. At eight o'clock, when she had carried thought to a conclusion, she rang Edna.

"I'm still asleep. Who's that?" said Edna anxiously.

"Alexander's grandmother. I don't think he wants to go back to his school. He says he hasn't seen anyone he knows apart from you. It's been good of you to go."

Edna whispered, "Could I call you back? Grafton's still asleep and he might want to be on the extension when we're talking." (More loudly.) "Even the *birds* are hardly up."

Birds. Flight. To keep things in the air: that was the thing. Small Edna, intimidated, spending her time with a *rag doll*.

Edna rang back at nine o'clock and said loudly,

Penelope Gilliatt, critic, novelist, and storywriter, is the author of *Nobody's Business* and *Unholy Fools: Wits, Comics, Disturbers of the Peace*.

for the obvious benefit of a listening Grafton, "We think Alexander belongs with his father and step-mother, even if Grafton's away on . . . Alexander would get fond of me."

"I could fetch him from the new school. He said to me in a letter that it's like a swanky prison. I could look after him again willingly," said Mrs. Abbott.

"His brain would turn to mold if he went back to live with you. Forgive me. With an old lady, though," said Edna.

"But he was happy, and now he seems troubled."

"When?" said Edna.

"He rang me last night."

"Your imaginary trips up the Amazon. Though he *is* crazy about them."

"I have a plan for him. I promise you and his father that it will work. I've got it all thought out. Something more interesting and educational than joshing in school locker rooms."

Grafton finally spoke. "Hello, mother. You're not the right company for a young boy."

"It's as well that you declared yourself to be on the extension at last," said Mrs. Abbott to this man of affairs who was, she still couldn't forget, her loved child. "It would be different about Alexander if the boy ever saw you."

"Let it be, mother," said Grafton. "He needs other boys, and men schoolteachers. The constant companionship of a lady of seventy-three isn't appropriate for him now that he's growing up."

"Seventy-four."

"Mother, let it *be*, I said. Leave it to us. You're bigoted about therapy. You're being fuddy-duddy." Grafton cut off the call.

"Or concerned," said Edna. "After all, she has looked after the boy a long time."

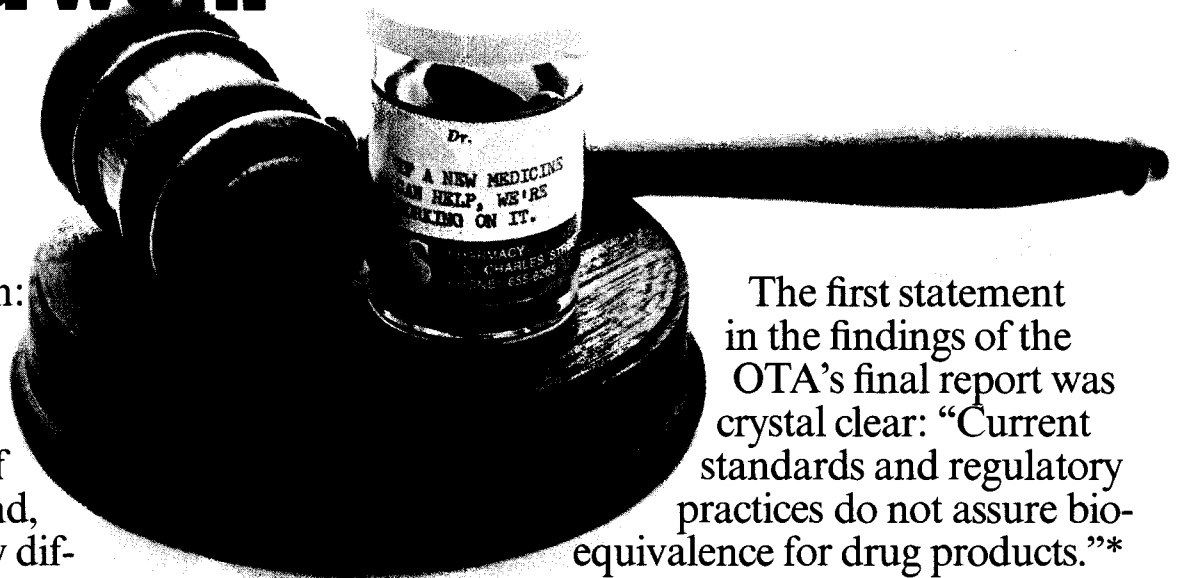
Edna kissed her husband goodbye. He was going to Japan. He always made it clear that it would be "a waste of your time to come with me. You'd be lonely." She started to look at an atlas in melancholy, and tried laughing at herself, though anyone else would have considered her one of the most fortunate and beautiful brides in America.

The child rang his grandmother again the next night for fortitude. He was running away and coming tomorrow, he said. He had his knapsack packed.

After her think, the old lady had withdrawn \$69,000 of savings from her bank. It was money her son didn't know of. She had been keeping it for hospital bills, old-age-home bills, or to leave to Alexander. At a Detroit travel office she had bought eighteen open-return tickets to Rome from Kennedy. "First class," she said. "Mrs. Abbott, initial E for Emma, and Mr. Abbott, initial A for Alexander."

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"One passport as you're a married couple, or are you on separate ones?" said the girl in the travel office.

"Mr. Abbott is ten."

"That's a half fare, then." (No humor, poor child, thought Mrs. Abbott.)

"And one and a half one-way first-class connections for Mr. Abbott and myself from Detroit to Kennedy."

Alexander arrived, sobbing, with a knapsack. Mrs. Abbott told him what they were going to do. "Fly to New York, then take an evening flight to Rome, which arrives at breakfast time in Rome, though it's the middle of the night for us."

"You're not serious," said Alexander. "Daddy would be furious if you took me abroad."

"It's only abroad in a manner of speaking. Just to keep us both amused while they think about things for you. I don't think they've had a jolt yet. Grafton often needed a jolt when he was a little boy."

"Granny, this would be more than a jolt."

"I've sorted out the timetable. We'd catch our breath and take the lunchtime flight from Rome back to New York."

"It would cost a lot of dough."

"The lunchtime flight arrives at early supertime in New York, except that if you hang on for a couple of hours you can have a terrific dinner on the plane when we do the turn-around to Rome again that evening. And so on, every day. Think of it! Rome!"

"We'd hardly have time to see it," said the boy excitedly.

"We never do anyway, on our most successful trips. We can read on the journey. We're going first-class. Nothing but the best."

The boy looked at a pile of travel books held by a book strap at the front door, beside other smaller things neatly stacked.

"Suppose Father tried to stop us," said the boy. "He went on and on about wanting to have me now that he's married again."

"Your father's away as usual. Japan. Then the Common Market countries. I thought of Japan, but the flight times don't fit. This works perfectly." She planted her slim hands down firmly, as if they were paperweights to save a rare manuscript from flying away in the wind.

"Suppose Edna tried to stop us, then?"

"She's got no technical right. But do you want to ask her about coming with me?"

"Not much."

"Don't be short with her, Alexander."

"She's all right, but she doesn't give herself time to think."

"Don't worry about Edna taking us away from

each other, if that's what you've decided upon. She's got no legal rights. I'm your next of kin after your father. And as far as poor over-traveled Grafton's concerned, what we'll do is leave him a nice letter on the door here to save a stamp and the giveaway of the postmark date. We'll just say something reassuring and permanent. 'Dearest Grafton, Alexander is quite safe. He and I have gone to Rome. Returning to Kennedy tomorrow.' That would always be true."

"You're not doing wrong," said Alexander. "School is boring. I learn more with you. Edna's kind. In fact, I feel sorry for her, never seeing Father. Though he's not very nice to her when he does see her: he sleeps, mostly, and talks on the telephone to Hong Kong."

"Perhaps it's jet-lag."

"Isn't that what we'll have? Jet-lag all the time?"

"We'll stay on New York time there and back. That's the great merit of daily flying. That, and the first-class service, and the fact that no one could say anything about nonconsultation when we'll be in touch with your father or Edna in your own country every single day. We wouldn't actually have to go through immigration in Rome, even. Not every time, if we were tired."

Alexander looked at her alarm clock, which was on the tea tray she had brought down to do the washing-up, and noticed the time at which it had been set.

"Could you have a nap?" he said. "I'll guard the door."

"We've got our plane to catch to New York. For between, I have a plan for us, involving a boat. I won't say more. . . . A short traveling surprise between flights; I can tell you that much. And I'm bringing some provisions. Chocolate for strength, biscuits, fruit, glucose tablets."

"They eat glucose and chocolate when they're going up Everest."

"We shall be flying very high ourselves. Did I tell you we weren't going economy? First class. Think of it! It's the only way. Not that I ever have before, you understand. This is an adventure. I wish it could be the Nile or Tibet but I thought your father might be angry or worried with our not being able to get back in a day."

"Why not Greece? I should have thought you'd want to go to Greece, its being a classical place. My new school gave up classics long ago. We can take Spanish, or the Spanish guitar if we're dumb." He paused, and said with bitter pride, "I take Spanish."

"I thought of Greece," said his grandmother. "In fact, I longed to show it to you as much as Rome, but the flights are very long. Rome is perfect. Did you know I spent my honeymoon there?"

"What happens when the money runs out, Granny?" said Alexander, looking at her carefully.

"We'll have to see. The right things flow from

the right decisions, and this is a right decision, wouldn't you say?" He still looked concerned, so she played a game of chess with him until they could leave by the taxi she aristocratically ordered. The driver took a long time to come, sensing in her a thrifty nature, but she tipped him handsomely.

"Isn't it fine," she said, putting her arms round Alexander's shoulders, "traveling so light? You in your jeans, with a change of underthings and shirts. Me in my traveling suit, which adapts to any climate."

"And your books," said Alexander. "And the provisions, and your spare clothes." Someone long ago had called her a frank packer.

They took the plane to New York, and then a taxi to a park with a lake that offered electrically driven bumper boats. The chaos of children steering so as to bump into someone else's rubber fenders as hard as possible was controlled by a woman in naval uniform with a megaphone. Mrs. Abbott climbed into a boat. Alexander steered. Their boat was number 15.

"Number 4, keep away from number 6. He's younger than you are," shouted the lady with the megaphone. "Number 36, this is your fifteenth trip! Come in this instant!" (Pause.) "Do as I say, number 36." (Pause.) "Number 24, you'll pay for behavior like that! I'm going to turn your electricity off." Number 24 suddenly floated silently in the middle of the water, becalmed. The little boy in it dived desperately into the lake in his jeans and T-shirt, swam for the shore, and ran.

"An adventurous spirit," said Mrs. Abbott admiringly. "Have you ever heard of Judy Holliday?"

"No," said Alexander. "I like the name."

"You'd have liked her. She was very funny. She was an actress. She would have acted that lady perfectly. Isn't the naval uniform dashing? Though I don't think she was quite fair to number 24."

"He was a good diver. Can you still dive?"

"If I'm on my mettle."

Alexander didn't know what mettle was, but guessed it in context. He bought his grandmother another trip with his own pocket money and let her steer. She did it with panache. The woman with the megaphone looked nonplussed and made no comment on her skillfully taken risks.

The old lady and her grandson went to Kennedy by taxi to check in. "Only hand baggage," said Mrs. Abbott.

"Duty-free goods can be collected on the flight," said the check-in girl.

"We shan't be needing anything as we're traveling first-class. We don't smoke."

"Mementos? Perfume? Accessories?"

"We'll be back shortly. As to accessories, I don't suppose they have anything by Molyneux here, do they? Molyneux seems to be a forgotten name," said Mrs. Abbott.

"He's something to do with show business, isn't he?"

"No. He made my wedding dress, but it was long ago. Never mind. Other people recall him. Memories for old details are probably limited to people with time, and you must be very busy. Do we need to book our return flights from Rome for tomorrow?"

The girl raised her eyebrows but punched a computer. "A return trip straight away would be very tiring."

"My grandson needs to be back. But you say it's not difficult to get on any flights we want."

The airline official looked at her, having seen the wodge of tickets in her bag. "Are you planning to take many flights? You realize you'll be subject to search of the person as well as of hand baggage?"

"Very wise. Is there somewhere we could rest until the flight is called? I saw you looking at my other tickets. You have to realize that I come from England and that the English have always been great travelers. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Hester Stanhope, Byron, Lawrence of Arabia, to speak of only four. Of course, they had to do it largely by camel and mule. But a 747 can be made to seem quite spirited if one tries. Unfortunately our schedule doesn't allow for camels."

"You asked for somewhere you could rest. You could go to our first-class lounge. Would you like a vehicle? A wheelchair?"

"We've just been on a bumper boat and we're used to getting about ourselves. But thank you."

In the first-class lounge she had a lime juice and Alexander had a Coca-Cola. Then she had a cup of black coffee. "I don't want to miss the fun. Though we must get our sleep. We arrive in Rome at two in the morning by our watches. I think we should stay permanently on American time for your father's sake. It makes a link. I wonder if he does the same for Edna's sake in Japan? Rome will be buzzing and we don't want to be drowsy for that."

On the airplane they had champagne and then caviar, smoked salmon and foie gras. Alexander liked the foie gras, especially the bread and butter.

"Don't fill yourself up. There'll be more to come," said Mrs. Abbott.

There was a choice of chicken à la Kiev or roast beef. Mrs. Abbott told Alexander about the cathedrals of Kiev. Later on they watched a film so bad that they took their headphones off. Alexander produced a bottle of aspirin.

"I smuggled these through the search area," he said. "I swiped them at school for you because I know you don't sleep very well. I've got your chocolate. I prefer chocolate as a way of going to sleep. Counting sheep never works, but rationing the squares of chocolate does."

Mrs. Abbott put on a pair of dark glasses to

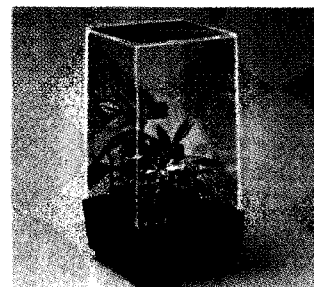


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rest. Her grandson was quietly impressed by her debonair ease as a traveler.

"Are you asleep?" she whispered, after a time.

"No."

"Do you want a comic? I bought a supply."

Alexander read himself nearly to sleep and then said, "Tell me about learning Latin."

"I'm wondering what would interest you. Not the ablative absolute, not *ut* with the subjunctive. There are some jokes in Latin, but they're not exactly funny jokes. For instance, *lucus a non lucendo*. That means 'the sacred grove ('is so named' is understood: that's ellipsis) from its not shining.'"

"I expect it's a pun. That would be why it doesn't make us laugh," said Alexander sympathetically.

"Yes. *Lucus* means sacred grove. There's a lot about *lucus* in Virgil and Cicero. It also means light, which is the pun about it and the paradox. There isn't much to the remark nowadays on account of the sacred grove being out of date," said Mrs. Abbott.

"And Latin," said Alexander.

Mrs. Abbott lifted her dark glasses up onto her white hair.

"You look like a woman pilot in the old days. The aspirin haven't worked, have they? You must get some sleep," Alexander said.

"I was thinking about people saying 'No.' It might interest you to know that there's no formal word in Latin for 'No.' Or 'Yes,' for that matter. You just construct the question with *num* or *nonne* in the right place, expecting the answer 'Yes' or 'No.' The difficulty is the answer, but there are ways to do it. In fact, I think 'Yes' and 'No' come too easily in English." She pulled her glasses over her eyes again. "For instance, if I'd been able to construct my questions about our trips to your father expecting the answer 'Yes'—if I'd been able to speak to him in any civilized circumstances instead of on an extension, that is—then I think we'd have been able to spend weeks in Rome together seeing all sorts of things. As it is, we'll imagine them."

"Will you be sued for libel?"

"Libel is about something written."

"But you're still taking a risk."

"No. We're taking a trip. We're taking a step. Nothing legally wrong or morally unkind. Do you know what I mean? You listen very well. You must be a joy to teach."

"But there's danger somewhere, I can tell. To you. At my age, I should be looking after you when Daddy's away."

"Your grandfather, who knew you quite well though you can't remember him, is a great source of strength. We're having a spree. One should be allowed sprees. People will tell us we're eccentric, but everyone's eccentric when you get to know them, thank goodness."

"Another aspirin wouldn't hurt you." Alexander read the label on the bottle. "It says two or three for an adult dose, and you're much more than an adult."

They slept.

In Rome they decided to stay in the transit area without going through immigration. "Immigration's a waste of time," said Mrs. Abbott. "This way we can have a nap before catching the plane back, and read my books about Rome." She bought a few more travel books with pictures at a bookshop and said, "I don't understand Italian apart from musical terms and lines from arias, but one can generally puzzle it out with the aid of French and Latin."

"Don't they speak Latin even in small parts of Rome any longer? What a disappointment for you."

"I managed at the newsagent's. The young lady was very nice."

"Tell me about your honeymoon here."

"I brought some photographs with me. This is the Colosseum. Your grandfather took the pictures. I had to stand absolutely still because the exposure was very slow."

"You were pretty then, too," Alexander said. He studied her now, lost in the way she laid her hands flat and hushed her voice when she was finding something exciting. "I hadn't realized you were pretty even when Grandfather knew you."

"You're the first man who's said that to me for a long time." She paused, shy. "About Rome: let's see. It's built on seven hills. There's no need for you to remember the names."

"What are they, though?"

"Palatine, Quirinal, Capitoline, Viminal, Esquiline, Caelian, and I forget the other. Oh, Aventine."

"I expect you forgot because its name is more boring than the others."

"Romulus traced the outline of Rome in 753 B.C. Romulus and Remus were twins and they were thrown into a river called the Tiber and abandoned."

Alexander decided against saying "like me," but his grandmother could read his mind.

"Their future good fortune was quite like yours, because the Tiber dried up and they were looked after by a she-wolf, and the twin who founded Rome turned into a god." She hugged the child, who so abandoned dignity that he curled up on the plastic airport sofa and went to sleep in her arms. She looked out the window and thought of her husband, of her son, of Rome. When the child woke up she said, "You've only had three hours' sleep but we can rest as we're flying back."

In the plane, Alexander said, "Did you sleep at all?"

IBM Reports

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In the future, as in the past, the lower the cost of computing, the more significant the computer's contributions to society can be.

IBM

"Now and again. I will in a minute."

"Try now."

"The trouble is, I'm hungry."

More champagne, caviar, foie gras and smoked salmon. "Could we both have bacon and eggs?" said Mrs. Abbott. "It's breakfast time for us."

The airline steward, after some hubbub in the galley, offered two hamburgers. "We carry these in case of smaller children," he said cautiously, not wishing to offend Alexander. "We can't manage bacon and eggs. Beverage? Bloody Mary, perhaps? A virgin Mary for the young gentleman?"

"What's a virgin Mary?" said Alexander.

"In this case," said Mrs. Abbott, "it's tomato juice and Worcestershire sauce. You haven't any tea?"

"We could make you some, I suppose. There'll be espresso coffee later," said the steward.

"It would keep my grandmother awake," said Alexander, craning across Mrs. Abbott to look at things. "Look, there's an island bang in the middle of that river. What a place to live!"

"The Tiber."

In New York they did a quick turn-around, pausing only long enough for Mrs. Abbott to send a telegram to her son saying "Alexander very well love Mother," and caught the flight back to Rome. They were again offered magnificent wine, beluga caviar, and foie gras.

"We're hungry for it this time," said Alexander.

The stewardess looked at Mrs. Abbott and asked if they had been flying recently.

"Yes. This morning we came from Rome and they kindly offered us these things at breakfast-time when we wanted bacon and eggs. I think we'll splurge again on headphones."

The stewardess called the steward, who knelt beside Mrs. Abbott and said, "Don't forget you can order anything you like in first class provided you order it in advance. If we'd known you wanted bacon and eggs. . . . Our film is *Mame*."

"Oh, we've seen it. What a pity. About the food; champagne and Coca-Cola and caviar now is splendid. It was earlier in the day we wanted eggs and bacon."

They both slept well through the film, and woke with enough appetite to tackle the breakfast croissants.

"I haven't told you about how your grandfather and I came to Italy," said Mrs. Abbott. "We traveled by what was called 'hard.' Fourth class. Wooden seats. On the Simplon-Orient Express. We couldn't get over the excitement of it. At every frontier the wagon-restaurant that the well-off used would be unhitched, and luggage would be inspected, which took time. And then, at five one morning, we were over the Italian border, and people on the platform were shouting '*Cappuccino*,' and we drank strong sweet milky coffee."

"What's Rome like?"

"The sky's a beautiful strong blue. There's a lot of golden stone that looks as if the last of the sun has soaked the place, like a street left by strolling people at dusk. And a great deal of marble, and old walls, and high columns. Three of the columns belong to a temple to Castor and Pollux that was built 2500 years ago. Now we'll do some school work. I bought a book about mathematics so you can teach me about sets. When I was at university we did maths by a different system."

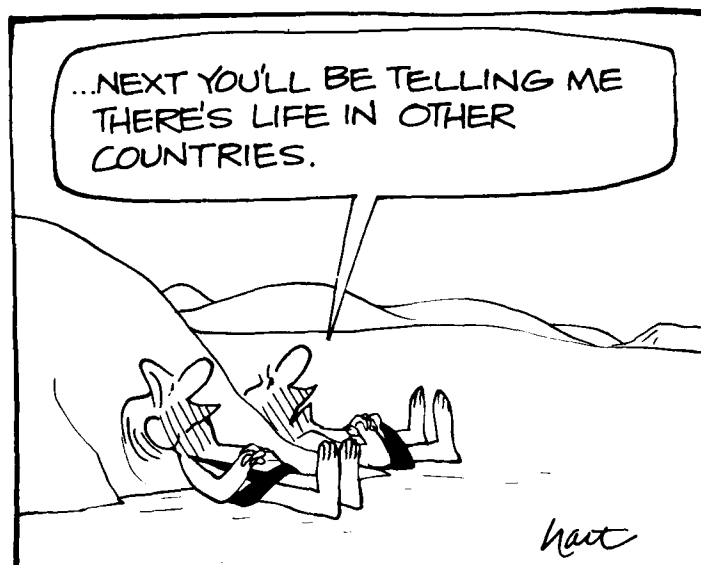
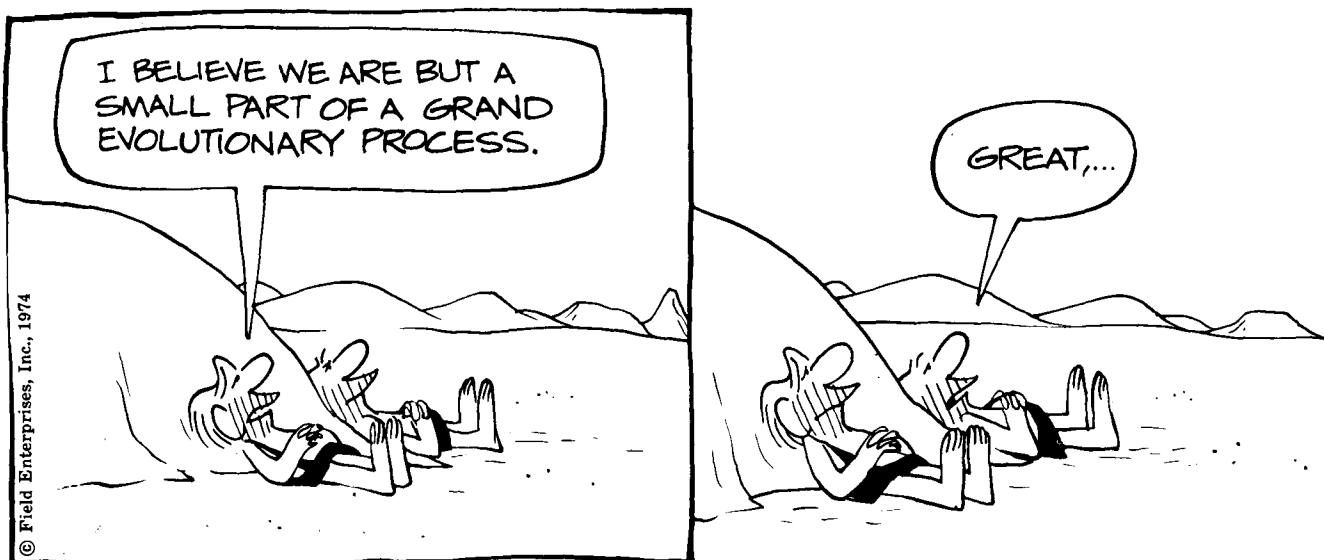
Alexander groaned, and went to sleep. When he woke up they were over Rome and his grandmother was looking down at the Circus Maximus. "It held 25,000 people. Think of Domitian standing on the highest towers of his palace and looking at all the people he commanded. He wasn't a good ruler. And look at the aqueducts, see? Where it's green. That's the Roman Campagna. And do you see the triumphal arch? The Brecht theatre company in East Berlin has a beautiful plaster model of a Roman triumphal arch for *Coriolanus*. It swivels round on a revolve, and there's a stockade on the other side for the battle between Coriolanus and Aufidius. I saw the revolve. The company travels with it. *Coriolanus* is by Shakespeare."

"Was that a real journey to Berlin?" said Alexander.

"Yes. Your grandfather liked the company very much. Do you know something? There's a temple down there that has the most ancient inscription in Rome. It was found in 1899. It's what they call a boustrophedon. One reads it first from left to right and then the next line from right to left. You used to make up notes that way when you could first write, as a trick for me to puzzle out. I was very impressed, though for some reason your father thought it was a sign you were unhinged when I showed him one. Remember 'boustrophedon.' Though it doesn't really matter what things are called. It's having the new ideas that counts."

That day they washed some drip-dry things in the Rome airport restroom and went through immigration to hang them up in two lockers to be worn next day. They took thirty-seven round trips altogether. Just as Mrs. Abbott was wondering where life could run to next, Edna and Grafton and an attorney were found standing inside immigration in New York. Airline officials who had started by happily accepting the huge scale of ticket-buying had to begin to investigate in order to look responsible, and leaked the story so that there would be publicity for the airline. News-men and photographers jostled behind Grafton and Edna as Alexander and Mrs. Abbott hugged the family.

"We tracked you down through the telegrams," said Grafton.



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"You didn't even use false names, which was foolish of you," said the attorney.

"How long have you been back? You speak as if I didn't want you to find us," said Mrs. Abbott to Grafton.

"A week."

"Poor Edna," said Mrs. Abbott. "With you away, if she was worried."

"I started a lawsuit against you in Luxembourg but I'll drop it now that you've brought Alexander back."

"I never took him away. We were in New York every day."

"What were you doing?" said an aged newsman.

"My grandmother likes traveling and so do I," said Alexander.

"What made you come back every day? Very tiring for an old heart," said a ruder cub reporter.

(Alexander had been asked that once, too, on their first rapid return. His wits about him, as usual, he had said: "We forgot to lock a screen door back home and had to take care of it.")

Edna tried to hug Alexander and take him away. Alexander kicked and screamed. "I want to stay with Granny. I want to be an airline pilot."

"We'll meet next weekend?" said Mrs. Abbott to Grafton, Edna and Alexander.

"I'll be in Brussels," said Grafton.

"You'll be hearing from us," said the attorney quietly to Mrs. Abbott as the group led the hysterical boy away. Suddenly he skipped loose to run back to his grandmother. He gave her his locker key for Rome, where his clothes were drying, and the remains of his pocket money. And half a bar of chocolate; "instead of foie gras," he said.

"I'll write to you from Rome at once," said his grandmother. "And then I'll take a breathing space, and then I'll be back."

She had enough money left for an economy flight back to Rome, and a quiet hotel life there for a short time. Her son grew in admiration of her. Her address was the Hotel Inghilterra. Grafton remembered it was where she had spent her honeymoon. "What I don't understand is the money you spent," he said in a letter to her just as the cash was starting to run out, and her life with it, as old lives do. "You usually economized so much."

"Ah," thought Mrs. Abbott, "but it was worth the try. He'll see the point later."

Those of the hotel staff who had been there for fifty years remembered her as having been courtly even as a girl. They were pleased at her deftness at learning Italian at her age. However, as she had said to Alexander, it wasn't knowing the names of things that counted, it was having the ideas. In her last days, while she was standing in the Forum and wishing Alexander were there, she was planning to get a visa for China. □

NOVEMBER

1

This creature kneeling
dusted with snow, its teeth
grinding together, sound of old stones
at the bottom of a river

You lugged it to the barn
I held the lantern,
we leaned over it
as if it were being born.

2

The sheep hangs upside down from the rope,
a long fruit covered with wool and rotting.
It waits for the dead wagon
to harvest it.

Mournful November
this is the image
you invent for me,
the dead sheep came out of your head, a legacy:

Kill what you can't save
what you can't eat throw out
what you can't throw out bury

What you can't bury give away
what you can't give away you must carry with you,
it is always heavier than you thought.

by Margaret Atwood

LIFE & LETTERS

PARODY'S END

by Page Stegner

LOOK AT THE HARLEQUINS!
by Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, \$7.95

I know better, but I am looking here for a label; something that will reasonably describe the "autobiography" on my desk, Vladimir Nabokov's *Look At The Harlequins!* But like an old dog who has lost his sense of smell, I keep circling the block, trying to find that lamppost, hydrant, pyracantha bush that will tell me I'm on comfortable ground and that no mastiff is waiting around the corner to chew me to a frazzle.

Like all of Nabokov's novels . . . but there is the problem. Is it a novel? Certainly it is a prose narrative with a plot and characters, but it is not *strictly* speaking a fiction. An autobiography then? Definitely not. Vadim Vadimych, the narrative "I," is not Nabokov—except now and then, when he blends into his creator and they appear to become the same ("in rapid Russian speech longish name-and-patronymic combinations undergo familiar slurrings . . . and the hardly utterable, tape-worm-long 'Vladimir Vladimirovich' becomes colloquially similar to 'Vadim Vadimych'"). Of course Vadim is an exiled Russian poet, novelist, and scholar, with a Cambridge education and a geographic distribution that extends from Russia to Western Europe to America and back to Western Europe. Vadim *does*, for a period of some years, teach European Masterpieces at an eastern

university (until his novel *A Kingdom by the Sea*, atoning "for a fraction of the loss of my Russian fortune," earns him enough to enable him to retire). And he is the author of a dozen works, half of them written in Russian, half in English, with titles like *Pawn Takes Queen*, *Cam-era Lucida*, *The Dare*, *See under Real*, *Dr. Olga Repnin*, *Ardis*.

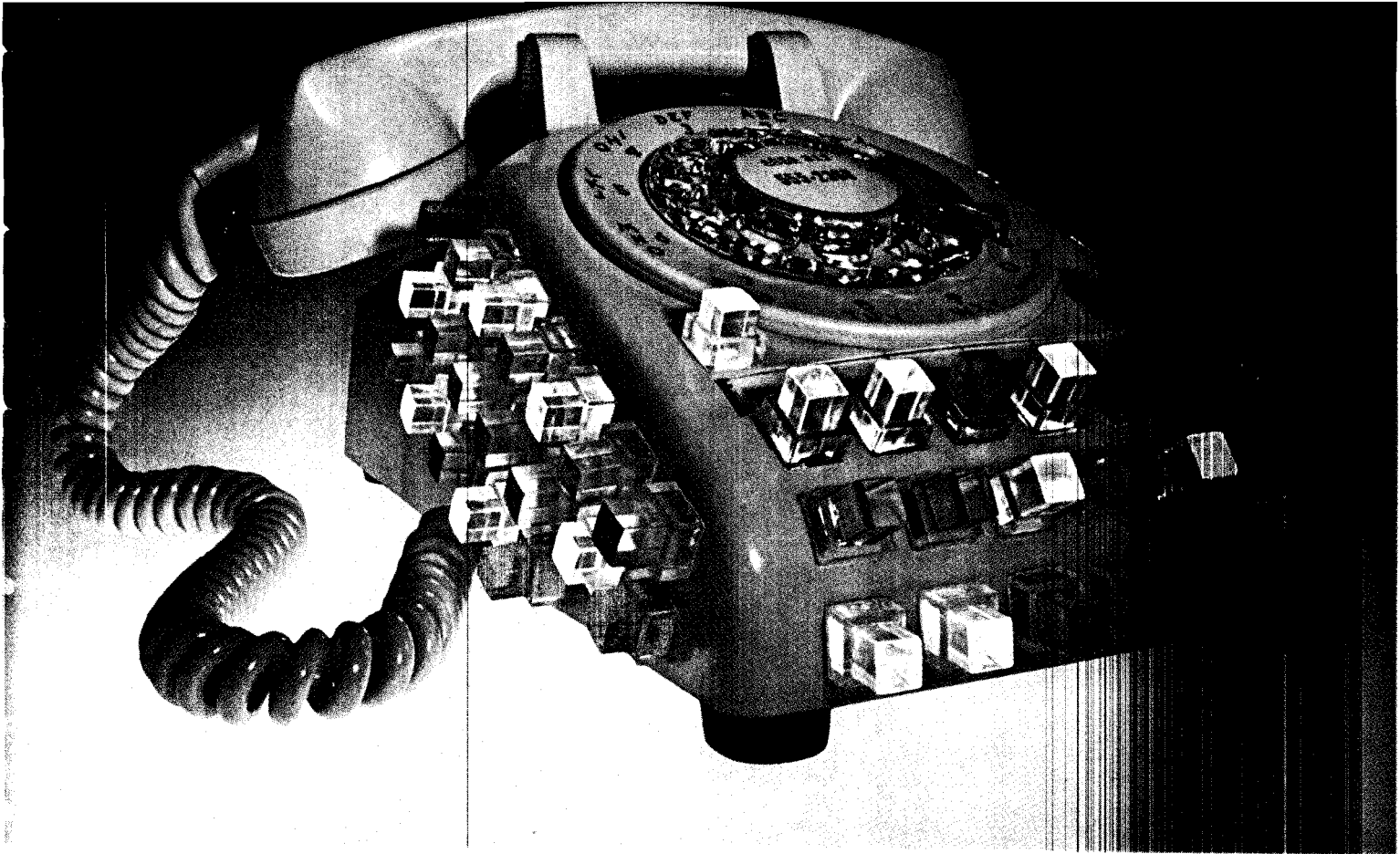
Unlike Nabokov, however, Vadim is the progeny of a father who "was a gambler and a rake"; he enjoys a succession of wives, a daughter named Isabel, and a mistress named Dolly; and he suffers from periodic bouts of madness ("sudden delusions, sudden reshufflings—kaleidoscopic, stained-glass reshufflings!—of fragmented space") that land him, on at least two occasions, in a hospital ward. He knows nothing about butterflies, "and indeed [does] not care for the fluffier night-flying ones," and he cannot play tennis.

If neither autobiography nor novel will quite do, perhaps we should simply call the book an autoparody, or an autogenesis, or better yet an autogamy (in the botanical sense), for whatever else we may say about it, one thing is perfectly clear—Nabokov uses Nabokov to invent . . . Nabokov? Or Nebesnyy? Nabedrin? Nablidze? Naborcroft? Somebody. Clearly we are witnessing the art of self-pollinization.

"I met the first of my three or four successive wives," Vadim Vadimych tells us at the outset of his memoir, "in somewhat odd cir-

cumstances, the development of which resembled a clumsy conspiracy, with nonsensical details and a main plotter who not only knew nothing of its real object but insisted on making inept moves that seemed to preclude the slightest possibility of success." In making these mistakes, the plotter weaves a web "in which a set of reciprocal blunders on my part caused me to get involved and fulfill the destiny that was the only aim of the plot." We have, then, in Vadim's opening remark, the kind of circuitous statement that Nabokov is so fond of—a statement that blurs and blends creator and created, art and "reality," accident and design—and we are perhaps reminded of an earlier novel, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, in which the "biographer," known only as V, merges in the end with his subject, *becomes* his subject, and concludes, "I am Sebastian, or Sebastian is I, or perhaps we both are someone whom neither of us knows."

From this oblique opening we follow Vadim through his early years as an émigré writer in France, his middle years as a famous novelist in America, and (briefly) his return at age seventy-one or seventy-two to Europe, where he concludes his last work, *Ardis*. We meet, in succession, his wives (Iris, Annette, Louise, and "you"). We listen to much discussion of his literary opinions and habits. We hear a good deal about the "dementia" that afflicts him during his entire life and is one of the



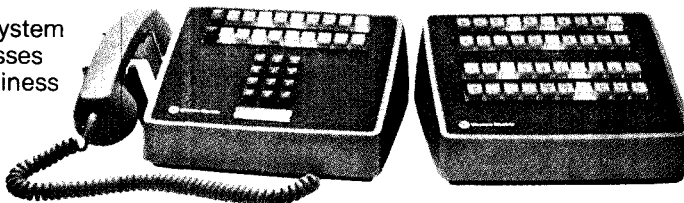
Today, just adding a few buttons won't meet the telephone needs of small business.

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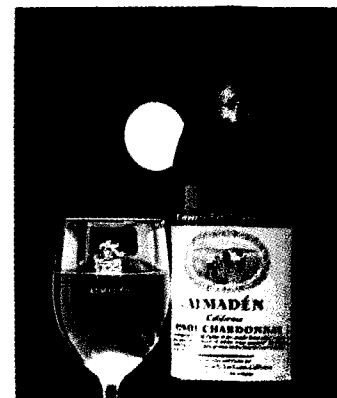
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more and more as they grow up.
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Seeking a world where darkness comes only at night, and the days blaze out with a fullness of light and color.

RP Foundation

Children have so much to see.

And they should all have a chance to see it.

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central "characters" in his story.

In the process, it seems to me that something of the same metamorphosis that takes place in *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* is occurring in *Look At The Harlequins!*, though they are entirely different books in both tone and intent. Vadim constantly reminds us of previous Nabokov characters: he deliberately invites comparison, in fact, by such behavior as his affair with the "brash little brat" Dolly von Borg (a reincarnate Dolly "Lolita" Haze), in whose company at a mysterious flat he signs his name "Dumbert Dumbert" from "Dumberton," and by other characteristics, such as his sharing with Pnin an inability to cope adequately with the operation of an automobile. "Learning to drive that 'Caracal,'" remarks Vadim, "had its comic as well as dramatic side, but after two flunks and a few little repairs, I found myself legally and physically fit at last to spin off West on a protracted tour." (cf. Humbert Humbert's western tour in *Lolita*. Or Nabokov's western tour in *Speak, Memory*.)

The book is filled with names, plays on names, puns, and allusions to people that we have encountered in earlier works (Ada, McNab, Mr. N, a Russian nobleman, Mr. V.S., Hamlet Godman, Molnar, Nina Lecerf, Lolita Lodge, the mad scholar in *Esmeralda and Her Parandrus*, the loquacious lady in *Dr. Olga Repnin*, the enchanting poet Audace), all of whom simply confuse the issue of an "identity" for Vadim that is distinct from Nabokov's. "Look at the harlequins!" Vadim's grand-aunt tells him, in a passage worth noting. "What harlequins? Where?" he asks. "Oh, everywhere. All around you. Trees are harlequins, words are harlequins. So are situations and sums. Put two things together—jokes, images—and you get a triple harlequin. Come on! Play! Invent the world! Invent reality!"

By the end of the book, however, the reality Vadim invents seems to have shifted ground. The tone of voice with which he has grumbled his way through 225 pages, full of caustic asides and comic blasts at everything he finds common or trite or C average ("Sir! I need a passing mark desperately. *Ulysses* was writ-

ten in Zurich and Greece and therefore consists of too many foreign words. One of the characters in Tolstoy's *Death of Ivan* is the notorious actress Sarah Bernard. Stern's style is very sentimental and illiterate.")—this tone of voice seems to change, become less arrogant, and in its way, less invented. Vadim, the created creator, seems to have merged with Nabokov (or remerged). Through the combined effects of a "final seizure" and the gentle intelligence of a new wife (number four—addressed only as "you") the two become one—or else someone whom neither of them knows.

The "you" in these last pages is not, I think, wholly rhetorical. Nabokov has used it before, most notably in *Speak, Memory*, a real autobiography, and used it to address his real and only wife, Véra. The contrast between "you" and Vadim's previous wives, none of whom are particularly bright or appealing, is too marked to be ignored, and I no longer believe that the voice I am listening to at the end is an invented voice.

The "madness" that Vadim suffers is a form of spatial and temporal disorientation. He cannot deal with "the abstraction of direction in space." He is incapable, as he has informed each of his prospective wives on the eve of proposal, of imaginatively reversing himself and retracing his steps, as, say, during "a stroll from point H (Home, Hotel) to point P (Parapet, Pinewood)." Although he has no difficulty with the sequence of events from H to P, when he reaches P he stops, "and is puzzled and upset (quite unreasonably as we shall see) by being unable to execute mentally the about-face that would turn direction HP into direction PH." In other words, he cannot reverse time. He explains this to "you" during convalescence after his final seizure, and is told that the mistake the "narrator" of that stroll makes is in confusing "direction and duration. He speaks of space but he means time. . . . By the time he reaches P he has accumulated duration, he is saddled with it! Why then is it so extraordinary that he cannot imagine himself turning on his heel? Nobody can imagine in physical terms the act of reversing the order of time." And

(Advertisement)

November Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



You may remember the December, 1972, issue of the *Atlantic*, which had a special portfolio of reproductions in full color of paintings from the National Gallery. This unprecedented extravagance was prompted partly by the Holiday Season, but mostly by the rare combination of discernment and infectious exuberance of John Walker's article "The Inside Story of the Mellon Art Collection." Mr. Walker has now finished his memoirs, felicitously titled **SELF-PORTRAIT WITH DONORS**.

John Walker was Bernard Berenson's favorite pupil, and became Curator, then Director of the National Gallery in Washington. Mr. Walker was largely responsible for the astonishing quality of the pictures that you can now see in their handsome building on the Washington Mall. And here he tells of the people whom he convinced should not only buy paintings, but should also help enhance the National Gallery: Andrew Mellon, the founder; Samuel and Rush Kress, the most unwary collectors; Charles and Jane Wrightsman, whose tastes complemented each other; Paul Mellon and Ailsa Mellon Bruce, who carried on their father's tradition; Armand Hammer, who collected as a business; and finally the fabulous Gulbenkian, the collector who got away.

John Walker's *Self-Portrait With Donors* is as readable, informative and entertaining as his article two years ago promised, and as good a Christmas present to anyone interested in art as we have seen.

SELF-PORTRAIT WITH DONORS
Confessions of an Art Collector

by John Walker

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LITTLE, BROWN

the narrator replies, "That's all very well. . . . And I'm grateful, I'm touched, I'm cured! Your explanation, however, is merely an exquisite quibble. . . ." Quibble or not, it is the only resolution we are offered.

Nabokov once remarked that as a boy he discovered that Hegel's triadic series was simply an expression of the spirality of all things in their relation to time. When the spiral unwinds, things warp into new dimensions—space into time, time into thought, thought into a new spatial dimension. This "spiral unwinding of things" is a basic structural design of much of Nabokov's fiction, just as the "texture of time" is a philosophical preoccupation that surfaces in almost all of the longer works. It is a central theme in *Look At The Harlequins!* and strikes me as a kind of final statement on the subject. The route from H to P having been traveled, the harlequins are now reviewed, the route retraced through the imagination, transformed, altered, "invented," but, as has been said, physical time

cannot be reversed. ". . . the notion of trying to twirl time is a *trouvaille*," Nabokov writes, "it resembles (kissing the hand resting on my sleeve) the neat formula a physicist finds to keep people happy until (yawning, crawling back into bed) until the next chap snatches the chalk."

There is a rather chilling suggestion in those concluding lines "(mumbling comfortably, dropping off, mumble dying away)." They seem to say, if I am not over-reading, that Nabokov has spent a lifetime creating a body of works, founded in considerable part on the parodying of traditional forms and subjects, and that now, in this last book, he is taking the world that he himself created and is parodying it. It is the kind of book that only a man whose *oeuvre* is behind him could write (it is also the kind of book that only Nabokov could write), and as such it strikes me as a deliberate summation of all he has done. It is my profound hope, in this context, that summation is not synonymous with conclusion.

Sexual Athlete, or the Achiever. There is also a villainess in Dr. Kaye's scheme of things, or several of them, such as the "covert female chauvinist" who is characterized by her "obscene passivity." Essentially, *Male Survival* amounts to the kind of pep talk a certain sort of father gives his son:

The Sexual Athlete should take a seventh-inning stretch and consider the welfare of his penis. While an increase in the recreational aspects of sexuality is strongly recommended, the relational components should not be negated. "The Sex Life of a Penis" is not to be construed as an invitation to a never-ending and indiscriminate orgy, although no one prefers being the last to arrive at these soirees. In their proper proportion and place, relational considerations enhance sexual satisfaction. A sexual experience should be appreciated, like a fine wine or a good cigar . . .

Is it possible that Dr. Kaye, a "practicing psychiatrist and psychoanalyst," thought this book might help someone? Nice to think so, but the thing itself lacks what is called redeeming social value.

Can you expect anything better from a book called *THE MALE DILEMMA: HOW TO SURVIVE THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION* (Aronson, \$12.50)? Well, it wouldn't seem so, but in fact this study by Anne Steinmann and David J. Fox cuts considerably deeper than the work of Dr. Kaye, though it starts from a similar premise about the beleagueredness of the American male.

It began as an extensive piece of sociological surveying on concepts of sexual identity—"thousands" of respondents of several years. The authors include examples of their questionnaires. These don't fully win my confidence; at least, many of the statements with which one is to agree or disagree seem to demand an essay, not an answer on a scale of 1 to 5. "I am not sure that what a man gains from marriage makes up for sacrifices." (Which marriage do you have in mind?) "I would rather be famous, admired and popular throughout the nation than have the constant affection of just one woman." (Tell me about that woman.) The results, in any case, were not startling. Men felt that they ought to be more "strong

MY SON, THE FEMINIST

by Richard Todd

This piece is mostly about bad books, and the reader may ask—since no one has time to read presumably good books—why bother? A fair question. My view is that bad books count, partly because they are bought and read, and because their authors inhabit the talk shows, and because they one way or another affect our lives: they moisten the bog of received ideas through which we slog each day. And because it is now and then possible to learn something from bad books. And because bad books are often about good subjects. There is an exemplary subject in the air right now: the lot of American men.

The Masculine Mystique

Why not begin with the most abysmal? Dr. Harvey E. Kaye's *MALE SURVIVAL: MASCULINITY WITHOUT MYTH* (Grosset & Dunlap, \$8.95) announces its ambience on

the contents page, where such titles as "The Sex Life of a Penis," and "From Adam's Rib to Women's Lib," stand opposite a paragraph of acknowledgments, including thanks to an assistant "for her delicate and restraining editorial touch." It's hard to give fullest attention to the theme of this book. The mind wanders to the editorial offices of the publisher and asks why it happened. The answer, of course, is that Dr. Kaye had hooked a live anxiety, men's doubt over their role. Dr. Kaye's essential message is that men have been suffering. The villain is social mythology, "the masculine mystique"—that set of ideas about man's powers, sexual and otherwise, that lead men to ask too much of themselves. This proposition has some plausibility, though as presented it turns out to be crude flattery of the sensibility it means to alter: the reader is told he's been seeing himself as Superman, or the

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*Essence of a statute passed in 1660
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and aggressive," but that women didn't want them to be. Women felt that men ought to be more strong and aggressive. This makes a certain rough sense; it's what mothers have been telling their sons forever. But one is left with the problem of what those terms actually mean. This book is in part a victim of its packaging.

The authors' advice on "how to survive the sexual revolution" is essentially to avoid it, which may not be bad advice, but is less than universally applicable. They are concerned with the "sexual revolution" only as it affects the lives of stable nuclear families; they presume conventional domestic life. When all the inflated sociology, and the trendiness, is cut away, there is some decency left. The authors are at their best in making a case for the continuation of family life in socially altered conditions.

Hard to say who constitutes this book's natural audience; at heart it's a textbook dressed up in unfortunate commercial clothes. But within its narrow range it speaks with some common sense and dignity.

On To Androgyny

Bad-book *aficionados* may feel a certain tremulousness—the sense of having discovered a classic—on reading Marc Feigen Fasteau's *THE MALE MACHINE* (McGraw-Hill, \$8.95) which, though full of half-truths, is (not paradoxically) in many ways the best of the books on men so far to appear. For one thing Fasteau is writing out of his experience, as an upwardly mobile young professional and as a man who has been influenced by the women's movement, and he has provided not a buck-up talk, but an indictment of American manly ways. He has in mind an important theme: the ways in which masculine style works against emotional awareness and expression.

Marc Feigen Fasteau is the husband of Brenda Feigen Fasteau, a feminist. Fasteau has adopted his wife's maiden name as his middle name, as an egalitarian gesture. This was explained recently on the society page of the *New York Times*, in an article with a photograph of the couple announcing the opening of their law partnership,

Fasteau and Feigen (the order of the names chosen, as the article explained, alphabetically). There is something uneasy in the way "Marc" and "Brenda" appear in the book. Of Brenda, we learn that she is "the most important person in my life, . . . who cared enough, and had the perception and courage not to let me get away with the standard masculine avoidances." This testimony serves as Brenda's identity, and she appears now and then in the book as a full-blown figure, except that we know nothing about her. Fasteau is better on his own inward life. He explains the origins of the book in his relationship with his wife and his discovery of the importance of affective experience.

I had to learn to use my feelings in addition to my intellect as instruments for registering and understanding how she felt and what she needed. . . .

The less touchy I became about being tough in the traditional sense, the better able I became to put aside her surface anger and respond to the plea for help underneath. . . .

. . . the difficulties I had experienced in these situations were in large part the result of having internalized a particular set of values—I was judging my behavior against an ideal of invulnerability that was shared in rough outline by other men but not, for some reason, by women . . . in the process of trying to "protect myself" against these "unmasculine" feelings, I was somehow cutting myself off from all but a narrow range of human contact.

Although this statement is believable and admirable, it is also the source of an underlying confusion in the book. What Fasteau is describing might be called, without unfairness, *Growing Up*. Seeing these life-lessons in terms of masculinity doesn't necessarily lead toward clarity—but it does lead unerringly toward simplicity.

The masculine ideal as described and debunked in the book is a monolithic and (quite a familiar) intellectual object. Aggressiveness, toughness, the need to dominate, rationality at the expense of the full self, are the central characteristics of Fasteau's representative man. Fasteau, to repeat, has been much in-

fluenced by the women's movement, and many of the ideas in this book are simply restatements of feminist observations. Even as you accede to the truth they contain, you wonder how Fasteau can invest such newness in them. We meet the MCP in his various forms—warrior, sexual bumbler, office autocrat, sports freak—yet again. Fasteau also participates in the one hard-to-forgive feminist vulgarity: the willful confusion between gender and class (in its worst feminist form, "woman-as-nigger"). Speaking of American men as a group of oppressors (who share a certain self-debilitating code) leads Fasteau to ignore the way in which men up and down the social structure use their countless varieties of masculine style as a weapon against one another. And, though Fasteau now and then makes such distinctions as blue-collar and professional, he seems to have little sense of what a blue-collar man might feel about his masculine role. He describes himself attempting to enlighten a cabby on the subject of the working wife, an encounter that one suspects was even less successful than Fasteau realizes:

A New York taxi driver who thought it was all right for women to work in financial emergencies but not otherwise told me he wanted his wife at home because nobody else could cook as well. When I hypothesized a housekeeper with comparable cooking skills, he said that, in any event, he wanted to be able to get her on the phone at any time. When I hypothesized an office job where she would be reachable . . .

Fasteau is relentlessly literal-minded. He reports some impressive horror stories about corporate life, for instance, but fails to recognize that for much of corporate America the language of toughness and aggression is just a wistful reference to an imagined past, or to areas of experience that are thought to be more manly than marketing or public relations. But it is in the nature of this book to disallow complexity.

There is little recognition here that the lamentable abstractions Fasteau identifies as maleness have another side: that "toughness," for example, is a lesser form of courage; that even "self-control" can be a virtue; and that if these qualities

have been falsely abrogated to men, they are not in themselves without value. Nor would the terms of Fasteau's argument allow him to examine the history of "gentlemanliness," civilization's long effort to refine virility without eradicating it. Concomitant with his devaluation of conventional manhood is a sentimentalization of womanhood, felt, in his oddly antique argument, to be the repository of special gifts of emotional sensitivity. He brings nothing but a bland liberal inattention to the possibility that women have a capacity of their own for perversity.

The logical end of Fasteau's argument is that American men ought to become more like American women, and this is a solution from which he doesn't shrink in a concluding chapter urging "androgyny." As Fasteau gazes into the future, he crosses over into fatuity: "Physically, of course, men and women will still be different and the sexual appeal of this difference will undoubtedly persist." And yet he does name, and occasionally describes, a real phenomenon: the disastrous isolation common among American men. *The Male Machine* is one of those books that is so wrong because it is so nearly right.

More to Come

In January the literature of men will be increased by the appearance of *THE LIBERATED MAN: Beyond Masculinity: Freeing Men and Their Relationships With Women* by Warren Farrell (Random House, \$8.95). Fasteau seems to have stolen a march on Farrell. Their essential arguments, and their tone as well—the voice of one who has been saved—have much in common. Farrell, though, is more political (in the broad sense), an advocate of behavioral change through consciousness-raising. Lingoists will value this book, where you can experience such terms as "attaché," meaning someone "with whom one has a deep emotional attachment" as opposed to "living friend," meaning roommate.

Let's Be Honest

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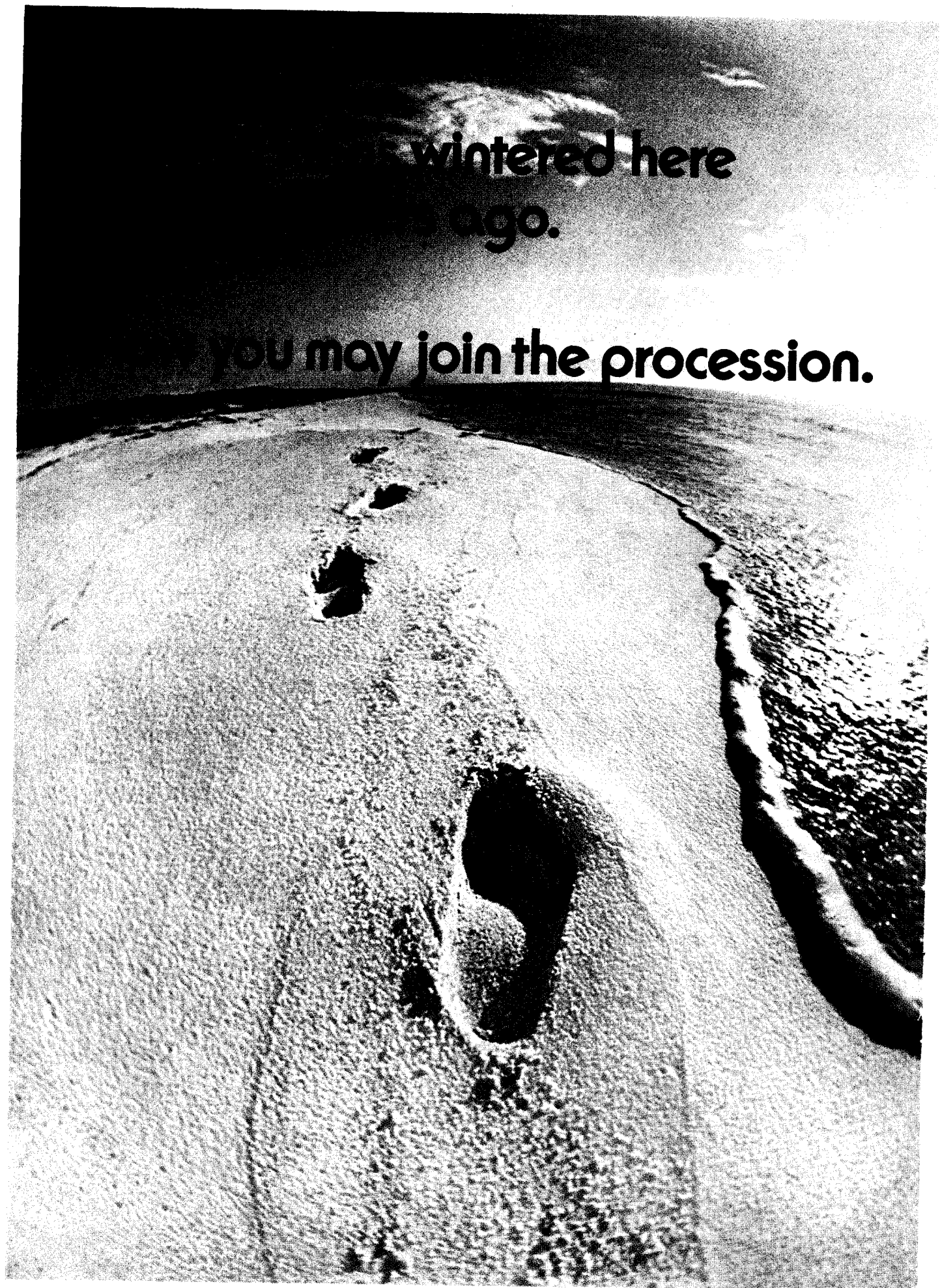
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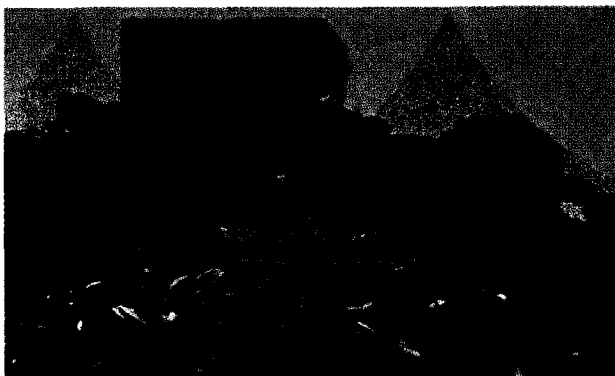
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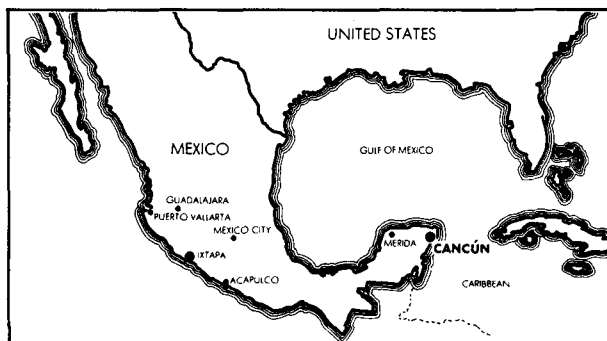
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thing new can be said? At the moment when all the evidence adds up to "No," along comes a small book that gives me pause. A novel. All that you can see at a glance would seem to predict this book's quiet fate. A blind title: *WITHOUT BARBARIANS* by Jim Magnuson (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95). The cover looks as if it were designed in a spare ten minutes over coffee and Danish in the art director's office. It features one of the least prepossessing passages from the book. Flap copy perfunctorily hails the book as "the debut of a major novelist." Like most such debuts, this one is probably backed by an advertising budget of \$2000, if that. Slim chance of a talk between the author and Barbara Walters.

Without Barbarians, like scores of other recent novels, is the account of a dissolving marriage: a young couple, social workers, coming apart by means of extramarital relations. There is nothing particularly engaging about this scene as it is presented in the opening pages, except for an attractive plainness in the prose that persuades the reader to stay for a while. Then gradually the narrator, the husband, becomes an interesting fellow. It is his wife who is the sexual experimenter—first an affair, then another, and before long a full-scale California orgy. The husband is a sexual conservative, but he abides by some of the contemporary rules. Two principles guide: men and women don't "possess" one another, and everything's all right as long as we're honest. But of course married people do want to possess one another, and a lot is not all right, and it's impossible to be "honest."

Over that summer I listened to her: I won't sleep with him again, it's too dangerous. I don't want to hurt you, but I have to see him again. I need him, he makes me alive, my life has been a long straight line and I'm going to change that. He needs me, I help him, it isn't basically sexual. I've never known anyone like him. Just because we're married doesn't mean we're each other's property. It's possible to love more than one person, you've admitted it yourself. I care for him in a different way than I care for you.

Where to find a rule? There was no rule.

Without Barbarians reminds you, ah, yes, there is something unusual about the situation of American men. It is possible, for one thing, to write a novel now, without providing unusual psychological explanation, about a cuckolded man who willingly forgoes the jealous rage sanctified by tradition. Magnuson, of course, is not trying to make a major statement on American manhood. He simply has hold of a situation that illuminates one corner of contemporary male anxiety.

The novel gains its edge from a reversal of expected sexual roles, but something more occurs. Its accomplishment is to relay some emotional information that is not confined to one gender. What it feels like to be trapped in our half-crazed rationality about feelings. What it feels like to be the partner of someone who is consciously Growing As A Person. When these conditions

are realized with enough particularity they become universal—as is always the case, on the page or during the day—and you find yourself allowing terms such as "human," or "person," those politicized words that are so difficult at present to use with sincerity.

I don't want to table-thump over the neglect that is the almost certain destiny of *Without Barbarians*. No doubt better novels will be ignored this year. A great deal is wrong with this one, and much of my praise for it surely derives from the context in which it was read: hard not to be struck with how much more thought, feeling, discipline it contains than is found in a book like *The Male Machine*. Wisdom arrives in fragments, but we'd rather buy it wholesale, and publishers and writers are all too happy to oblige; hence, bad books. As for *Without Barbarians*, all it is is a good one.

THE IMMORTAL, IMPOSSIBLE SULTAN OF SWAT

by C. Michael Curtis

BABE: THE LEGEND COMES TO LIFE
by Robert W. Creamer
Simon and Schuster, \$9.95

BABE RUTH AND THE AMERICAN DREAM
by Ken Sobol
Random House, \$8.95

BABE RUTH
by Kal Wagenheim
Praeger, \$7.95

Henry Aaron wondered, not long ago, why he had not become as conspicuous—or as handsomely rewarded—a culture hero as the man he was then about to replace in baseball's record books. After twenty years in the major leagues, Aaron had become the second player ever to hit as many as 700 home runs, and he was fast closing in on the magic figure memorized by all schoolboys—Babe Ruth's seemingly unattainable lifetime total of 714. Never a man of legendary imagination, Aaron mused that his anonymity might have to do with his skin color. That is the sort of

charge to which it is probably impossible and certainly unwise to reply, given the evidence that color has shaped many less trivial negotiations, such as those between baseball's owners and their pool of managerial prospects.

The injustice Aaron complained of, if that is what it was, has now been partially corrected. The long-suffering right fielder has agreed to allow his name and his face to be associated with the products of the Magnavox Corporation, at a reported \$100,000 per annum, and he is being paid more for playing baseball (\$200,000 annually) than all but one other player in major league history (Dick Allen, the White Sox first baseman, wouldn't put on his sweat socks for less than \$225,000 per season), indeed more, by a wide margin, than Babe Ruth was ever able to pry from the pockets of his various exasperated employers.

Plainly, however, the issue is more complicated. Whatever the legitimacy of Aaron's complaint—and it would be silly to say that his consistent excellence over a twenty-year

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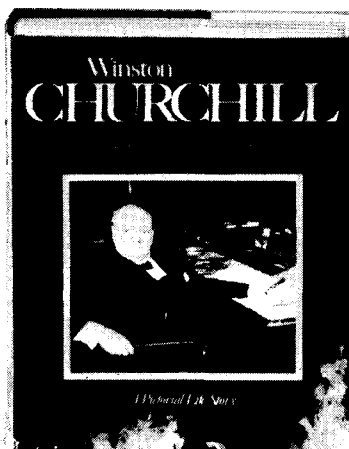
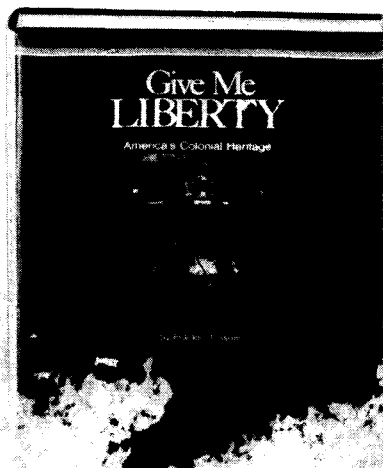
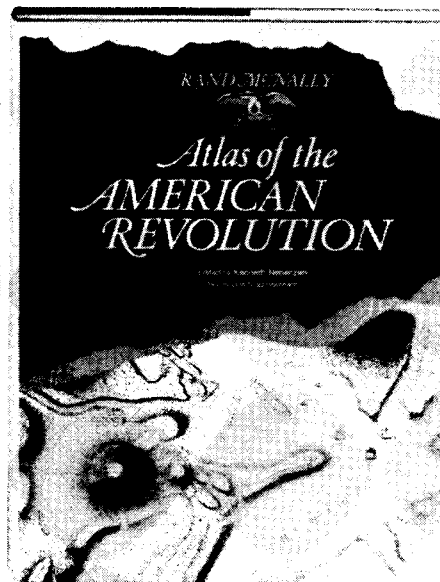
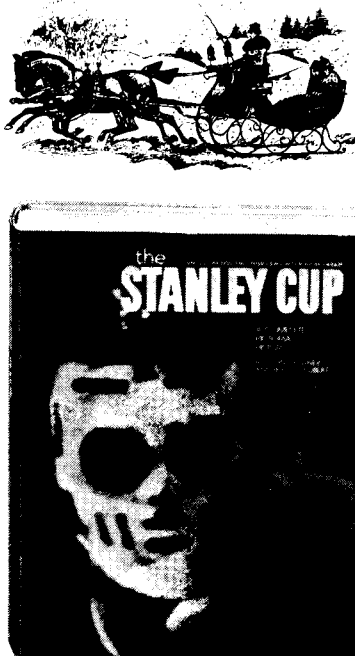
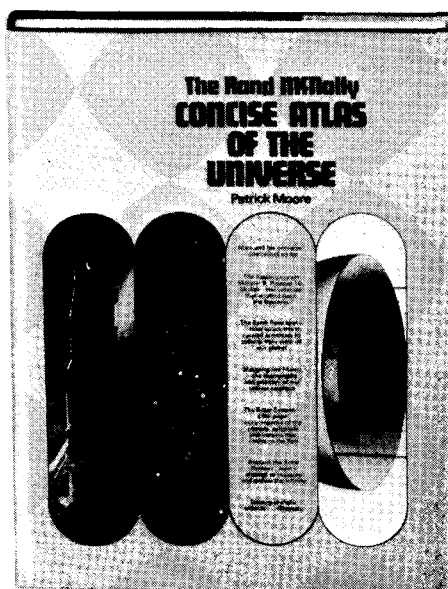
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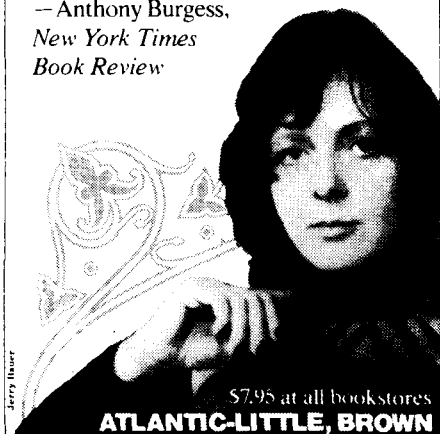
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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

period has not been one of the mar-
vels of the game—he has simply not
been the stuff of hero worship; his
heroics, however luminous, have not
engaged the public imagination.
Why should it be so? To put it an-
other way, why should Babe Ruth,
from all accounts one of the least
admirable men ever to wear a suit
of baseball flannels, have won the
affection and persistent loyalty of a
nation that stumbled, through the
important phases of his career, from
a world war it hadn't wanted to a
depression it desperately sought to
survive?

As Ken Sobol sees it, the answer
is no more complicated than the
record book. Babe Ruth was "a
wary, self-centered, exuberant, igno-
rant boy who by an accident of
physical coordination happened to
be the most exciting figure of his
time." Robert Creamer senses that
Ruth's popularity arises out of a
more complicated set of circum-
stances, and offers an offhand but
peculiarly resonant perception early
in his book.

Ruth's sins, while many and glar-
ing, were not terribly purple. He
went to bed with a great many
women, but he did not make pub-
lic capital of it, nor was he ever in-
volved in an ugly bedroom scandal.
There were two or three putative
paternity suits in the early years,
but they came to nothing. He could
drink extravagant amounts of li-
quor, and he got drunk a lot and
raised hell, especially in the earlier
years. He awed people with the
amount of food he could eat. . . .
*He disliked rules, objected to au-
thority and most of his adult life he
did what he damned well wanted to.*
(emphasis added)

Ruth, as Creamer sees him, was
more than a prodigal of physical
coordination. He was a supremely
selfish man. Whole schools of psy-
chiatric rebelliousness have been
founded on the presumption that
self-interest is the central, dominat-
ing, life-giving truth about human
nature, and Creamer's innocent ob-
servation seems to admit to the
complexity of the issue.

Both Sobol and Creamer attempt
to set straight the matter of Ruth's
tenure at St. Mary's Industrial
School, a Catholic reform school in
the center of downtown Baltimore,
where Ruth was enrolled briefly at
the age of eight and a half and then

remained, intermittently, until he
left at age twenty. Sobol plainly
winces at the thought of Ruth's bar-
ren childhood behind the walls of
St. Mary's, and in some measure ra-
tionalizes Ruth's adult boorishness
as a natural consequence of those
mean-spirited years. Creamer is
more charitable toward the school,
or possibly less imaginative. Neither
writer is willing to argue the case
more than inferentially, and both
make haste to move on to the busi-
ness at hand, Ruth's years in base-
ball.

Here the Ruth stories proliferate,
beginning with his understandable
delight at escaping the rigors of re-
formatory cuisine. Ruth's appetite
for just about all worldly pleasures
entranced and amused his fellow
players, if not always his employers.
Or either of his wives.

Ruth's happiest discovery as a mi-
nor-league player (he spent one sea-
son with the Baltimore Orioles of
the International League) was the
fact that he could sign his meal
checks and expect the Orioles to
pick up the tab. On the evidence, if
he hadn't played his way to the ma-
jors he would surely have eaten his
way out of the International
League. While admitting that such
stories were often exaggerated,
Creamer notes that a report of one
dinner has it that Ruth ate

an entire capon, potatoes, spinach,
corn, peas, beans, bread, butter,
pie, ice cream and three or four
cups of coffee. He was known to
have eaten a huge omelet made of
eighteen eggs and three big slices
of ham, plus half a dozen slices of
buttered toast and several cups of
coffee.

Another story, which Creamer im-
plies he only half believes, comes
from Ty Cobb, who recalled, "I've
seen him at midnight, propped up
in bed, order six club sandwiches, a
platter of pigs' knuckles and a
pitcher of beer. He'd down all that
while smoking a big black cigar.
Next day, if he hit a homer, he'd
trot around the bases complaining
about gas pains and a bellyache."

Sobol cites a newspaper report,
quite possibly exaggerated, of one
of Ruth's training meals:

Ruth polishes off a double sirloin
and all the trimmings, plus a pint
bottle of catsup. Just before he
strikes dessert a waiter happens to

appear with George Mogridge's dinner order. [Mogridge was a Yankee pitcher.] Ruth, who mistakes this for a side dish, cleans the platter and then nonchalantly orders a double portion of mince pie à la mode and a rice pudding.

And a New York Times reporter, covering spring training at the Yankees' Hot Springs, Arkansas, camp, recalled that "the Babe was stricken with colic one morning after a midnight orgy of eskimo pie, apple pie, pigs' trotters, beans, and beefsteak pie."

When Ruth wasn't eating, or at the ball park, he spent as much time as possible in bed. Rarely alone. All three of Ruth's recent biographers tell a version of the story about Ruth and Bob Meusel sharing a hotel room on a barnstorming tour during the off-season. As Creamer tells it:

Meusel was half asleep when Ruth came in with a girl, went into his room and made love to her in his usual noisy fashion. Afterwards he came out to the living room of the suite, lit a cigar and sat in a chair by the window, smoking it contemplatively. When he finished the cigar he went back into the bedroom and made love again. And then came out and smoked another cigar. In the morning Meusel asked, "How many times did you lay that girl last night?" Ruth glanced at the ashtray, and so did Meusel. There were seven butts in the tray. "Count the cigars," said Ruth.

The Wagenheim and Sobol versions have it that Ernie Shore was the roommate, but agree on the remaining details, with the exception that Wagenheim has Ruth's machismo scaled down to a modest "four or five cigar butts on the floor next to Ruth's bed."

Cigars, interestingly, are a feature of most tall tales about Ruth, and Freudians may ponder the significance of his undisputed fascination with the dimensions and durability of his sexual apparatus.

All three writers admit that most Ruth stories have become embroidered over time, and none is willing to insist that his version is either accurate or necessarily preferred. In one instance—Creamer's attempt to penetrate the ambiguities of Ruth's legendary "called" home run in the 1932 World Series—the results are

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faintly comical. Creamer has interviewed just about everyone this side of Howard Cosell, and reaches the exhausted and faintly anticlimactic conclusion that Ruth probably *didn't* mean to indicate a home run, or to point to stands where the ball eventually landed. Ruth, it appears, was very probably making no more than a defiant gesture in the direction of Cub pitcher Charlie Root, indicating that he still had one pitch left, and intended to make the most of the opportunity. A left-handed batter shaking his index finger at the man on the pitching mound could signify just about anything, from the likely direction of his next base hit to the number of pitches he thought necessary to produce it. Given Ruth's temperament, still other possibilities come to mind. Here, as elsewhere, Creamer is reluctant to arbitrate between conflicting versions of the truth. It is at once the book's strength and its weakness; while caution and impartiality are admirable in biography, Creamer's refusal to move his speculations beyond the range of certifiable truth robs his work of the texture it surely deserved. Sobol and Wagenheim have accumulated an impressive lode of Ruth stories, and Sobol has woven his together into a narrative that is absorbing and abrasive; but neither writer is as meticulous or as graceful as Creamer, who may have produced the most mature sports biography yet written.

For all Ruth's unsophisticated gaffes and oppressive locker-room humor, he was not dumb about the advantages of wealth, and he was shrewd and tough-minded about the proportions of his value to the game of baseball.

His contract squabbles were legendary, his salary demands always vastly in excess of management's melancholy expectations. For many years, they represented a quantum jump beyond the standards applied to other ballplayers. Creamer notes that when the Yankees paid Ruth \$70,000 in 1927, the next highest paid member of the team was Herb Pennock, at \$17,500. Bob Meusel made \$13,000; Earle Combs \$10,000; and both Lou Gehrig and Tony Lazzeri settled for \$8,000. (By 1931, when Ruth's contract had reached \$80,000, President Herbert Hoover was paid \$75,000, occasion-

ing Ruth's almost certainly apocryphal remark, "Why not? I had a better year than he did.") Gehrig and Lazzeri, of course, were still in the early stages of their careers, but Herb Pennock, eventually elected to baseball's Hall of Fame, had pitched fourteen major league seasons, won 155 games overall, and was coming off a season in which he'd won twenty-three games, most on the Yankee staff, and added two more in a losing World Series effort against the St. Louis Cardinals. Gehrig was never paid more than \$39,000 during his brilliant and lengthy career as a Yankee.

Ruth's typical stance was that he would rather retire and live off his investments than cheapen himself by accepting less than he was worth. In very short order, he was worth a great deal, his success due in large part to the efforts of Christy Walsh, his business manager. While Ruth's salary was awe-inspiring (Wagenheim estimates that a comparable salary for 1974 would be \$307,000 per year; Creamer, on the other hand, cites a 1957 estimate from T. Coleman Andrews, Director of Internal Revenue during the Eisenhower Administration, that Ruth's top salary was worth at least \$1 million in postwar wages), it was only the beginning. Exhibitions, endorsements, barnstorming income (Ruth once earned \$10,500 for a single appearance at a Los Angeles charity game), newspaper syndication, and other peripheral operations brought in a great deal more. Sobol estimates that Ruth accumulated more than \$3 million during his fifteen seasons with the Yankees, or something in excess of \$200,000 per year during the 1920s and 1930s. And while the young Ruth was wildly extravagant, barely able to keep one step ahead of his escalating tastes in clothes, women, cars, and other finery, a more mature Babe, with the help of Walsh and Ruth's second wife Claire, salted away the bulk of his earnings, began to discipline his spending habits, and swiftly built an estate that assured a comfortable retirement.

Claire, a shrewd, attractive, and businesslike divorcee who'd been Ruth's constant companion, even during the final strained years of his distressing first marriage (the pitiful Helen Woodford, long estranged

from the Babe but disinclined to divorce him, died from smoke inhalation in the apartment of a Waretown, Massachusetts, dentist in 1929), kept a firm hand on the Ruth checkbook. She gave him all the money he wanted, but \$50 at a time. Wagenheim reports that the Ruths, Babe and Claire, managed very well "on a monthly budget of \$1,500; the income from his endorsements was more than enough, and they banked much of his salary. Between 1920 and 1929, Ruth had bought at least one fancy car a year, and sometimes more. The 1929 model lasted until 1940."

In spite of—or possibly because of—Ruth's extraordinary fiduciary achievements, he had about as much use for training restrictions, or curfews, as Duane Thomas, Joe Don Looney, Paul Hornung, and other raffish individualists. But Ruth was too talented, and too valuable, to banish for purposes of moral preachment. Where Ruth went, the fans went, and thence the dollars flowed. (Before Ruth, no baseball team had attracted more fans than the 1908 Giants, who drew 910,000 cash customers. The 1920 Yankees, with Ruth in right field, ended their season with a paid attendance of 1,289,422.) He may have been the first ballplayer to extend the boundaries of athletic commerce irreconcilably beyond the reach of moral certainty. None of his managers, in any case—not even Rough Carrigan of the Red Sox, or the Yankees' Miller Huggins, both men of fierce character—were able to hold him accountable to the same rules they imposed upon his teammates, nor were they willing to argue that the rule of law per se was more important than the potency of Ruth's bat.

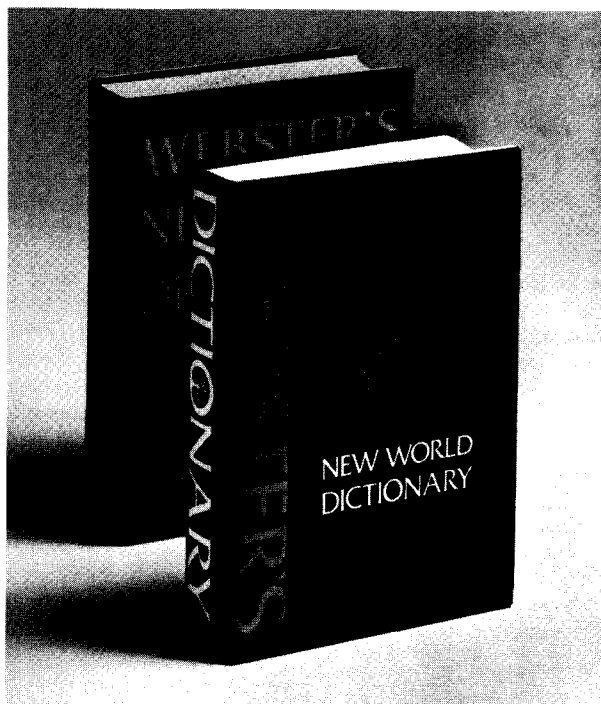
Ruth had his own ideas about when he could play and when he couldn't, and he did not take kindly to the idea that any manager should presume to advise him on matters as intensely personal as how he was going to conduct his affairs, on the baseball field or off. Miller Huggins was one of those traditionalists of helplessly narrow vision, convinced that he had been hired by the Yankees to do more than admire Ruth's heroics or giggle at his pranks. Among other things, Huggins clung to the notion that player curfews

should be honored by every member of the team, not simply the supernumeraries who had attached themselves to the living legend in their midst. In the summer of 1925, after Ruth ignored direct orders from Huggins twice in one game, and repeatedly violated a 1 A.M. curfew, Huggins suspended him indefinitely and socked him with a \$5000 fine.

Ruth, understandably annoyed, replied in language that will never appear on bubble gum cards. The suspension, however, stuck, and not until nine days later, when a genuinely alarmed and seemingly penitent Ruth apologized, did Huggins relent and allow the fallen slugger to rejoin his teammates. Never again, says Creamer, did Ruth directly challenge his manager's au-

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thority, and in the next six seasons, from 1926 through 1931, he "put on the finest sustained display of hitting that baseball has ever seen . . . he averaged 50 home runs a year, 155 runs batted in and 147 runs scored; he batted .354."

Even so, as long as Ruth was physically able, a period spanning twenty-two years, he was single-minded in pursuing what he thought were his own best interests. If his first wife, a sixteen-year-old coffee-shop waitress who evidently thrilled to the huge vulgarity of the man, proved lame and unexciting over time, he simply left her to her own devices. And if she, too befuddled or unimaginative to seek her way out of a hopeless entrapment, drifted into alcoholism, drug addiction, emotional disorder, and finally death, that was simply the cut of the cards.

Small wonder that Ruth's final years in baseball were notable for the disillusionment they brought to him. As his body began to fail, he fell back, more and more, on sheer vanity. If the lordly Yankees, whom he had served so well, were deter-

mined to deny him the manager's post he believed his due, then he would consent to a trade—to the Boston Braves, whose publicity-conscious owner was willing to hint at managerial possibilities, make Ruth a vice president, and meet his exorbitant salary demands as well. But after twenty-eight games in a Braves uniform, Ruth was batting .181 and tottering around the outfield like a man in a dream. By the end of May, 1935, he was out of a job, and out of baseball. For the next several years, he went wherever his celebrity still had cash value, as an actor, a radio-based baseball analyst, or a ribbon-cutter, a living relic. His last great moment came in the hours after his death, in August, 1948, when 80,000 people walked slowly by his body as it lay in state in the lobby of Yankee Stadium.

The record books, however, show that Ruth had a baseball career, indeed two baseball careers, of extraordinary and unparalleled brilliance. For six years, from 1914 to 1919, he was, quite simply, the best left-handed pitcher in baseball; some said the best pitcher, period.

In those six years he won eighty-nine major league victories, including sixty-five during the only three complete seasons in which he pitched in regular rotation.

Ruth appeared as a pitcher only five times after his permanent shift to outfield in 1920, and won all five games. His career total of ninety-four victories, and win-loss percentage of .671, would be the envy of most major league pitchers today.

Consider, for example, Ruth's total of eighty wins in his first five seasons. Walter Johnson, who went on to win 413 games, also won eighty decisions in his first five major league seasons. Lefty Grove, who finished with 300 major league victories, won eighty-seven games over the same period; and Mel Stottlemyre, dean of the current Yankee pitching staff, picked up seventy-seven. The Perry brothers, Gaylord and Jim, managed 106 wins *combined*, and Bob Gibson, with more pitching wins than any other active major leaguer, had fifty-two victories to his credit at the end of his fifth season with the St. Louis Cardinals.

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For Ruth, however, these were merely preliminaries. Until he decided his bat was likely to be more profitable than his pitching arm, home run hitters were thought idiosyncratic rather than majestic. Slashing hitters and base-stealers like Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker were the idols of small boys, and baseball's home run champion was a Waterbury, Connecticut, lad, the immortal Roger Connor, who'd hit a total of 136 home runs during a distinguished eighteen-year career.

During his fifteen years with the New York Yankees, Ruth hit 659 home runs, one less than Willie Mays accumulated in twenty-two major league seasons, and approximately 150 more than Henry Aaron hit during *any* consecutive fifteen seasons in baseball.

The Babe Ruth legend, then, was anchored in a demonstration of natural athletic skill that shaded everything before it and left a standard

of magnitude that seems unchallengeable, even at a time when its statistical landmarks seem destined to lose much of their luster.

The other part of the legend, the story of a crude, self-absorbed, grandly insensitive and often destructive man/child, has been slower to surface, though it may help to explain Ruth's hold on the public imagination.

Will the knowledge that Ruth was as bad as—or worse than—the image we've had of him make him less heroic? Perhaps the secret of his success was that he managed to satisfy us in so many ways. He demolished virtually all standards of excellence in a sport that thrives on narrow statistical comparison; he exhibited a colossal boorishness that enhanced our own sense of disciplined well-being; and he tapped that secret yearning therapists say resides in all of us, the will to be, and to do, what we damn well please.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

SUPERSHIP
by Noël Mostert
Knopf, \$8.95

As the energy crisis was beginning to sink in last spring with the shocking realization of how dependent the world's industry had become on Arab resources, *The New Yorker*, with perfect timing, published two startling articles drawn from this portentous book. For a century Americans have taken oil for granted, and during the past two decades, as we shifted our source of energy from coal to oil (and encouraged Japan to do likewise), we were unperturbed. But in June, 1967, when the Six-Day War closed the Suez Canal, tankers from the Persian Gulf bound for Europe were diverted around Cape Horn. Since the distance was more than doubled, the once standard tanker of 25,000 tons was enlarged, and when the gamblers in shipbuilding, the Greeks and the Japanese, put their minds to it, the sky was the limit. In 1972, the 372,000-ton *Nisseki Maru* was momentarily "the biggest vessel

in the world," but several 550,000-tonners are now under construction, and they will be eclipsed by a 750,000-tonner being contemplated in Tokyo. This incredible growth of the most gigantic fleet in history has transpired while most of us were looking the other way; the ships have been built with a speed and recklessness that make them a grave liability to the ecology of the ocean and to all coastal life. Such is the warning sounded by Noël Mostert in his firm, indignant book.

His boyhood in South Africa early exposed Mr. Mostert to the brutal power of the South Atlantic. "The momentum of the great westerly driven seas lies along a line slightly northeast beyond Cape Horn, so that they bear toward the other Cape, Good Hope, gradually lapsing into the big swells that become the Cape rollers and fan toward the whole South West African seaboard." He has experienced what those rollers could do to small craft, and in 1943, when he was in his teens, he watched their explosive effect on the French troopship

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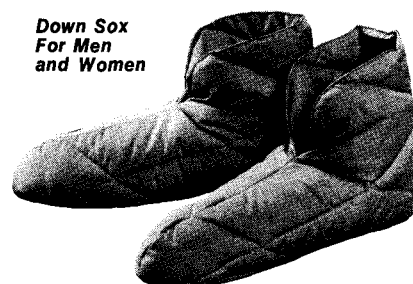
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Pasteur as it emerged beyond the Cape breakwater in foul weather. As the shipping correspondent of the *Cape Times*, he came to appreciate the strains which such seas imposed upon the modern tanker, some five to six hundred of which now round the Cape fully loaded each month. "More oil," he writes, "probably has been wrecked, spilled, dumped, and slopped into the waters off and around the Cape than in any other single area of the world," and the continuous effect of such spillage is disaster.

With his knowledge of marine engineering, much of it gained from British sources, he tells us that the rate of breakdowns aboard the oil ships is extraordinary, and is usually the result of boiler trouble, electrical blackout (itself usually a consequence of boiler trouble), or flooding of the engine room. Yet, in the face of these facts, the Japanese continue building superships with only one high-pressure boiler, and if that fails, the monster is helpless. Like icebergs, the superships are mostly underwater, with a draft of forty feet or more. To buck the Cape rollers they should not be fully loaded, but despite the protests of South African marine authorities, the restriction concerning winter load-lines was suspended, with the inevitable result that very bad slicks in the area were caused by overladen tankers dumping oil to protect themselves in bad weather. The effect of the spillage on the ocean itself, and on the seabirds, is horrible to contemplate, and the effect on the crews incarcerated in these giants for six months at a time is made vivid by a long voyage the author made on the P & O tanker *Ardshiel*.

Today the superships monopolize the high seas, and the wreck of the *Torrey Canyon*, which ran onto rocks off the Scilly Isles with such devastating results for the adjacent coasts of the English Channel, is only a sample of what the future holds until international regulations are enforced.

CENTENNIAL

by James A. Michener
Random House, \$10.00

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of the South Pacific became the source book for the enchanting musical *South Pacific*, and earned for him his first big wad. Since then he has become an authority on Japan and the author of immensely popular fiction, the most successful of his nineteen books being the extensive, panoramic novels, *Hawaii* and *The Source*. He is an earnest writer who, in his eagerness to assimilate, is careless not so much of facts as of style and subtlety. *Centennial*, his latest big book, displays both his ability and his weakness.

The scheme is simple. The editors of *US* (think of it as *Life*) plan to publish in 1974 a double issue devoted to an "in-depth analysis of one American community." The little town of Centennial, Colorado, on the bank of the Platte River, is the chosen place, and a staff member has already prepared a preliminary survey. At this point they commission Professor Lewis Vernor, who has published scholarly studies of American settlements, to spend six months in Centennial researching every aspect of its past or present that appeals to him. This is the set-up, and the sprawling text that follows is supposed to be his findings which he sends back in installments to the New York office.

It is to be expected that Dr. Vernor's Notes will be academic, and at the outset they are. His first installment is a speculative genesis reaching back billions of years to explain how Colorado became what it is, an outline of history lacking H. G. Wells's concise turn of phrase. The second installment, Chapter III, is an account of the Inhabitants, with this goofy introduction: "Toward dusk on a spring evening one hundred and thirty-six million years ago a small furry animal less than four inches long peered cautiously from low reeds. . . ." This leads on to the amorous adventures of the di-plodocus, a female seventy years old, "one of the most totally lovely creatures so far seen on earth, a perfect poem of motion." Having tracked her to her death, the professor relates the love stories of a bison, a beaver, a horse (the horse he believes originated in Colorado), with an intimacy and ingenuousness that would have left Ernest Thompson Seton in stitches; and skipping through time, we come to the primi-

tive hunter who, with his exquisite Clovis point, killed one of the mammoths twelve thousand years ago. "I could not imagine how provocative the history of this little town would prove to be," writes Dr. Vernor to his *US* editors, and they swallow it whole.

A transition occurs when the narrative shifts to the Indians, for now it is the novelist, no longer the professor, who is talking. The protracted story of the Apache, Lame Beaver, and his daughter, Clay Basket, that "lithe, poetic creature," is hardly one which Bernard DeVoto would have commended, but it serves to relay our attention to the French fur trader, Pasquinel, a gutsy character who lives most of his life with an arrowhead in his back, and who, in a career that stretches from St. Louis to Bear Lake, spawns almost as many legends as children.

Thereafter the opening of the West is depicted in a series of thinly connected novellas, the best of them being the story of Levi Zendt, the Mennonite, who sets out on the Oregon Trail in his Conestoga wagon with Elly Zahm, the skinny, plucky sixteen-year-old he had rescued from the orphanage. The latter chapters have a slapdash vitality, but the continuity and the illusion are repeatedly interrupted by the chatty advice to his New York editors which the professor sends at the end of each episode. A grandiose undertaking that simply doesn't work.

THE SACRED AND PROFANE
LOVE MACHINE
by Iris Murdoch
Viking, \$8.95

I have long rated Iris Murdoch one of the most original of contemporary English novelists, especially for her ability to engage the reader in a domestic situation which is about to burst. Her people may be predominantly happy, as in her charming, summery novel, *The Nice and the Good*, or they may be, as in this new story, poised on the verge of strife and anguish; but they live, their talk is fresh and vivid, and their behavior so unpredictable that I keep pressing forward.

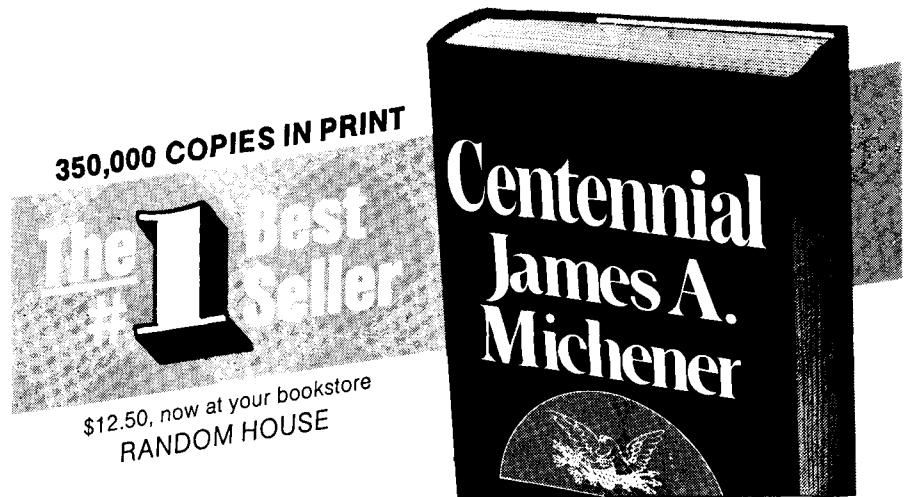
In a garden suburb of London, Blaise Gavender, a self-deceiving

psychotherapist in his early forties, has arrived at the parting of the ways: he is dissatisfied with his practice and wonders whether he has the courage to enter medical school; in Hood House he has been living a comfortably dull existence with his soft, clinging wife, Harriet, and their only son, David, who is readying for Oxford; and in Putney he is beginning to tire of the complaints of his tart little mistress, Emily, her drinking, and the hostility of their illegitimate son. Blaise, in his somewhat bogus profession, longs for more respect and is troubled by his own duplicities. In his stormy evenings with Emily he thinks of the loyalty which Harriet has waiting for him at home, and when he is at home he remembers the passionate excitement which he has shared with his mistress.

Blaise's confidant is his nearest neighbor, Montague Small, a popular author of detective stories who has also reached a turning point. "Monty" is steeped in grief at the loss of his wife; he has become disgusted with writing repetitive fiction and wonders if he can quietly immolate himself by returning to schoolteaching, his first venture on leaving Oxford. Monty has lost love and zest, and in cool detachment he urges Blaise to find a new design for living.

What neither could anticipate is the reaction of the two women as Blaise in his boobish way tries to come clean, and when they are joined by Monty's friend, a famous Oxford scholar, Edgar Demarnay, the fat is really in the fire, and Miss Murdoch is in her element. Harriet, in her possessive way, tries to merge the two households, but Emily, the terrier, with her pent-up envy, has quite a different strategy. The struggle between the two provides the anger, the irony, and the eventual tragedy in this remarkable story.

Introspection is Miss Murdoch's forte, but she seldom knows when to let well enough alone. In one scene of alcoholic reconciliation Blaise gets a poke in the eye and Emily, revolted by the proceedings, runs out of the house. Blaise chases after her, and as they race, each one of them is flooded by paragraph after paragraph of reproach, recapitulating what the reader already



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knows. Fortunately, this ludicrous episode is saved by a wonderfully comic surrender at Paddington Station. Of the characters, I am most drawn to Monty with his hatred of pretension, to David as he sheds his adolescence, and to Emily, the London gamine. Edgar, the preposterous Master of his college, is obviously a caricature, and it is fun to guess who the author had in mind.

THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: The Southern Voyages
by Samuel Eliot Morison
Oxford University Press, \$17.50

Ever since his boyhood cruising Down East, Admiral Morison's career has been a cumulative success. His early book, *The Maritime History of Massachusetts*, still a standard, established him as an authority on sailing ships; in the preparation for his biography of Christopher Columbus, he explored the Spanish archives and himself navigated a small craft over the sea paths taken by the "Admiral of the Ocean Sea." The historian of the

United States Navy in World War II, he earned seven battle stars and intensified his knowledge of navigation and his familiarity with the straits and the islands in the Pacific. Such is the experience that led him on to his magnum opus, of which this is the second and concluding volume.

In the Preface, Morison emphasizes how much longer the Southern Voyages were than the crossing of the North Atlantic. Columbus' great circle distance from his jumping-off place, Gomera in the Canaries, to San Salvador in the Bahamas, was 3116 nautical miles. "You seldom hear of food giving out on a Northern transatlantic voyage in the sixteenth century," he writes, "but on Southern Voyages scurvy and starvation were commonplace; and very many, perhaps a majority of the men who set out on them, never returned." One quality that all these mariners had in common with the ancient Greeks was "restlessness"; the lure of gold was enough for the *hidalgos*, the young courtiers who went along, but it was the discovery of the unknown which called the great captains, and in his early pages the historian makes clear with what forethought they prepared and with what primitive equipment they navigated.

His heroes are the three greatest navigators in history: Columbus, Magellan, and Drake. Each was gone for months on end (Drake was away for three solid years), and the further they traveled, the more they had to combat the rising fear of their people that they could never find their way back. Fear was always present, and on October 9, 1492, Columbus' crews were so close to mutiny that he had to promise them that if land was not sighted in three days he would turn back. On his second voyage, Columbus reached his peak, and Morison's account of "those bright November days of 1493, the fleet gaily coasting along the lofty, verdure-clad Antilles with tradewind clouds piling up over the summits," is glorious. On the triumphant homecoming he could have retired with a title, a castle, and a serene old age, but that was not his character.

Magellan's was the harder fate. A Portuguese who, after having been rejected by his king, offered his ser-

vices to Spain, Magellan was always suspect. Three of his Spanish captains conspired against him, and the ship chandlers gave him only enough stores for six months, instead of the eighteen he had been promised. That he could put down the mutiny, brave the Antarctic cold, discover and sail his way through the Straits—and have his enemies extol him after his death—is proof of a man.

Francis Drake is the gayest of the three, a Robin Hood at sea, living off the fat of the Spaniards, wrecking their churches, confiscating their gold, but with no rape and a minimum of bloodshed. Like his predecessors, he took great care of his people, and was ingenious in his periodic cleaning and repairing of the *Golden Hind*.

His dealings with the American Indians, when he finally reached them, were evidence that diplomacy and potential commerce were as much in his mind as robbing the King of Spain.

I am enough of a landsman not to fuss about Morison's mapping; what I relish is his fresh, graphic account of the country, of the behavior of the natives, the greed of the lesser adventurers who were out for pearls, slaves, and women, and above all, of the exhilaration of that great trio as they looked on a new world.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Page Stegner's latest book is entitled *Escape into Aesthetics: The Art of Vladimir Nabokov*.

Richard Todd is a bimonthly contributor to these pages.

C. Michael Curtis is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams appear regularly in this department of the magazine.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Andrew Glaze (page 80) is the author of *Damned Ugly Children*.

William Walden (page 87) is a native New Yorker, a playwright, and a confirmed tennis player.

Margaret Atwood (page 97) is a Canadian novelist and poet, author of *The Animals in That Country*, *Surfacing*, and other works.

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

EXPENDABLE AMERICANS by Paul Brodeur. Viking, \$8.95 and \$2.95. The enforcement of safety standards in American industry is, according to Mr. Brodeur's study of conditions, roughly 90 percent myth and 5 percent pipe dream. His researches, centered on but not confined to the asbestos industry, reveal a tangle of connections and accommodations among do-nothing government bureaucrats, irresponsible plant owners, and medical people who work for both parties. When one of these doctors spoke in defense of his patient, it turned out that "patient" meant not a sick worker, but the company whose careless methods had made him sick. Since the same combination of indolence, greed, and hypocrisy that poisons people inside a plant also poisons the air and water outside the plant, one does not need to be an asbestos worker to find this book terrifying.

'ALAS! THE LOVE OF WOMEN!': Byron's Letters and Journals edited by Leslie A. Marchand. Harvard University Press, \$11.50. The third volume of Byron's unexpurgated papers covers the years 1813-1814. His lordship was riding high in the literary world, intriguing with several ladies, scrabbling for money, and developing an increasing range of knowledge and ideas. The more one learns about Byron, the more fascinating he becomes. Mr. Marchand's editing continues to be superlative. Chronology, bibliography, notes, biographical sketches, list of forgeries.

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY AND OTHER STORIES by V. S. Pritchett. Random House, \$5.95. Mr. Pritchett has a delightful ability to find the extraordinary in ordinary people, and to point it out with unobtrusive grace and sympathy.

THE PATTON PAPERS: 1940-1945 by Martin Blumenson. Houghton Mifflin, \$17.50. The second and final volume of a work which, thanks to Mr. Blumenson's self-effacing skill,

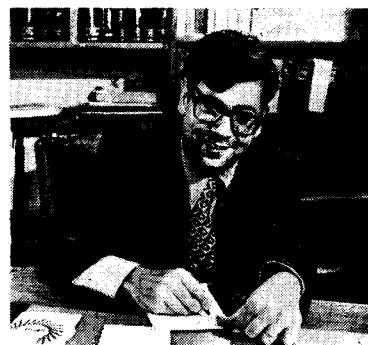
falls somewhere between biography and autobiography. The lavish use of Patton's letters and diaries brings the general sharply to life—an intelligent, bigoted, inquisitive, generous, witty, sensitive, spiteful man—impressive and exasperating—thoroughly right or totally wrong, but never a waffler. A great soldier who just possibly should never have been a soldier at all. Illustrations, chronology, index.

THE HERMIT by Eugène Ionesco. Viking, \$6.95. The well-known playwright's first novel concerns an intelligent but indolent fellow who inherits some money and promptly quits his dull job to spend the rest of his life drinking and observing the world. What he observes is bewildering or frightening or both, for Mr. Ionesco has contrived to surround his hero with a miniature version of all the outrages of the century. One is never quite sure how much of the action is real and how much is a mild case of dt's; presumably, one of Mr. Ionesco's points is that the two have become, in our time, largely indistinguishable. Translated by Richard Seaver.

THE ILIAD translated by Robert Fitzgerald. Doubleday, \$15.00. Mr. Fitzgerald has solved virtually every problem that has plagued translators of Homer. The narrative runs, the dialogue speaks, the military action is clear, and the repetitive epithets become useful text rather than exotic relics. Aside from the ability to write poetry, which is basic to the undertaking, Mr. Fitzgerald's success derives from the use of a predominantly Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, a concentration on specific meanings, and an occasional arbitrary, but highly effective, substitution of implication for literal sense. Odysseus becomes "the great tactician," which is not at all what Homer called him, but is almost certainly the modern equivalent of what Homer's audience understood. Fitzgerald's *Iliad* may well become as fixed a star as the other Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, although hardly for the same reasons. Drawings by Hans Erni.

THE ABBESS OF CREWE by Muriel Spark. Viking, \$5.95. "A modern

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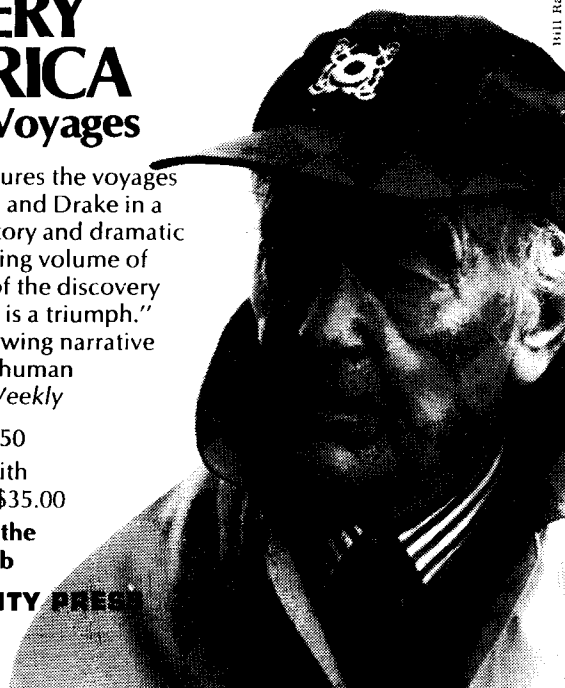
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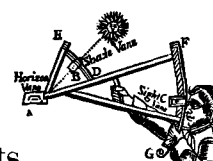
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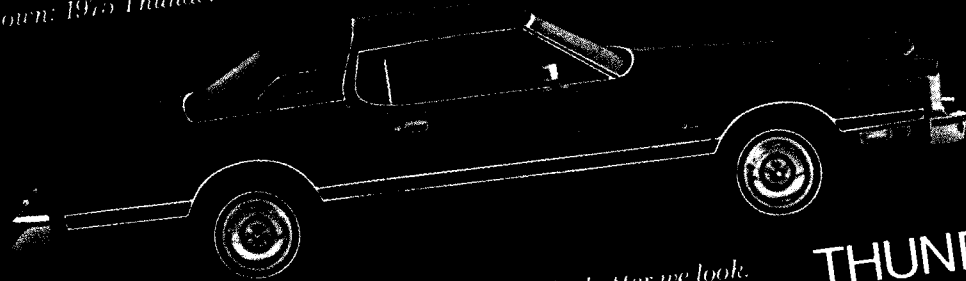
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